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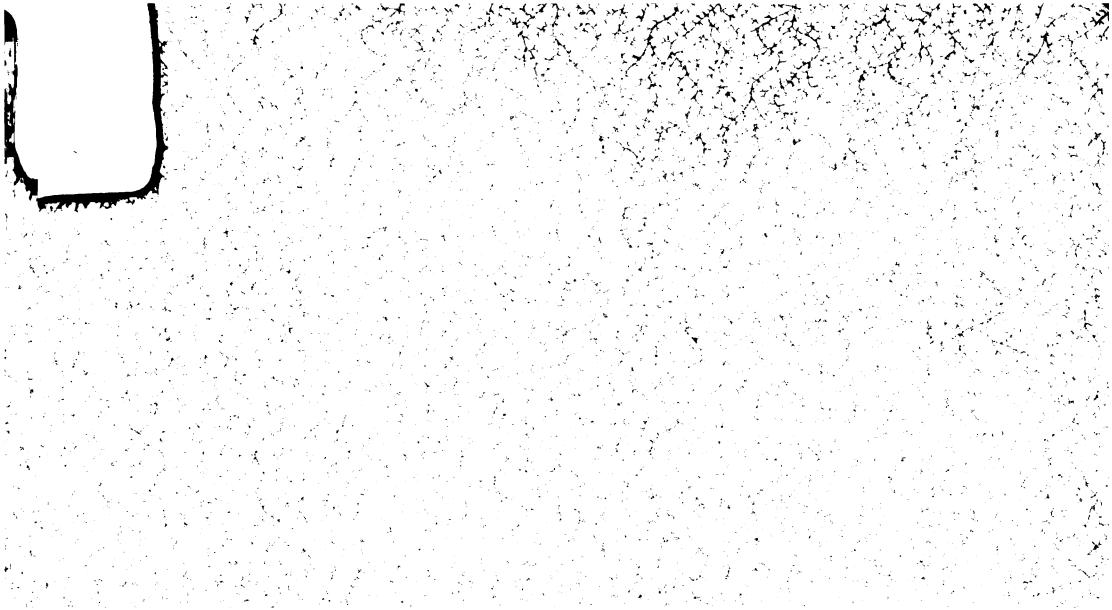

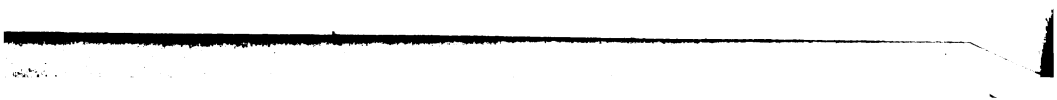

THE

WORKS

OF

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VOLUME the EIGHTH.

CONTAINING,

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HAMLET.
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ROMEO

AND

JULIET.

OLOGUE.

) houſholds, both alike in dignity,
fair Verona, *(where we lay our Scene)*
ent Grudge break to new mutiny;
civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
th the fatal loins of theſe two foes,
r of ſtar-croſt lovers take their life;
ſ-adventur'd piteous overthrows
with their death, bury their parents' ſtrifs.
rful paſſage of their death-mark'd love,
the continuance of their parents' rage,
but their childrens' end nought could remove,
ow the two hours' traffick of our ſtage:
which if you with patient ears attend,
here ſhall miſs, our toil ſhall ſtrive to mend.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

ESCALUS, *Prince of* Verona.
Paris, *a young Nobleman in love with* Juliet, *and kinſman to the Prince.*
Montague, } *Two Lords of antient families, Enemies to*
Capulet, } *each other.*
Romeo, *Son to* Montague.
Mercutio, *Kinſman to the Prince and Friend to* Romeo.
Benvolio, *Kinſman and Friend to* Romeo.
Tybalt, *Kinſman to* Capulet.
Friar Lawrence.
Friar John.
Balthaſar, *Servant to* Romeo.
Page to Paris.
Sampſon, } *Servants to* Capulet.
Gregory, }
Abram, *Servant to* Montague.
Apothecary.
Simon Catling, }
Hugh Rebeck, } 3 *Muſicians.*
Samuel Soundboard, }
Peter, *Servant to the Nurſe.*

Lady Montague, *Wife to* Montague.
Lady Capulet, *Wife to* Capulet.
Juliet, *Daughter to* Capulet, *in love with* Romeo.
Nurſe to Juliet.
CHORUS.

Citizens of Verona, *ſeveral men and women, relations to* Capulet, *Maſkers, Guards, Watch, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE, *in the beginning of the fifth Act, is in* Mantua; *during all the reſt of the Play, in and near* Verona.

ROMEO *and* JULIET.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Street, in* Verona.

Enter Sampſon *and* Gregory, (*with ſwords and bucklers,*) *two ſervants of the* Capulets.

SAMPSON.

GREGORY, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

Greg. No, for then we ſhould be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an' we be in choler, we'll draw.

Greg. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I ſtrike quickly, being mov'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to ſtrike.

Sam. A dog of the houſe of *Montague* moves me.

Greg. To move, is to ſtir; and to be valiant is to ſtand: therefore, if *thou* art mov'd, thou runn'ſt away.

Sam. A dog of that houſe ſhall move me to ſtand: I will take the wall of any man, or maid of *Montague's*

Greg. That ſhews thee a weak ſlave; for the weakeſt goes to the wall.

Sam. True, and therefore women, being the weakeſt, are ever thruſt to the wall:——therefore I will puſh *Montague*'s men from the wall, and thruſt his maids to the wall.

Greg. The quarrel is between our maſters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will ſhew myſelf a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or the maidenheads, take it in what ſenſe thou wilt.

Greg. They muſt take it in ſenſe, that feel it.

Sam. Me they ſhall feel, while I am able to ſtand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of fleſh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not fiſh: if thou hadſt, thou hadſt been *Poor John*. Draw thy tool, here comes of the houſe of the *Montagues*.

Enter Abram *and* Balthaſar.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Greg. How, turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry: I fear thee!——

Sam. Let us take the law of our ſides: let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I paſs by, and let them take it as they liſt.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is a diſgrace to them if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, Sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. Is the law on our ſide, if I ſay, ay?

Greg. No.

Sam. No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir: *but I bite my* thumb, Sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, Sir?

Abr.

Abr. Quarrel, Sir? no, Sir.

Sam. If you do, Sir, I am for you; I ſerve as good a man, as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, Sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Greg. Say, better: here comes one of my maſter's kinſmen.

Sam. Yes, better, Sir.

Abr. You lye.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. *Gregory*, remember thy ſwaſhing blow. [*They fight.*

Ben. Part, fools, put up your ſwords, you know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among theſe heartleſs hinds?
Turn thee, *Benvolio*, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy ſword,
Or manage it to part theſe men with me.

Tyb. What drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word
As I hate hell, all *Montagues* and thee:
Have at thee, coward. [*Fight.*

Enter three or four citizens with clubs.

Cit. Clubs, bills, and partiſans! ſtrike! beat them down!
Down with the *Capulets*, down with the *Montagues!*

Enter old Capulet *in his gown, and lady* Capulet.

Cap. What noiſe is this? give me my long ſword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch;—why call you for a ſword?

Cap. My ſword, I ſay: old *Montague* is come,
And flouriſhes his blade in ſpight of me.

Enter old Montague, *and Lady* Montague.

Mon. Thou villain, *Capulet* —— Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou ſhalt not ſtir a foot to ſeek a foe.

Enter Prince with attendants.

Prin. Rebellious ſubjects, enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbour-ſtained ſteel——
Will they not hear? what ho! you men, you beaſts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains iſſuing from your veins;
On pain of torture, from thoſe bloody hands
Throw your miſ-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the ſentence of your moved Prince.
Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old *Capulet*, and *Montague*,
Have thrice diſturb'd the quiet of our ſtreets;
And made *Verona*'s ancient citizens
Caſt by their grave, beſeeming, ornaments;
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Cankred with peace, to part your cankred hate;
If ever you diſturb our ſtreets again,
Your lives ſhall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the reſt depart away,
You *Capulet*, ſhall go along with me;
And, *Montague*, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleaſure in this caſe,
To old free-town, our common judgment-place:
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince and* Capulet, *&c.*

La. Mon. Who ſet this ancient quarrel new abroach;
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the ſervants of your adverſary,
And yours cloſe fighting, ere I did approach;
I drew to part them: In the inſtant came
The fiery *Tybalt*, with his ſword prepar'd,
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He ſwung about his head, and cut the winds:
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiſs'd him in ſcorn.

While

While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
'Till the Prince came, who parted either part.
La. Mon. O where is *Romeo!* Saw you him to-day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.
Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd through the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drew me to walk abroad:
Where underneath the grove of sycamour,
That westward rooteth from the city side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Tow'rds him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood.
I, measuring his affections by my own,
(That most are busied when they're most alone,)
Pursued my humour, not pursuing him;
And gladly shun'd, who gladly fled from me.
Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen
With tears augmenting the fresh morning-dew;
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should, in the fartheſt east, begin to draw
The shady curtains from *Aurora*'s bed;
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.
Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?
Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.
Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?
Mon. Both by myself and many other friends;
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself, I will not say, how true;
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery;
As is the bud bit with an envious worm, (1)

Ere

(1) *As is the Bud, bit with an envious Worm,*
Ere he can spread his sweet Leaves to the Air,

Ere he can ſpread his ſweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the ſun.
Could we but learn from whence his ſorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See, where he comes: ſo pleaſe you, ſtep aſide,
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.
Mon. I would, thou wert ſo happy by thy ſtay
To hear true ſhrift. Come, Madam, let's away. [*Exeunt.*
Ben. Good-morrow, couſin.
Rom. Is the day ſo young?
Ben. But new ſtruck nine.
Rom. Ah me, ſad hours ſeem long!
Was that my father that went hence ſo faſt?
Ben. It was: what ſadneſs lengthens *Romeo*'s hours?
Ro. Not having that, which, having, makes them ſhort.
Ben. In love?
Rom. Out———
Ben. Of love?
Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.
Ben. Alas, that love, ſo gentle in his view,
Should be ſo tyrannous and rough in proof!
Rom. Alas, that love, whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should without eyes ſee path-ways to his will!
Where ſhall we dine?——O me!—What fray was here?

Or dedicate his Beauty to the Same.] *To the* ſame?——Sure, all the Lovers of *Shakeſpeare* and Poetry will agree, that this is a very idle, dragging *Paraplerematic*, as the Grammarians ſtyle it. But our Author generally in his *Similies* is accurate in the *cloathing* of them, and therefore, I believe, would not have overcharged this ſo *inſipidly*. When we come to conſider, that there is ſome power elſe beſides *balmy Air*, that brings forth, and makes the tender Buds ſpread themſelves, I do not think it improbable that the Poet wrote;

Or dedicate his Beauty to the Sun.

Or, according to the more obſolete ſpelling, *Sunne*; which brings it nearer to the *Traces* of the corrupted Text.

Yet

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
Oh, any thing of nothing firſt create!
O heavy lightneſs! ſerious vanity!
Miſ-ſhapen chaos of well-ſeeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fire, ſick health!
Still-waking ſleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Doſt thou not laugh?
Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good heart's oppreſſion.
Rom. Why, ſuch is love's tranſgreſſion.———
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breaſt;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have them preſt
With more of thine; this love, that thou haſt ſhewn,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a ſmoke rais'd with the fume of ſighs,
Being purg'd, a fire ſparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vext, a ſea nouriſh'd with lovers' tears;
What is it elſe? a madneſs moſt diſcreet,
A choaking gall, and a preſerving ſweet:
Farewel, my couſin; [*Going.*
Ben. Soft, I'll go along.
And if you leave me ſo, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I have loſt myſelf, I am not here;
This is not *Romeo*, he's ſome other where.
Ben. Tell me in ſadneſs, who ſhe is you love?
Rom. What, ſhall I groan and tell thee?
Ben. Groan? why, no; but ſadly tell me, who.
Rom. Bid a ſick man in ſadneſs make his will?—
O word, ill-urg'd to one that is ſo ill!———
In ſadneſs, couſin, I do love a woman.
Ben. I aim'd ſo near, when I ſuppos'd you lov'd.
Rom. A right good marks-man;—and ſhe's fair, I love.
Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is ſooneſt hit.
Rom. But, in that hit, you miſs;—ſhe'll not be hit
With *Cupid*'s arrow; ſhe hath *Dian*'s wit:

And, in ſtrong proof of chaſtity well arm'd,
From love's weak childiſh bow, ſhe lives unharm'd.
She will not ſtay the ſiege of loving terms,
Nor 'bide th' encounter of aſſailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to ſaint-ſeducing gold.
O ſhe is rich in beauty; only poor,
That when ſhe dies, with her dies beauty's ſtore.

Ben. Then ſhe hath ſworn, that ſhe will ſtill live chaſte?

Rom. She hath, and in that ſparing makes huge waſte.
For beauty, ſtarv'd with her ſeverity,
Cuts beauty off from all poſterity.
She is too fair, too wiſe; wiſely too fair,
To merit bliſs by making me deſpair;
She hath forſworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I ſhould forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers (exquiſite) in queſtion more;
Thoſe happy maſks, that kiſs fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He that is ſtrucken blind, cannot forget
The precious treaſure of his eye-ſight loſt.
Shew me a miſtreſs, that is paſſing fair;
What doth her beauty ſerve, but as a note,
Where I may read, who paſs'd that paſſing fair?
Farewel, thou canſt not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or elſe die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Capulet, Paris, *and Servant.*

Cap. And *Montague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard
For men ſo old as we to keep the peaae.

Par. Of honourable reck'ning are you both,
And, pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds ſo long:
But now, my Lord, what ſay you to my ſuit?

Cap.

Cap. But ſaying o'er what I have ſaid before:
My child is yet a ſtranger in the world,
She hath not ſeen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more ſummers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than ſhe are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too ſoon marr'd are thoſe ſo early made:
The earth hath ſwallowed all my hopes but ſhe.
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her conſent is but a part;
If ſhe agree, within her ſcope of choice
Lies my conſent, and fair according voice:
This night, I hold an old accuſtom'd feaſt,
Whereto I have invited many a gueſt,
Such as I love; and you among the ſtore,
One more, moſt welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor houſe, look to behold this night
Earth-treading ſtars that make dark heaven's light.
Such comfort as do luſty young men feel,
When well-apparel'd *April* on the heel
Of limping winter treads, ev'n ſuch delight
Among freſh female-buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe; hear all, all ſee,
And like her moſt, whoſe merit moſt ſhall be:
Which on more view of many, mine, being one,
May ſtand in number, tho' in reck'ning none.
Come, go with me. Go, ſirrah, trudge about,
Through fair *Verona*; find thoſe perſons out,
Whoſe names are written there; and to them ſay,
My houſe and welcome on their pleaſure ſtay.

[*Exeunt* Capulet *and* Paris.

Serv. Find them out whoſe names are written here? ——It is written, that the Shoemaker ſhould meddle with his yard, and the Taylor with his laſt, the Fiſher with his pencil, and the Painter with his nets. But I am ſent to find thoſe perſons whoſe names are here writ; and can never find what names the writing perſon hath here writ. I *muſt to the* Learned.—In good time,—

Enter

Enter Benvolio *and* Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burni
One pain is leſſen'd by another's anguiſh:
Turn giddy, and be help'd by backward turning;
One deſperate grief cure with another's languil
Take thou ſome new infection to the eye,
And the rank poiſon of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantan leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken ſhin.

Ben. Why, *Romeo*, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man
Shut up in priſon, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented: and—Good-e'en, good felk
[*To the Serva*

Serv. God gi' good e'en: I pray, Sir, can you rea

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my miſery.

Serv. Perhaps, you have learn'd it without boo
but, I pray,
Can you read any thing you ſee?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Serv. Ye ſay honeſtly, reſt you merry.——

Rom. Stay, fellow, I can read.

[He reads the letter.]

SIgnior Martino, *and his wife and daughters: Co*
Anſelm *and his beauteous ſiſters; the lady widow of* V
truvio; *Signior* Placentia, *and his lovely nieces*; Mercu
and his brother Valentine; *mine uncle* Capulet, *his w*
and daughters; *my fair niece* Roſaline; Livia; *Signior* V
lentio, *and his couſin* Tybalt; Lucio, *and the lively* Hele
A fair aſſembly; whither ſhould they come? (2)

(2) *A fair Aſſembly: Whither ſhould they come?*
Serv. *Up.*
Rom. *Whither?* to Supper?
Serv. *To our Houſe.*] *Romeo* had read over the Liſt of invi
Gueſts; but he muſt be a Proph-t, to know they were invited
Supper. This comes much more aptly from the *Servant*'s Anſw
than Romeo's *Queſtion*; and muſt undoubtedly be placed to him.
Mr. *Warburt*
Se

Serv. Up.——————

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To ſupper, to our houſe.

Rom. Whoſe houſe?

Serv. My maſter's.

Rom. Indeed, I ſhould have aſkt you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without aſking. My maſter is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the houſe of *Montagues*, I pray, come and cruſh a cup of wine. Reſt you merry. [*Exit.*

Ben. At this ſame antient feaſt of *Capulet*'s
Sups the fair *Roſaline*, whom thou ſo lov'ſt;
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*.
Go thither, and, with untainted eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhow,
And I will make thee think thy ſwan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye.
Maintains ſuch falſhoods, then turn tears to fires!
And theſe, who, often drown'd, could never die,
Tranſparent hereticks, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! th' all-ſeeing ſun
Ne'er ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.

Ben. Tut! tut! you ſaw her fair, none elſe being by;
Herſelf pois'd with herſelf, in either eye:
But in thoſe cryſtal ſcales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady-love againſt ſome other maid, (3)
That I will ſhew you, ſhining at this feaſt;
And ſhe will ſhew ſcant well, that now ſhews beſt.

Rom. I'll go along, no ſuch ſight to be ſhewn;
But to rejoice in ſplendor of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

(3) ——————*let there be weigh'd*
Your Lady's Love *againſt ſome other Maid.*] But the Compariſon was not betwixt the Love that *Romeo*'s Miſtreſs paid him, and the Perſon of any other young Woman: but betwixt *Romeo*'s Miſtreſs herſelf, and ſome other that ſhould be matched againſt her. The Poet therefore muſt certainly have wrote;

Your Lady-love *againſt ſome other Maid.*

So the Compariſon ſtands right, and ſenſibly.

SCENE

SCENE, *changes to* Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Lady Capulet, *and* Nurſe.

La. Cap. NUrſe, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurſe. Now (by my maiden-head at twelve years old) I bade her come; what, lamb,—what, lady-bird, God forbid!——where's this girl? what, *Juliet?*

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurſe. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here, what is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter——Nurſe, give leave while, we muſt talk in ſecret; Nurſe, come back again; I have remember'd me, thou ſhalt hear our counſel: thou know'ſt my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurſe. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurſe. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, (and yet to my teen be it ſpoken, I have but four;) ſhe's not fourteen: how long is it now to *Lammas*-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurſe. Even or odd, of all days in the year, come *Lammas*-eve at night, ſhall ſhe be fourteen. *Suſan* and ſhe (God reſt all chriſtian ſouls!) were of an age. Well *Suſan* is with God, ſhe was too good for me. But as I ſaid, on *Lammas*-eve at night ſhall ſhe be fourteen, that ſhall ſhe, marry, I remember it well. 'Tis ſince the earthquake now eleven years, and ſhe was wean'd; I never ſhall forget it, of all the days in the year, upon that day; for I had then laid worm-wood to my dug, ſitting in the ſun under the dove-houſe wall, my Lord and you were then at *Mantua*———nay, I do bear a brain. But, as I ſaid, when it did taſte the worm-wood *on the nipple* of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool *to ſee it teachy,* and fall out with the dug. Shake, quoth *the dove-houſe*———'twas no need, I trow, to

me trudge; and ſince that time it is eleven years, for then ſhe could ſtand alone; nay, by th' rood, ſhe could have run, and waddled all about; for even the day before ſhe broke her brow, and then my huſband, (God be with his ſoul, a' was a merry man;) took up the child; yea, quoth he, doſt thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou haſt more wit, wilt thou not *Julé?* and by my holy dam, the pretty wretch left crying, and ſaid, ay; To ſee now, how a jeſt ſhall come about.—I warrant, an' I ſhould live a thouſand years, I ſhould not forget it: Wilt thou not, *Julé*, quoth he? and, pretty fool, it ſtinted, and ſaid, ay.

La. Cap. Enough of this, I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurſe. Yes Madam; yet I cannot chuſe but laugh, to think it ſhould leave crying, and ſay, ay; and yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow a bump as big as a young cockrel's ſtone: a perilous knock, and it cried bitterly. Yea, quoth my huſband, fall'ſt upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou comeſt to age, wilt thou not, *Julé?* it ſtinted, and ſaid, ay.

Jul. And ſtint thee too, I pray thee, nurſe, ſay I.

Nurſe. Peace, I have done: God mark thee to his grace!

Thou waſt the prettieſt babe, that e'er I nurſt.
An' I might live to ſee thee married once,
I have my wiſh.

La. Cap. And that ſame marriage is the very theme I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter *Juliet*,
How ſtands your diſpoſition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurſe. An honour? were not I thine only nurſe, I'd ſay, thou hadſt ſuck'd wiſdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you
Here in *Verona*, ladies of eſteem,
Are made already mothers. By my count,
I was your mother much upon theſe years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;
The *valiant Paris* ſeeks you for his love.

Nurſe. A man, young lady, lady, ſuch a man
As all the world——Why, he's a man of wax.
La. Cap. Verona's ſummer hath not ſuch a flower.
Nurſe. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flow
La. Cap. What ſay you, can you like the gentlem
This night you ſhall behold him at our feaſt;
Read o'er the volume of young *Paris*' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine ev'ry ſev'ral lineament,
And ſee, how one another lends content:
And what obſcur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him only lacks a cover.
The fiſh lives in the ſea, and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide.
That book in many eyes doth ſhare the glory,
That in gold claſps locks in the golden ſtory.
So, ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſs,
By having him, making yourſelf no leſs.
Nurſe. No leſs? Nay, bigger; women grow by m
La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of *Paris*' lo
Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move.
But no more deep will I indart mine eye,
Than your conſent gives ſtrength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the gueſts are come, ſupper ſerv'd
you call'd, my young lady aſk'd for, the nurſe curſ
the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I muſt he
to wait; I beſeech you, follow ſtrait.
La. Cap. We follow thee. *Juliet*, the County ſt
Nurſe. Go, girl, ſeek happy nights to happy da
[*Exe*

SCE

SCENE, *a Street before* Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, *with five or ſix other maſkers, torch-bearers, and drums.*

Rom. WHat, ſhall this ſpeech be ſpoke for our excuſe?
Or ſhall we on without apology?
Ben. The date is out of ſuch prolixity.
We'll have no *Cupid* hood-wink'd with a ſcarf,
Bearing a *Tartar*'s painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper:
Nor a without-book prologue faintly ſpoke
After the prompter, for our entrance.
But let them meaſure us by what they will,
We'll meaſure them a meaſure, and be gone.
Rom. Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling.
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.
Mer. Nay, gentle *Romeo*, we muſt have you dance.
Rom. Not I, believe me; you have dancing ſhoes
With nimble ſoles; I have a ſoul of lead,
So ſtakes me to the ground, I cannot move.
Mer. You are a lover; borrow *Cupid*'s wings,
And ſoar with them above a common bound.
Rom. I am too ſore enpearced with his ſhaft,
To ſoar with his light feathers: and ſo bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I ſink.
Mer. And to ſink in it, ſhould you burden love:
Too great oppreſſion for a tender thing!
Rom. Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,
Too rude, too boiſt'rous; and it pricks like thorn.
Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
Give me a caſe to put my viſage in;
[*Pulling off his maſk.*
A viſor for a viſor!——what care I,
What *curious* eye doth quote deformities?

Here

Here are the beetle-brows ſhall bluſh for me.

Ben. Come, knock and enter; and no ſooner in,
But ev'ry man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me. Let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the ſenſeleſs ruſhes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandſire-phraſe;
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.
The game was ne'er ſo fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut! dun's the mouſe, the conſtable's own word;
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire;
Or, ſave your reverence, love, wherein thou ſtick'ſt
Up to thine ears: come, we burn day-light, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not ſo.

Mer. I mean, Sir, in delay
We burn our lights by light, and lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment ſits
Five times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this maſk;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one aſk?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And ſo did I.

Rom. Well; what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lye.

Rom. —In bed aſleep; while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then I ſee, Queen *Mab* had been with you. (4)

She

(4) *O, then I ſee, Queen* Mab *hath been with you:*
She is the Fairies' *Midwife.*] Thus begins that admirable Speech upon the Effects of the Imagination in Dreams. But, Queen *Mab* the Fairies' Midwife? What is ſhe then Queen of? Why, the Fairies. What! and their *Midwife* too? Sure, this is a wonderful Condeſcenſion in her Royal Highneſs. But this is not the greateſt of the Abſurdities. Let us ſee upon what Occaſion ſhe is introduced, and under what Quality. Why, as a Being that has great Power over human Imaginations. But then, according to the Laws of common Senſe, if ſhe has any Title given her, muſt not that Title have reference to the Employment ſhe is put upon? Firſt, then, ſhe is called Queen: which is very pertinent; for that deſigns her Power: Then ſhe is *called* the Fairies' Midwife; but what has that to do with the Point *in hand? If we would think* that *Shakeſpeare* wrote Senſe, we muſt ſay,

She is the fancy's mid-wife, and ſhe comes
In ſhape no bigger than an agat-ſtone
On the fore-finger of an alderman;
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart mens' noſes as they lie aſleep:
Her waggon-ſpokes made of long ſpinners' legs:
The cover, of the wings of graſhoppers;
The traces, of the ſmalleſt ſpider's web;
The collars, of the moonſhine's watry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the laſh, of film;
Her waggoner a ſmall grey-coated gnat,
Not half ſo big as a round little worm,
Prickt from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner ſquirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers:
And in this ſtate ſhe gallops, night by night,
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on curtſies ſtrait:
O'er lawyers fingers, who ſtrait dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who ſtrait on kiſſes dream,
Which oft the angry *Mab* with bliſters plagues,
Becauſe their breaths with ſweet-meats tainted are.
Sometimes ſhe gallops o'er a lawyer's noſe,
And then dreams he of ſmelling out a ſuit:
And ſometimes comes ſhe with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling the parſon as he lies aſleep;
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometimes ſhe driveth o'er a ſoldier's neck,
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuſcadoes, *Spaniſh* blades,

ſay, we wrote——*the* Fancy's *Midwife*: and this is a Title the moſt *a propos* in the World, as it introduces all that is ſaid afterwards of her *Vagaries*. Beſides, it exactly quadrates with theſe Lines:

——*I talk of* Dreams;
Which are the Children of an idle Brain,
Begot of nothing but vain Fantaſy.

Theſe Dreams are begot upon *Fantaſy*, and *Mab* is the Midwife to bring them forth. And *Fancy*'s *Midwife* is a Phraſe altogether in the Manner of our *Author*. Mr. *Warburton*.

Of

Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ears, at which he ſtarts and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, ſwears a prayer or two,
And ſleeps again. This is that very *Mab*,
That plats the manes of horſes in the night,
And cakes the elf-locks in foul ſluttiſh hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That preſſes them, and learns them firſt to bear;
Making them women of good carriage:
This is ſhe———

Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio*, peace;
Thou talk'ſt of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing, but vain phantaſy;
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the air,
And more unconſtant than the wind; who wooes
Ev'n now the frozen boſom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping ſouth.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourſelve
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early; for my mind miſgives,
Some conſequence, yet hanging in the ſtars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a deſpiſed life clos'd in my breaſt,
By ſome vile forfeit of untimely death.
But he, that hath the ſteerage of my courſe,
Direct my ſuit! On, luſty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[*They march about the Stage, and Exeu*

SCEN

SCENE *changes to a Hall in* Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Servants, with Napkins.

1 *Serv.* WHere's *Potpan*, that he helps not to take away; he ſhift a trencher! he ſcrape a trencher!

2 *Serv.* When good manners ſhall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwaſh'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint-ſtools, remove the court-cup-board, look to the plate: good thou, ſave me a piece of march-pane; and, as thou loveſt me, let the porter let in *Suſan Grindſtone*, and *Nell*. *Antony* and *Potpan*———

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy, ready.

1 *Serv.* You are look'd for, call'd for, aſk'd for, and ſought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too; cheerly, boys; be briſk a while, and the longer liver take all.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter all the Gueſts and Ladies, with the maſkers.

1 *Cap.* Welcome, gentlemen. Ladies, that have your feet
Unplagu'd with corns, we'll have a bout with you.
Ah me, my miſtreſſes, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? ſhe that makes dainty,
I'll ſwear, hath corns; am I come near you now?
Welcome, all, gentlemen; I've ſeen the day
That I have worn a viſor, and could tell
A whiſpering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would pleaſe: 'tis gone; 'tis gone; 'tis gone!
[*Muſick plays, and they dance.*
More light, ye knaves, and turn the tables up;
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
Ah, Sirrah, this unlook'd-for ſport comes well.
Nay, ſit; nay, ſit, good couſin *Capulet*,
For you and I are paſt our dancing days:

How long is't now ſince laſt yourſelf and I
Were in a maſk?
2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.
1 *Cap.* What man! 'tis not ſo much, 'tis not ſo much;
'Tis ſince the nuptial of *Lucentio*,
Come pentecoſt as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years, and then we maſk'd.
2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more; his ſon is elder, Sir:
His ſon is thirty.
1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His ſon was but a ward two years ago.
Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?
Serv. I know not, Sir.
Rom. O, ſhe doth teach the torches to burn bright;
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an *Æthiop*'s ear:
Beauty too rich for uſe, for earth too dear!
So ſhews a ſnowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows ſhows.
The meaſure done, I'll watch her place of ſtand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love 'till now? forſwear it, ſight;
I never ſaw true beauty 'till this night.
Tyb. This by his voice ſhould be a *Montague*.
Fetch me my rapier, boy: what! dares the ſlave
Come hither cover'd with an antick face,
To fleer and ſcorn at our ſolemnity?
Now by the ſtock and honour of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.
Cap. Why, how now, kinſman, wherefore ſtorm you ſo?
Tyb. Uncle, this is a *Montague*, our foe:
A villain, that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorn at our ſolemnity this night.
Cap. Young *Romeo*, is't?
Tyb. That villain *Romeo*.
Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
He bears him like a portly gentleman:
And, to ſay truth, Verona brags of him,

To

To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my houſe, do him diſparagement.
Therefore be patient, take no note of him;
It is my will, the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a fair preſence, and put off theſe frowns,
An ill-beſeeming ſemblance for a feaſt.

Tyb. It fits, when ſuch a villain is a gueſt.
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He ſhall be endur'd.
What, goodman boy—I ſay, he ſhall. Go to——
Am I the maſter here, or you? go to——
You'll not endure him! God ſhall mend my ſoul,
You'll make a mutiny among my gueſts!
You will ſet cock-a-hoop? you'll be the man?

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a ſhame.

Cap. Go to, go to,
You are a ſawcy boy——is't ſo, indeed?——
This trick may chance to ſcathe you; I know what.
You muſt contrary me! Marry, 'tis time.
Well ſaid, my hearts:——You are a princox, go:——
Be quiet, or (more light, more light, for ſhame)
I'll make you quiet—What? cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce, with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw; but this intruſion ſhall,
Now ſeeming ſweet, convert to bitter gall.

Rome. If I profane with my unworthy hand (5)
[*To* Juliet.

(5) *If I profane with my unworthy hand*
This holy Shrine, the gentle Sin *is this,*
My Lips, two bluſhing Pilgrims, &c.] All Profanations are ſuppos'd to be expiated either by ſome meritorious Action, or by ſome Penance undergone and Puniſhment ſubmitted to. So, *Romeo* would here ſay, if I have been profane in the rude Touch of my Hand, my Lips ſtand ready, as two bluſhing Pilgrims, to take off that Offence, to attone for it, by a ſweet Penance. Our Poet therefore muſt have wrote,

——— *the gentle* Fine *is this.* Mr. *Warburton.*

This holy ſhrine, the gentle fine is this;
My lips, two bluſhing pilgrims, ready ſtand,
To ſmooth that rough touch with a tender kiſs.
Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion ſhews in this;
For ſaints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiſs.
Rom. Have not ſaints lips, and holy palmers too?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they muſt uſe in prayer.
Rom. O then, dear ſaint, let lips do what hands do:
They pray, (grant thou) leſt faith turn to deſpair.
Jul. Saints do not move, yet grant for prayers' ſake.
Rom. Then move not, while my prayers' effect I take:
Thus from my lips, by thine, my ſin is purg'd.
[*Kiſſing her.*
Jul. Then have my lips the ſin that late they took.
Rom. Sin from my lips! O treſpaſs, ſweetly urg'd!
Give me my ſin again.
Jul. You kiſs by th' book.
Nurſe. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother? [*To her Nurſe.*
Nurſe. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the houſe,
And a good lady, and a wiſe and virtuous.
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talkt withal:
I tell you, he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chink.
Rom. Is ſhe a *Capulet?*
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
Ben. Away, be gone, the ſport is at the beſt.
Rom. Ay, ſo I fear, the more is my unreſt.
Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling fooliſh banquet towards.
Is it e'en ſo? why, then, I thank you all.
I thank you, honeſt gentlemen, good night:
More torches here—come on, then let's to bed,
Ah, ſirrah, by my fay, it waxes late.
I'll to my reſt. [*Exeunt.*
Jul. Come hither, nurſe. What is yon gentleman?
Nurſe. The ſon and heir of old *Tiberio.*

Jul.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?
Nurſe. That, as I think, is young *Petruchio.*
Jul. What's he, that follows here, that would not dance?
Nurſe. I know not.
Jul. Go, aſk his name.—If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.
Nurſe. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Montague*,
The only ſon of your great enemy.
Jul. My only love ſprung from my only hate!
Too early ſeen, unknown; and known too late;
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I muſt love a loathed enemy.
Nurſe. What's this? what's this?
Jul. A rhyme I learn'd e'en now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within*, Juliet.
Nurſe. Anon, anon——
Come, let's away, the ſtrangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

Now old deſire doth on his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir:
That fair, for which love groan'd ſore, and would die,
With tender *Juliet* match'd, is now not fair.
Now *Romeo* is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks:
But to his foe ſuppos'd he muſt complain,
And ſhe ſteal love's ſweet bait from fearful hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have acceſs
To breathe ſuch vows as lovers uſe to ſwear;
And ſhe, as much in love, her means much leſs,
To meet her new-beloved any where:
But paſſion lends them power. Time means, to meet;
Temp'ring extremities with extream ſweet.
[*Exit* Chorus.

ACT II.

SCENE, *The* STREET.

Enter Romeo *alone.*

ROMEO.

CAN I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.
[*Exit.*

Enter Benvolio, *with* Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my coufin *Romeo.*
Mer. He is wiſe,
And, on my life, hath ſtol'n him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard-wall.
Call, good *Mercutio.*
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.
Why, *Romeo!* humours! madman! paſſion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeneſs of a ſigh,
Speak but one rhyme, and I am ſatisfied.
Cry but *Ah me!* couple but *love* and *dove*,
Speak to my goſſip *Venus* one fair word,
One nick-name to her pur-blind ſon and heir:
(Young *Abraham Cupid*, he that ſhot ſo true,
When King *Cophetua* lov'd the beggar-maid——)
He hearеth not, he ſtirreth not, he moveth not,
The ape is dead, and I muſt conjure him.
I conjure thee by *Roſaline's* bright eyes,
By her high fore-head, and her ſcarlet lip,
By her fine foot, ſtraight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demeſns that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeneſs thou appear to us.
Ben. An' if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him,

T

To raiſe a ſpirit in his miſtreſs' circle,
Of ſome ſtrange nature, letting it there ſtand
'Till ſhe had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were ſome ſpight. My invocation is
Honeſt and fair, and, in his miſtreſs' name,
I conjure only but to raiſe up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelf among theſe trees,
To be conſorted with the hum'rous night:
Blind is his love, and beſt befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he ſit under a medlar-tree,
And wiſh his miſtreſs were that kind of fruit,
Which maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
Romeo, good-night; I'll to my truckle-bed,
This field-bed is too cold for me to ſleep:
Come, ſhall we go?

Ben. Go, then, for 'tis in vain
To ſeek him here that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Capulet's *Garden.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. HE jeſts at ſcars, that never felt a wound—
But, ſoft! what light thro' yonder window breaks?
It is the eaſt, and *Juliet* is the ſun!
[Juliet *appears above, at a window.*
Ariſe, fair ſun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already ſick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than ſhe.
Be not her maid, ſince ſhe is envious:
Her veſtal livery is but ſick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; caſt it off——
She ſpeaks, yet ſhe ſays nothing; what of that?
Her eye diſcourſes; I will anſwer it——
I am too bold, 'tis not to me ſhe ſpeaks:
Two of the faireſt ſtars of all the heav'n,
Having ſome buſineſs, do intreat her eyes
To twinkle in their ſpheres 'till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightneſs of her cheek would ſhame thoſe ſtars,
As day-light doth a lamp; her eyes in heav'n
Would through the airy region ſtream ſo bright,
That birds would ſing, and think it were not night:
See, how ſhe leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She ſpeaks!
Oh, ſpeak again, bright angel! for thou art (6)
As glorious to this ſight, being o'er my head,
As is a winged meſſenger from heav'n,
Unto the white-upturned, wondring, eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him;
When he beſtrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And ſails upon the boſom of the air.

Jul. O *Romeo, Romeo,*—wherefore art thou *Romeo?*
Deny thy father, and refuſe thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but ſworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a *Capulet.*

Rom. Shall I hear more, or ſhall I ſpeak at this?
[*Aſide.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
Thou art thyſelf, though not a *Montague.*
What's *Montague?* it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face—nor any other part.
What's in a name? that which we call a roſe,
By any other name would ſmell as ſweet.
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* call'd,

(6) *O, ſpeak again, bright Angel! for thou art*
As glorious to this Night,] Though all the printed Copies concur in this Reading, yet the latter Part of the *Simile* ſeems to require,

As glorious to this Sight;

and therefore I have ventured to alter the Text ſo, *i. e.* Thou appeareſt over my Head, as glorious to my Eyes, as an *Angel in the Clouds* to Mortals that ſtare up at him with Admiration.

Retain

Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title; *Romeo*, quit thy name;
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myſelf.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd,
Henceforth I never will be *Romeo*.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus, beſcreen'd in night
So ſtumbleſt on my counſel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear ſaint, is hateful to myſelf,
Becauſe it is an enemy to thee.
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the ſound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Montague*?

Rom. Neither, fair ſaint, if either thee diſlike.

Jul. How cam'ſt thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen find thee here.

Ro. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch theſe walls,
For ſtony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.

Jul. If they do ſee thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their ſwords; look thou but ſweet,
And I am proof againſt their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world, they ſaw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,
And but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whoſe direction foundſt thou out this place?

Rom. By love, that firſt did prompt me to enquire;
He lent me counſel, and I lent him eyes:
I am no pilot, *yet wert thou* as far

As that vaſt ſhore, waſh'd with the fartheſt ſea,
I would adventure for ſuch merchandiſe.
Jul. Thou know'ſt, the maſk of night is on my face,
Elſe would a maiden-bluſh bepaint my cheek
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain, deny
What I have ſpoke——but farewel compliment!
Doſt thou love me? I know thou wilt ſay, *ay*;
And I will take thy word——yet if thou ſwear'ſt,
Thou may'ſt prove falſe; at lovers' perjuries,
They ſay, *Jove* laughs. Oh, gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if you think, I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverſe, and ſay thee *nay*,
So thou wilt wooe: but elſe, not for the world.
In truth, fair *Montague*, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'ſt think my 'haviour light:
But truſt me, Gentleman, I'll prove more true,
Than thoſe that have more cunning to be ſtrange.
I ſhould have been more ſtrange, I muſt confeſs,
But that thou over-heardſt, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's paſſion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath ſo diſcovered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder bleſſed moon I vow,
That tips with ſilver all theſe fruit-tree tops——
Jul. O ſwear not by the moon, th' inconſtant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb;
Leſt that thy love prove likewiſe variable.
Rom. What ſhall I ſwear by?
Jul. Do not ſwear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, ſwear by thy gracious ſelf,
Which is the God of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.
Rom. If my true heart's love——
Jul. Well, do not ſwear—although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too raſh, too unadvis'd, too ſudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth ceaſe to be,

Ere one can ſay, it lightens——Sweet, good-night.
This bud of love by ſummer's ripening breath
May prove a beauteous flower, when next we meet:
Good-night, good-night—as ſweet repoſe and reſt
Come to thy heart, as that within my breaſt!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me ſo unſatisfied?

Jul. What ſatisfaction canſt thou have to-night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine, before thou didſt requeſt it:
And yet I would, it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldſt thou withdraw it? for what purpoſe, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundleſs as the ſea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear ſome noiſe within; dear love, adieu!
[*Nurſe calls within.*
Anon, good nurſe:——Sweet *Montague*, be true:
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Rom. O bleſſed, bleſſed night! I am afraid,
Being in night, all this is but a dream;
Too flattering-ſweet to be ſubſtantial.

Re-enter Juliet *above.*

Jul. Three words, dear *Romeo*, and good-night, indeed:
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpoſe marriage, ſend me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.
[*Within:* Madam.
I come, anon——but if thou mean'ſt not well,
I do beſeech thee—[*Within:* Madam.] By and by, I come——
To ceaſe thy ſuit, and leave me to my grief.
To-morrow will I ſend.

R

Rom. So thrive my ſoul,————

Jul. A thouſand times, good-night. [*Exit.*

Rom. A thouſand times the worſe, to want thy light.
Love goes tow'rd love, as ſchool-boys from their books;
But love from love, tow'rds ſchool with heavy looks.

Enter Juliet *again.*

Jul. Hiſt! *Romeo*, hiſt! O for a falkner's voice,
To lure this taſſel gentle back again——
Bondage is hoarſe, and may not ſpeak aloud;
Elſe would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarſe than mine,
With repetition of my *Romeo*.

Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name,
How ſilver-ſweet ſound lovers' tongues by night,
Like ſofteſt muſick to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My ſweet!

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail, 'tis twenty years 'till then—
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me ſtand here 'till thou remember it.

Jul. I ſhall forget, to have thee ſtill ſtand there;
Remembring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll ſtill ſtay to have thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almoſt morning. I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor priſoner in his twiſted gyves,
And with a ſilk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, ſo would I;
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cheriſhing.
Good-night, good-night. Parting is ſuch ſweet ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay good-night, 'till it be morrow. [*Exit.*

Rom.

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breaſt!
'Would I were ſleep and peace, ſo ſweet to reſt!
Hence will I to my ghoſtly Friar's cloſe cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a Monaſtery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence, *with a baſket.*

Fri. THE grey-ey'd morn ſmiles on the frowning night,
Check'ring the eaſtern clouds with ſtreaks of light:
And darkneſs flecker'd, like a drunkard, reels
From forth day's path, and *Titan*'s burning wheels.
Now ere the ſun advance his burning eye,
The day to chear, and night's dank dew to dry,
I muſt fill up this oſier-cage of ours
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb;
And from her womb children of divers kind
We ſucking on her natural boſom find:
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
In plants, herbs, ſtones, and their true qualities.
Nor nought ſo vile, that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth ſome ſpecial good doth give:
Nor aught ſo good, but, ſtrain'd from that fair uſe,
Revolts from true birth, ſtumbling on abuſe.
Virtue itſelf turns vice, being miſapplied;
And vice ſometime by action's dignify'd.
Within the infant rind of this ſmall flower
Poiſon hath reſidence, and med'cine power:
For this being ſmelt, with that ſenſe chears each part;
Being taſted, ſlays all ſenſes with the heart.
Two ſuch oppoſed foes encamp them ſtill
In man, as well as herbs, grace and rude will:
And where the worſer is predominant,
Full-ſoon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good-morrow, father.

Fri. Benedicite!
What early tongue ſo ſweet ſaluteth me?
Young ſon, it argues a diſtemper'd head
So ſoon to bid good-morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And, where care lodgeth, ſleep will never lie:
But where unbruiſed youth with unſtuft brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden ſleep doth reign.
Therefore thy earlineſs doth me aſſure,
Thou art up-rouz'd by ſome diſtemp'rature;
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That laſt is true, the ſweeter reſt was mine.

Fri. God pardon ſin! waſt thou with *Roſaline?*

Rom. With *Roſaline*, my ghoſtly father? no.
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good ſon: but where haſt thou been then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou aſk it me again;
I have been feaſting with mine enemy;
Where, on a ſudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy phyſick lies;
I bear no hatred, bleſſed man, for, lo,
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good ſon, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confeſſion finds but riddling ſhrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is ſet
On the fair daughter of rich *Capulet*;
As mine on hers, ſo hers is ſet on mine;
And all combin'd; ſave what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exhange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we paſs; but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy Saint *Francis*, what a change is here!
Is Roſaline, whom thou didſt love ſo dear,

So

So ſoon forſaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jeſu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath waſht thy ſallow cheeks for *Roſaline?*
How much ſalt-water thrown away in waſte,
To ſeaſon love, that of it doth not taſte?
The ſun not yet thy ſighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears:
Lo, here upon thy cheek the ſtain doth ſit
Of an old tear, that is not waſh'd off yet.
If e'er thou waſt thyſelf, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes were all for *Roſaline.*
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this ſentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no ſtrength in men.
Rom. Thou chidd'ſt me oft for loving *Roſaline.*
Fri. For doating, not for loving, pupil mine.
Rom. And bad'ſt me bury love.
Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.
Rom. I pray thee, chide not: ſhe, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow:
The other did not ſo.
Fri. Oh, ſhe knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not ſpell.
But come, young waverer, come and go with me,
In one reſpect I'll thy aſſiſtant be:
For this alliance may ſo happy prove,
To turn your houſhold-rancour to pure love.
Rom. O let us hence, I ſtand on ſudden haſte.
Fri. Wiſely and ſlow; they ſtumble, that run faſt.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* STREET.

Enter Benvolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. WHere the devil ſhould this *Romeo* be? came he not home to-night?
Ben. Not *to his father's*, I ſpoke with his man.
Mer. Why, that ſame pale, hard-hearted, wench, *Roſa*

Roſaline, torments him ſo, that he will, ſure, run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinſman to old *Capulet*,
Hath ſent a letter to his father's houſe.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will anſwer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may anſwer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will anſwer the letter's maſter, how he dares, being dar'd.

Mer. Alas, poor *Romeo*, he is already dead! ſtabb'd with a white wench's black eye, run through the ear with a love-ſong; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's but-ſhaft; and is he a man to encounter *Tybalt?*

Ben. Why, what is *Tybalt?*

Mer. More than prince of cats?—Oh, he's the courageous captain of compliments; he fights as you ſing prick'd-ſongs, keeps time, diſtance, and proportion; reſts his minum, one, two, and the third in your boſom; the very butcher of a ſilk button, a duelliſt, a duelliſt; a gentleman of the very firſt houſe, of the firſt and ſecond cauſe; ah, the immortal paſſada, the punto reverſo, the, hay!——

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of ſuch antick, liſping, affected phantaſies, theſe new tuners of accents: — "Jeſu! a very "good blade:——a very tall man!——a very good "whore!"——Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandſire, that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtrange flies, theſe faſhion-mongers, theſe *pardonnez-moy's*, who ſtand ſo much on the new form that they cannot ſit at eaſe on the old bench? O, their *bon's*, their *bon's!* (7)

(7) *O, their* bones! *their* bones!] *Mercutio* is here ridiculing thoſe *frenchified* fantaſtical Coxcombs whom he calls *pardonnez-moy's*: and therefore, I ſuſpect, here he meant to write *French* too.

O, their *bon's!* their *bon's.*

i. e. How ridiculous they make themſelves in crying out *Good*, and being in Ecſtaſies with every Trifle: as he has juſt deſcribed them before.

——*Jeſu! a very good blade!* &c.

Enter

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified? Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flowed in: *Laura* to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, ſhe had a better love to be-rhyme her: *Dido* a dowdy, *Cleopatra* a gipſy, *Helen* and *Hero* hildings and harlots: *Thiſbé* a grey eye or ſo, but not to the purpoſe. Signior *Romeo*, *bonjour*; there's a *French* ſalutation to your *French* ſlop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly laſt night.

Rom. Good-morrow to you both: What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The ſlip, Sir, the ſlip: can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good *Mercutio*, my buſineſs was great; and, in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtrain courteſy.

Mer. That's as much as to ſay, ſuch a caſe as yours conſtrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning, to curt'ſy.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Rom. A moſt courteous expoſition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courteſy.

Rom. Pink for flower.———

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. Sure wit—follow me this jeſt, now, till thou haſt worn out thy pump, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worn, the jeſt may remain, after the wearing, ſolely ſingular.

Rom. O ſingle-ſol'd jeſt,
Solely ſingular, for the ſingleneſs!

Mer. Come between us, good *Benvolio*, my wit faints.

Rom. Switch and ſpurs,
Switch and ſpurs, or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-gooſe chaſe, I am done: for thou haſt more of the wild-gooſe in one of thy wits, than, I am ſure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the gooſe?

Rom

Rom. Thou waſt never with me for any thing, w
thou waſt not there for the gooſe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jeſt.

Rom. Nay, good gooſe, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter ſweeting,
It is a moſt ſharp ſauce.

Rom. And is it not well ſerv'd in to a ſweet gooſe

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel, that ſtretches fr
an inch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom. I ſtretch it out for that word broad, which ad
to the gooſe, proves thee far and wide a broad goo

Mer. Why, is not this better, than groaning for lo
Now thou art ſociable; now art thou *Romeo*; now
thou what thou art, by art, as well as by nature;
this driveling love is like a great Natural, that r
lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

Mer. Thou deſir'ſt me to ſtop in my tale, againſt
hair.

Ben. Thou wouldſt elſe have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceiv'd, I would have made
ſhort; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale,
meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Enter Nurſe, *and* Peter *her Man.*

Rom. Here's goodly geer; a ſail! a ſail!

Mer. Two, two, a ſhirt and a ſmock.

Nurſe. Peter,———.

Peter. Anon?

Nurſe. My fan, *Peter.*

Mer. Do, good *Peter*, to hide her face: for her f
the fairer of the two.

Nurſe. God ye good-morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurſe. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no leſs, I tell you; for the bawdy h
of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurſe. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, himſelf to mar.

Nurſe. By my troth, it is well ſaid: for himſelf to mar, quotha? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young *Romeo*.

Rom. I can tell you: but young *Romeo* will be older when you have found him, than he was when you ſought him: I am the youngeſt of that name, for fault of a worſe.

Nurſe. You ſay well.

Mer. Yea, is the worſt well?

Very well took, i'faith, wiſely, wiſely.

Nurſe. If you be he, Sir,

I deſire ſome confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to ſome ſupper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd. So ho!——

Rom. What haſt thou found?

Mer. No hare, Sir, unleſs a hare, Sir, in a lenten pye, that is ſomething ſtale and hoar ere it be ſpent.

An old hare hoar, an old hare hoar, is very good meat in *Lent*,

But a hare, that is hoar, is too much for a ſcore, when it hoars ere it be ſpent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, ancient lady:

Farewel, lady, lady, lady. [*Exeunt* Mercutio, Benvolio.

Nurſe. I pray you, Sir, what ſaucy merchant was this, that was ſo full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurſe, that loves to hear himſelf talk, and will ſpeak more in a minute, than he will ſtand to in a month.

Nurſe. An a ſpeak any thing againſt me, I'll take him down an' he were luſtier than he is, and twenty ſuch *Jacks*: and if I cannot, I'll find thoſe that ſhall. Scurvy knave, I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his ſkains-mates. And thou muſt ſtand by too, and ſuffer every *knave to uſe* me at his pleaſure? [To her man.

Pe

Pet. I ſaw no man uſe you at his pleaſure: if *I had* my weapon ſhould quickly have been out, I warrant you, I dare draw as ſoon as another man, if I ſee occaſion in a good quarrel, and the law on my ſide.

Nurſe. Now, afore God, I am ſo vext, that every part about me quivers——— Scurvy knave! pray you Sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bid me enquire you out; what ſhe bid me ſay, I will keep to myſelf: but firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould lead her into a fool's paradiſe, as they ſay, it were a very groſs kind of behaviour, as they ſay, for the gentlewoman is young; and therefore if you ſhould deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady and miſtreſs, I proteſt unto thee———

Nurſe. Good heart, and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, ſhe will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurſe? thou doſt not mark me.

Nurſe. I will tell her, Sir, that you do proteſt; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her deviſe ſome means to come to ſhrift this afternoon;
And there ſhe ſhall at frair *Laurence'* cell
Be ſhriev'd and married: here is for thy pains.

Nurſe. No, truly, Sir, not a penny.

Rom. Go to, I ſay, you ſhall.

Nurſe. This afternoon, Sir? well, ſhe ſhall be there.

Rom. And ſtay, good nurſe, behind the abby-wall:
Within this hour my man ſhall be with thee,
And bring thee cords, made like a tackled ſtair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Muſt be my convoy in the ſecret night.
Farewel, be truſty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Nurſe. Now, God in heav'n bleſs thee! hark you, Sir.

Rom. What ſayeſt thou, my dear nurſe?

Nurſe. Is your man ſecret? did you ne'er hear ſay, *Two may keep* counſel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as ſteel.

Nurſe. Well, Sir, my miſtreſs is the ſweeteſt lady; Lord, Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing—O,—there is a noble man in town, one *Paris*, that would fain lay knife aboard; but ſhe, good ſoul, had as lieve ſee a toad, a very toad, as ſee him: I anger her ſometimes, and tell her, that *Paris* is the properer man; but I'll warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe looks, as pale as any clout in the varſal world. Doth not roſemary and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurſe, what of that? both with an R. (8)

Nurſe. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R. is for thee? No; I know, it begins with another letter; and ſhe hath the prettieſt ſententious of it, of you and roſemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady— [*Exit* Romeo.

Nurſe. Ay, a thouſand times. *Peter*,——

Pet. Anon?

Nurſe. Take my fan, and go before. [*Exeunt.*

(8) Rom. *Ay, Nurſe, what of that? both with an* R.

Nurſe. *Ah mocker! that's the Dog's Name. R. is for* the no, *I know it begins with* no *other Letter,*] I believe, I have rectified this old Stuff, but it is a little mortifying, that the Senſe, when 'tis found out, ſhould hardly be worth the Pains of retrieving it. The *Nurſe* is repreſented as a prating ſilly Creature; ſhe ſays, ſhe will tell *Romeo* a good Joak about his Miſtreſs, and asks him, whether *Roſemary* and *Romeo* do not begin both with a Letter: He ſays, yes, an R. She, who, we muſt ſuppoſe, could not read, thought he had mock'd her, and ſays, No, ſure, I know better: our Dog's name is *R.* Yours begins with another Letter. This is natural enough, and very much in Character for this inſipid prating Creature. *R.* put her in mind of that Sound which is made by Dogs when they ſnarl: and therefore I preſume, ſhe ſays, that is the Dog's Name. A Quotation from *Ben Johnſon*'s *Alchemiſt* will clear up this Alluſion.

——— *He ſhall have a Bell, that's* Abel;
And, by it, ſtanding One whoſe Name is D
In a rug *Gown*; *there's* D *and* rug, *that's* Drug;
And right anenſt him a dog ſnarling. ——— err;
There's Drugger, Abel Drugger. Mr. *Warburton.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Juliet.

Jul. THE clock ſtruck nine, when I did ſend the nurſe:
In half an hour ſhe promis'd to return.
Perchance, ſhe cannot meet him—That's not ſo——
Oh, ſhe is lame: love's heralds ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glide than the ſun-beams,
Driving back ſhadows over lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-ſwift *Cupid* wings.
Now is the ſun upon the highmoſt hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine 'till twelve
Is three long hours—and yet ſhe is not come;
Had ſhe affections and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as ſwift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my ſweet love,
And his to me;

Enter Nurſe *with* Peter.

O God, ſhe comes. O honey nurſe, what news?
Haſt thou met with him? ſend thy man away.
Nurſe. Peter, ſtay at the gate. [*Exit* Peter.
Jul. Now, good ſweet nurſe,——
O Lord, why look'ſt thou ſad?
Tho' news be ſad, yet tell them merrily:
If good, thou ſham'ſt the muſick of ſweet news,
By playing 't to me with ſo four a face.
Nurſe. I am a weary, let me reſt a while;
Fy, how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had?
Jul. I would, thou hadſt my bones, and I thy news!
Nay, come, I pray thee, ſpeak——Good, good nurſe, ſpeak.
Nurſe. Jeſu! what haſte? can you not ſtay a while?
Do you not ſee, that I am out of breath?

Jul

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt breath
To ſay to me, that thou art out of breath?
Th' excuſe, that thou doſt make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou doſt excuſe.
Is thy news good or bad? anſwer to that;
Say either, and I'll ſtay the circumſtance:
Let me be ſatisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurſe. Well, you have made a ſimple choice; you know not how to chuſe a man: *Romeo*, no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his legs excel all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, tho' they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are paſt compare. He is not the flower of courteſy, but, I warrant him, as gentle as a lamb——Go thy ways, wench, ſerve God——What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no—but all this did I know before:
What ſays he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurſe. Lord, how my head akes! what a head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' th' other ſide—O my back, my back:
Beſhrew your heart, for ſending me about
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

Jul. I'faith, I am ſorry that thou art ſo ill.
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet nurſe, tell me, what ſays my love?

Nurſe. Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handſome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous—where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why ſhe is within;
Where ſhould ſhe be? how odly thou reply'ſt!
Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman:——
Where is your mother?———

Nurſe. O, God's lady dear,
Are you ſo hot? marry come up, I trow,
Is this the poultice for my aking bones?
Hence-forward do your meſſages yourſelf.

Jul. Here's ſuch a coil; come, what ſays *Romeo*?

Nurſe. Have you got leave to go to ſhrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurſe. Then hie you hence to friar *Laurence'* cell,
There ſtays a huſband to make you a wife.
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in ſcarlet ſtraight at any news.
Hie you to church, I muſt another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Muſt climb a bird's-neſt ſoon, when it is dark.
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you ſhall bear the burden ſoon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune——honeſt nurſe, farewel.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Monaſtery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence, *and* Romeo.

Fri. SO ſmile the heav'ns upon this holy Act,
That after-hours with ſorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what ſorrow can,
It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy,
That one ſhort minute gives me in her ſight:
Do thou but cloſe our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough, I may but call her mine.

Fri. Theſe violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they meet, conſume. The ſweeteſt honey
Is loathſome in its own deliciouſneſs,
And in the taſte confounds the appetite;
Therefore love mod'rately, long love doth ſo:
Too ſwift arrives as tardy as too ſlow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady. O, ſo light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlaſting flint;
A lover may beſtride the goſſamour,
That idles in the wanton ſummer air,
And yet not fall, ſo light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghoſtly confeſſor.

Fri.

Fri. Romeo ſhall thank thee, daughter, for us both.
Jul. As much to him, elſe are his thanks too much.
Rom. Ah! *Juliet*, if the meaſure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy ſkill be more
To blazon it, then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air; and let rich muſick's tongue
Unfold th' imagin'd happineſs, that both
Receive in either, by this dear encounter.
Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars, that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to ſuch exceſs,
I cannot ſum up one half of my wealth.
Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make ſhort work;
For, by your leaves, you ſhall not ſtay alone,
'Till holy church incorp'rate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *The* STREET.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, *and Servants.*

BENVOLIO.

I Pray thee, good *Mercutio*, let's retire;
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad;
And, if we meet, we ſhall not 'ſcape a brawl:
For now theſe hot days is the mad blood ſtirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of thoſe fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his ſword upon the table, and ſays, God ſend me no need of thee! and, by the operation of the ſecond cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like ſuch a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy

mood as any in *Italy*; and as ſoon mov'd to be moody, and as ſoon moody to be mov'd.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an' there were two ſuch, we ſhould have none ſhortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair leſs, in his beard, than thou haſt: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reaſon but becauſe thou haſt haſel eyes; what eye, but ſuch an eye, would ſpy out ſuch a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling: thou haſt quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the ſtreet, becauſe he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain aſleep in the ſun. Didſt thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before *Eaſter*? with another for tying his new ſhoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling!

Ben. If I were ſo apt to quarrel as thou art, any man ſhould buy the fee-ſimple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-ſimple? O ſimple!

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, *and others.*

Ben. By my head, here come the *Capulets.*

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me cloſe, for I will ſpeak to them. Gentlemen, good-den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with ſomething, make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You ſhall find me apt enough to that, Sir, if you will give me occaſion.

Mer. Could you not take ſome occaſion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou conſort'ſt with *Romeo*———

Mer. Conſort! what doſt thou make us minſtrels! if thou make minſtrels of us, look to hear nothing but diſcords: here's my fiddleſtick; here's that, ſhall make you dance. Zounds! conſort!

[*Laying his hand on his ſword.*

Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of men:

Either

Either withdraw unto ſome private place,
Or reaſon coldly of your grievances,
Or elſe depart: here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no man's pleaſure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, Sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go firſt to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worſhip in that ſenſe may call him man.

Tyb. Romeo, the love, I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this, thou art a villain.——

Rom. Tybalt, the reaſon that I have to love thee
Doth much excuſe the appertaining rage
To ſuch a greeting: villain I am none,
Therefore, farewel; I ſee, thou know'ſt me not.

Tyb. Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the injuries
That thou haſt done me, therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do proteſt, I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canſt deviſe;
'Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my love.
And ſo, good *Capulet,* (whoſe name I tender
As dearly as my own,) be ſatisfied.

Mer. O calm, diſhonourable, vile ſubmiſſion!
Ah! *la Stoccata* carries it away.
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldſt thou have with me?

Mer. Good King of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal: and as you ſhall uſe me hereafter, dry-beat the reſt of the eight. Will you pluck your ſword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haſte, leſt mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio,* put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, Sir, *your* paſſado.

[Mercutio *and* Tybalt fight.

Rom. Draw, *Benvolio*,—beat down their weapons——
Gentlemen—for ſhame, forbear this outrage——
Tybalt—Mercutio—— the Prince expreſly hath
Forbidden bandying in *Verona* ſtreets.
Hold, *Tybalt*,——good *Mercutio*. [*Exit* Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt——
A plague of both the houſes! I am ſped:
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a ſcratch, a ſcratch; marry, 'tis enough. Where is my page? go, villain, fetch a ſurgeon.

Rom. Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not ſo deep as a well, nor ſo wide as a church-door, but 'tis enough, 'twill ſerve: aſk for me to-morrow, and you ſhall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world: a plague of both your houſes! What? a dog, a rat, a mouſe, a cat, to ſcratch a man to death? a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick? why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the beſt.

Mer. Help me into ſome houſe, *Benvolio*,
Or I ſhall faint; a plague o' both your houſes!
They have made worms-meat of me,
I have it, and ſoundly too. Plague o' your houſes!
[*Exeunt* Mer. Ben.

Rom. This gentleman, the Prince's near allie,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation ſtain'd
With *Tybalt*'s ſlander; *Tybalt*, that an hour
Hath been my couſin: O ſweet *Juliet*,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper ſoftned valour's ſteel.

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, brave *Mercutio*'s dead;
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did ſcorn the earth,

Rom.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days does depend;
This but begins the woe, others muſt end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* back again.
Rom. Alive? in triumph? and *Mercutio* ſlain?
Away to heav'n, reſpective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!
Now, *Tybalt*, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'ſt me; for *Mercutio*'s ſoul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Or thou or I, or both, muſt go with him.
Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didſt conſort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Rom. This ſhall determine that.
[*They fight*, Tybalt *falls*.
Ben. *Romeo*, away, begone:
The citizens are up, and *Tybalt* ſlain ——
Stand not amaz'd; the Prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.
Rom. O! I am fortune's fool.
Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay? [*Exit* Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd *Mercutio?*
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that *Tybalt*.
Cit. Up, Sir, go with me:
I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, Montague, Capulet, *their Wives*, &c.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O noble Prince, I can diſcover all
Th' unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, ſlain by young *Romeo*,
That ſlew *thy kinſman*, brave *Mercutio*.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my couſin! O my brother's child!—
Unhappy fight! alas, the blood is ſpill'd
Of my dear kinſman—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, ſhed blood of *Montague*.

Prin. Benvolio, who began this fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here ſlain, whom *Romeo*'s hand did ſlay:
Romeo, that ſpoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high diſpleaſure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly ſpleen
Of *Tybalt*, deaf to peace; but that he tilts
With piercing ſteel at bold *Mercutio*'s breaſt;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And with a martial ſcorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It back to *Tybalt*, whoſe dexterity
Retorts it: *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, ſwifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them ruſhes; underneath whoſe arm
An envious thruſt from *Tybalt* hit the life
Of ſtout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled;
But by and by comes back to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning: for ere I
Could draw to part them, was ſtout *Tybalt* ſlain;
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turn to fly:
This is the truth, or let *Benvolio* die.

La. Cap. He is a kinſman to the *Montague*.
Affection makes him falſe, he ſpeaks not true.
Some twenty of them fought in this black ſtrife,
And all thoſe twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for juſtice, which thou, Prince, muſt give;
Romeo ſlew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* muſt not live.

Prin. Romeo ſlew him, he ſlew *Mercutio*;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

La. Mont. Not *Romeo*, Prince, he was *Mercutio*'s friend;
His fault concludes but what the law ſhould end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence;
I have an intereſt in your hearts' proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſs of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuſes,
Nor tears nor prayers ſhall purchaſe out abuſes;
Therefore uſe none; let *Romeo* hence in haſte,
Elſe, when he's found, that hour is his laſt. (9)
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
" Mercy but murders, pardoning thoſe that kill."
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in* Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Juliet *alone.*

Jul. GAllop apace, you fiery-footed ſteeds,
Tow'rds *Phœbus'* manſion; ſuch a waggoner,
As *Phaeton*, would whip you to the weſt,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy cloſe curtain, love-performing night, (10)
That

(9) *Elſe, when* he is *found, that* hour *is his laſt.*] It is wonderful that Mr. *Pope* ſhould retort the *Want* of *Ear* upon any body, and paſs ſuch an inharmonious, unſcanning Verſe in his own Ear: a Verſe, that cannot run off from the Tongue with any Cadence of Muſick, the ſhort and long Syllables ſtand ſo perverſely. We muſt read,

Elſe, when he's *found, that* Hour *is his laſt.*

Every diligent and knowing Reader of our Poet muſt have obſerved, that *Hour* and *Fire* are almoſt perpetually *Diſſyllables* in the Pronunciation and Scanſion of his Verſes.

(10) *Spread thy cloſe Curtain, love-performing Night,*
That runaways *Eyes may wink;*] What Runaways are theſe, whoſe Eyes *Juliet is wiſhing to have* ſtopt? *Macbeth*, we may remember, *makes an Invocation to Night*, much in the ſame Strain:

—Come

That th' run-away's eyes may wink; and *Romeo*
Leap to theſe arms, untalkt of and unſeen.
Lovers can ſee to do their am'rous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
It beſt agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou ſober-ſuited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to loſe a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of ſtainleſs maidenheads.
Hood my unmann'd blood baiting in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; 'till ſtrange love, grown b
Thinks true love acted, ſimple modeſty.
Come, night, come, *Romeo!* come, thou day in nig
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter than ſnow upon a raven's back:
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd nig
Give me my *Romeo*, and, when he ſhall die,
Take him and cut him out in little ſtars,
And he will make the face of heav'n ſo fine,
That all the world ſhall be in love with night,
And pay no worſhip to the gariſh ſun.
O, I have bought the manſion of a love,
But not poſſeſs'd it; and though I am ſold,
Not yet enjoy'd; ſo tedious is this day,
As is the night before ſome feſtival,
To an impatient child that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurſ

Enter Nurſe with cords.

And ſhe brings news; and ev'ry tongue, that ſpea
But *Romeo*'s name, ſpeaks heav'nly eloquence;

——*Come, feeling Night,*
Scarf *up the tender* Eye *of pitiful* day, &c.

So *Juliet* here would have Night's Darkneſs obſcure the
Eye of the Day, the *Sun*; whom conſidering in a poetical Lig
Phœbus, drawn in his Carr with *fiery-footed* Steeds, and *p*
through the Heav'ns, ſhe very properly calls him, with regard t
Swiftneſs of his Courſe, the *Runaway*. In the like Manner
Poet ſpeaks of the *Night*, in the *Merchant of* Venice.
For the cloſe Night doth play the Runaway. [Mr. *Warbu*

Now, nurſe, what news? what haſt thou there?
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?
Nurſe. Ay, ay, the cords.
Jul. Ah me, what news?
Why doſt thou wring thy hands?
Nurſe. Ah welladay, he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone.———
Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.
Jul. Can heaven be ſo envious?
Nurſe. Romeo can,
Though heav'n cannot. O *Romeo! Romeo!*
Who ever would have thought it, *Romeo?*
Jul. What devil art thou, that doſt torment me thus?
This torture ſhould be roar'd in diſmal hell.
Hath *Romeo* ſlain himſelf? ſay thou but, I;
And that bare vowel, I, ſhall poiſon more (11)
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.
Nurſe. I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes,
(God ſave the mark,) here on his manly breaſt.
A piteous coarſe, a bloody piteous coarſe;
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood; I ſwooned at the ſight.
Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!
To priſon, eyes! ne'er look on liberty;
Vile earth to earth reſign, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſs one heavy bier!
Nurſe. O *Tybalt, Tybalt*, the beſt friend I had:
O courteous *Tybalt*, honeſt gentleman,
That ever I ſhould live to ſee thee dead!
Jul. What ſtorm is this, that blows ſo contrary!

(11) *And that bare vowel,* ay, *ſhall poiſon more*
Than the death-darting Eye of Cockatrice.] I queſtion much whether the Grammarians will take this new *Vowel* on Truſt from Mr. *Pope*, without ſuſpecting it rather for a *Diphthong*. In ſhort, we muſt reſtore the Spelling of the old Books, or we loſe the Poet's Conceit. At his Time of day, the affirmative Adverb *Ay* was generally written, *I:* and by this means it both becomes a *Vowel*, and anſwers in Sound to *Eye*, upon which the Conceit turns in the Second Line.

Is *Romeo* ſlaughter'd? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My dear-lov'd couſin, and my dearer Lord?
Then let the trumpet ſound the general doom,
For who is living, if thoſe two are gone?

Nurſe. *Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is baniſhed.

Jul. O God! did *Romeo*'s hand ſhed *Tybalt*'s blood?

Nurſe. It did, it did, alas, the day! it did.

Jul. O ſerpent-heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep ſo fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!
Dove feather'd raven! wolviſh-rav'ning lamb! (12)
Deſpiſed ſubſtance, of divineſt ſhow!
Juſt oppoſite to what thou juſtly ſeem'ſt,
A damned ſaint, an honourable villain!
O nature! what hadſt thou to do in hell,
When thou didſt bower the ſpirit of a fiend
In mortal paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh?
Was ever book, containing ſuch vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous palace!

Nurſe. There's no truſt,
No faith, no honeſty, in men; all perjur'd;
All, all forſworn; all naught; and all diſſemblers.
Ah, where's my man? give me ſome *Aqua vitæ*——
Theſe griefs, theſe woes, theſe ſorrows make me old!
Shame come to *Romeo!*

(12) *Ravenous Dove, feather'd Raven, Wolviſh ravening lamb.*] This paſſage Mr. *Pope* has thrown out of the Text, partly, I preſume, becauſe theſe two noble *Hemiſtich* are, indeed, inharmonious: [But chiefly, becauſe they are obſcure and unintelligible at the firſt view.] But is there no ſuch Thing as a Crutch for a labouring, halting, Verſe? I'll venture to reſtore to the Poet a Line that was certainly his, that is in his own Mode of thinking, and truly worthy of him. The firſt word *ravenous*, I hav no doubt, was blunderingly coined out of *Rave* and *ravening*, which follow; and, if we only throw it out, we gain at once an harmonious Verſe, and a proper Contraſt of Epithets and Images.

Dove-feather'd Raven! Wolviſh-rav'ning Lamb!

Jul. Bliſter'd be thy tongue,
For ſuch a wiſh! he was not born to ſhame;
Upon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit:
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the univerſal earth.
O, what a beaſt was I to chide him ſo?

Nurſe. Will you ſpeak well of him, that kill'd your couſin?

Jul. Shall I ſpeak ill of him, that is my huſband?
Ah, poor my Lord, what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours-wife, have mangled it!
But wherefore, villain, didſt thou kill my couſin?
That villain couſin would have kill'd my huſband.
Back, fooliſh tears, back to your native ſpring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, miſtaking offer up to joy.
My huſband lives, that *Tybalt* would have ſlain;
And *Tybalt*'s dead, that would have kill'd my huſband;
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worſer than *Tybalt*'s death,
That murder'd me; I would forget it, fain;
But, oh! it preſſes to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to ſinners' minds;
Tybalt *is dead, and* Romeo *baniſhed!*
That *baniſhed*, that one word *baniſhed*,
Hath ſlain ten thouſand *Tybalts*: *Tybalt*'s death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or if ſow'r woe delights in fellowſhip,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when ſhe ſaid *Tybalt*'s *dead*,
Thy *Father* or thy *Mother*, nay, or *both*?
But with a rear-ward following *Tybalt*'s death,
Romeo *is baniſhed*——to ſpeak that word,
Is, father, mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,
All ſlain, all dead!——Romeo *is baniſhed!*
There is no end, no limit, meaſure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe ſound.
Where is my father, and my mother, nurſe?

Nurſe. Weeping and wailing over *Tybalt*'s coarſe.

Will

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Jul. Waſh they his wounds with tears? mine ſhall be ſpent,
When theirs are dry, for *Romeo*'s baniſhment.
Take up thoſe cords;—poor ropes, you are beguil'd;
Both you and I; for *Romeo* is exil'd.
He made you for a high-way to my bed:
But I, a maid, die maiden widowed.
Come, cord; come, nurſe; I'll to my wedding-bed:
And Death, not *Romeo*, take my maidenhead!
Nurſe. Hie to your chamber, I'll find *Romeo*
To comfort you. I wot well, where he is.
Hark ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night;
I'll to him, he is hid at *Lawrence*' cell.
Jul. Oh find him, give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come, to take his laſt farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Monaſtery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence *and* Romeo.

Fri. ROmeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man;
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.
Rom. Father, what news? what is the Prince's doom?
What ſorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear ſon with ſuch ſow'r company.
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom?
Rom. What leſs than dooms-day is the Prince's doom?
Fri. A gentler jugdment vaniſh'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's baniſhment.
Rom. Ha, baniſhment! be merciful, ſay, death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death. Do not ſay, baniſhment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou baniſhed:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without *Verona*'s walls,

But

But purgatory, torture, hell itſelf.
Hence baniſhed, is baniſh'd from the world;
And world-exil'd, is death. That baniſhed
Is death miſ-term'd: calling death baniſhment,
Thou cut'ſt my head off with a golden ax,
And ſmil'ſt upon the ſtroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly ſin! O rude unthankfulneſs!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath ruſht aſide the law,
And turn'd that black word death to baniſhment.
This is dear mercy, and thou ſeeſt it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heav'n is here;
Where *Juliet* lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouſe, every unworthy thing,
Lives here in heaven, and may look on her;
But *Romeo* may not. More validity,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip lives
In carrion flies, than *Romeo:* they may ſeize
On the white wonder of dear *Juliet*'s hand,
And ſteal immortal bleſſings from her lips;
(Which ev'n in pure and veſtal modeſty
Still bluſh, as thinking their own kiſſes ſin.)
This may flies do, when I from this muſt fly;
(And ſay'ſt thou yet, that exile is not death?)
But *Romeo* may not;—he is baniſhed.
Hadſt thou no poiſon mixt, no ſharp-ground knife,
No ſudden mean of death, tho' ne'er ſo mean,
But baniſhed to kill me? baniſhed?
O Friar, the damned uſe that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how haſt thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghoſtly confeſſor,
A ſin-abſolver, and my friend profeſt,
To mangle me with that word, baniſhment?
Fri. Fond mad-man, hear me ſpeak.———
Rom. O, thou wilt ſpeak again of baniſhment.
Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word,
Adverſity's ſweet milk, philoſophy,
To comfort thee, tho' thou art baniſhed.
Rom. Yet, baniſhed? hang up philoſophy:

Unleſs

Unleſs philoſophy can make a *Juliet*,
Diſplant a town, reverſe a Prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more ———

Fri. O, then I ſee that mad-men have no ears.

Ro. How ſhould they, when that wiſe men have no eyes?

Fri. Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.

Rom. Thou canſt not ſpeak of what thou doſt not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, *Juliet* thy love,
An hour but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
Doating like me, and like me baniſhed;
Then might'ſt thou ſpeak, then might'ſt thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the meaſure of an unmade grave.

[*Throwing himſelf on the ground.*

Fri. Ariſe, one knocks; good *Romeo*, hide thyſelf.

[*Knocking within.*

Rom. Not I, unleſs the breath of heart-ſick groans,
Miſt-like, infold me from the ſearch of eyes. [*Knock.*

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—(who's there?)—*Romeo*, ariſe.
Thou wilt be taken—(ſtay a while)—ſtand up; [*Knocks.*
Run to my ſtudy——(By and by)——God's will!
What wilfulneſs is this?——I come, I come. [*Knock.*
Who knocks ſo hard? whence come you; what's your will?

Nurſe. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you ſhall know my errand:
I come from lady *Juliet*.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. O holy Friar, oh, tell me, holy Friar,
Where is my lady's Lord? where's *Romeo?*

Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurſe. O he is even in my miſtreſs' caſe,
Juſt in her caſe, O woful ſympathy!
Piteous predicament! ev'n ſo lies ſhe,
Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
Stand up, ſtand up;——Stand, an' you be a man:

For

For *Juliet*'s ſake, for her ſake, riſe and ſtand.
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deep an oh!——
Rom. Nurſe!——
Nurſe. Ah Sir! ah Sir!—Death is the end of all.
Rom. Speak'ſt thou of *Juliet?* how is it with her?
Doth not ſhe think me an old murderer,
Now I have ſtain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood, remov'd but little from her own?
Where is ſhe? and how does ſhe? and what ſays
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?
Nurſe. O, ſhe ſays nothing, Sir; but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed, and then ſtarts up;
And *Tybalt* cries, and then on *Romeo* calls,
And then down falls again.
Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her, as that name's curſed hand
Murder'd her kinſman.——Tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may ſack
The hateful manſion. [*Drawing his Sword.*
Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand:
Thy tears are womaniſh, thy wild acts denote
Th' unreaſonable fury of a beaſt.
Unſeemly woman in a ſeeming man!
And ill-beſeeming beaſt in ſeeming both!
Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temper'd.
Haſt thou ſlain *Tybalt?* wilt thou ſlay thyſelf?
And ſlay thy lady, that in thy life lives,
By doing damned hate upon thyſelf?
Why rail'ſt thou on thy birth, the heav'n, and earth,
Since birth, and heav'n, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldſt loſe?
Fy, fy! thou ſham'ſt thy ſhape, thy love, thy wit,
Which, like an uſurer, abound'ſt in all,
And uſeſt none in that true uſe indeed,
Which ſhould bedeck thy ſhape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble ſhape is but a form of wax,

Di-

Digreſſing from the valour of a man;
Thy dear love ſworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love, which thou haſt vow'd to cheriſh.
Thy wit, that ornament to ſhape and love,
Miſ-ſhapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a ſkill-leſs ſoldier's flaſk,
Is ſet on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou diſmember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouſe thee, man, thy *Juliet* is alive,
For whoſe dear ſake thou waſt but lately dead:
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſlew'ſt *Tybalt*; there thou'rt happy too.
The law, that threatned death, became thy friend,
And turn'd it to exile; there art thou happy?
A pack of bleſſings light upon thy back,
Happineſs courts thee in her beſt array,
But, like a miſbehav'd and ſullen wench,
Thou pout'ſt upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for ſuch die miſerable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Aſcend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But, look, thou ſtay not 'till the watch be ſet;
For then thou canſt not paſs to *Mantua:*
Where thou ſhalt live, 'till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thouſand times more joy,
Than thou went'ſt forth in lamentation.
Go before, nurſe; commend me to thy lady,
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heavy ſorrow makes them apt unto.
Romeo is coming.

Nurſe. O Lord, I could have ſtaid here all night long,
To hear good counſel: oh, what learning is!
My Lord, I'll tell my Lady you will come.

Rom. Do ſo, and bid my ſweet prepare to chide.

Nurſe. Here, Sir, a ring ſhe bid me give you, Sir:
Hie you, make haſte, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri.

Fri. Sojourn in *Mantua*; I'll find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewel, good-night.
Rom. But that a joy, paſt joy, calls out on me,
It were a grief, ſo brief to part with thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, *and* Paris.

Cap. THings have fallen out, Sir, ſo unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, ſhe lov'd her kinſman *Tybalt* dearly,
And ſo did I.—Well, we were born to die.——
'Tis very late, ſhe'll not come down to-night.
I promiſe you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.
Par. Theſe times of woe afford no time to wooe:
Madam, good night; commend me to your daughter.
La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow:
To-night ſhe's mew'd up to her heavineſs.
Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a deſperate tender
Of my child's love: I think, ſhe will be rul'd
In all reſpects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here with my ſon *Paris'* love,
And bid her, mark you me, on *Wedneſday* next,——
But, ſoft; what day is this?
Par. Monday, my Lord.
Cap. Monday? Ha! ha! well, *Wedneſday* is too ſoon,
On *Thurſday* let it be: o' *Thurſday*, tell her,
She ſhall be married to this noble Earl.
Will you be ready? do you like this haſte?
We'll keep no great a-do—a friend or two——
For, hark you, *Tybalt* being ſlain ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſly,
Being our kinſman, if we revel much:

Therefore

Therefore we'll have ſome half a dozen friends,
And there's an end. But what ſay you to *Thurſday?*
Par. My Lord, I would that *Thurſday* were to-morrow.
Cap. Well, get you gone—on *Thurſday* be it then:
Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed, [*To Lady* Cap.
Prepare her, wife, againſt this wedding-day.
Farewel, my Lord———light to my chamber, hoa!
'Fore me, it is ſo very late, that we
May call it early by and by. Good-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Juliet's *Chamber looking to the Garden.*

Enter Romeo *and* Juliet, *above at a window; a ladder of ropes ſet.*

Jul. WILT thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly ſhe ſings on yon pomgranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious ſtreaks
Do lace the ſevering clouds in yonder eaſt:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the miſty mountains' tops.
I muſt be gone and live, or ſtay and die.
Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it well:
It is ſome meteor that the ſun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua;*
Then ſtay a while, thou ſhalt not go ſo ſoon.
Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death,
I am content, if thou wilt have it ſo.
I'll ſay, yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of *Cynthia*'s brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whoſe notes do beat
The vaulty heav'ns ſo high above our heads.
I have more care to ſtay, than will to go.

Come

Come death, and welcome: *Juliet* wills it ſo.
How is't, my Soul? let's talk, it is not day.
Jul. It is, it is; hie hence, be gone, away:
It is the lark that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh diſcords, and unpleaſing ſharps.
Some ſay, the lark makes ſweet diviſion;
This doth not ſo: for ſhe divideth us.
Some ſay, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!
O now be gone, more light and light it grows.
Rom. More light and light?—More dark and dark our woes.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. Madam,——
Jul. Nurſe?
Nurſe. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke, be wary, look about. [*Exit* Nurſe.
Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.
Rom. Farewel, farewel; one kiſs, and I'll deſcend.
[Romeo *deſcends.*
Jul. Art thou gone ſo? love! Lord! ah huſband! friend!
I muſt hear from thee ev'ry day in th' hour,
For in a minute there are many days.
O, by this count I ſhall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my *Romeo.*
Rom. Farewel: I will omit no opportunity,
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.
Jul. O think'ſt thou, we ſhall ever meet again?
Rom. I doubt it not; and all theſe woes ſhall ſerve
For ſweet diſcourſes, in our time to come.
Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining ſoul.——
Methinks, I ſee thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eye-ſight fails, or thou look'ſt pale.
Rom. And truſt me, love, in mine eye ſo do you:
Dry ſorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu.
[*Exit* Romeo.

Jul.

Jul. Oh fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what doſt thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But ſend him back.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Ho, daughter, are you up?
Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
What unaccuſtom'd cauſe procures her hither?
La. Cap. Why, how now, *Juliet?*
Jul. Madam, I am not well.
La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your couſin's death?
What, wilt thou waſh him from his grave with tears?
An' if thou couldſt, thou couldſt not make him live;
Therefore, have done. Some grief ſhews much of love;
But much of grief ſhews ſtill ſome want of wit.
Jul. Yet let me weep for ſuch a feeling loſs.
La. Cap. So ſhall you feel the loſs, but not the friend
Which you do weep for.
Jul. Feeling ſo the loſs,
I cannot chuſe but ever weep the friend.
La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'ſt not ſo much for his death,
As that the villain lives which ſlaughter'd him.
Jul. What villain, Madam?
La. Cap. That ſame villain, *Romeo.*
Jul. Villain and he are many miles aſunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart:
And, yet, no man like he doth grieve my heart.
La. Cap. That is, becauſe the traitor lives.
Jul. I, Madam, from the reach of theſe my hands:—
Would, none but I might venge my couſin's death!
La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll ſend to one in *Mantua,*
Where that ſame baniſh'd runagate doth live,
Shall give him ſuch an unaccuſtom'd dram,
That he ſhall ſoon keep *Tybalt* company.

And

nd then, I hope, thou will be ſatisfy'd.
Jul. Indeed, I never ſhall be ſatisfied
ith *Romeo*, till I behold him——dead——
my poor heart ſo for a kinſman vext?
adam, if you could find out but a man
o bear a poiſon, I would temper it;
hat *Romeo* ſhould upon receipt thereof
oon ſleep in quiet.——O, how my heart abhors
o hear him nam'd,——and cannot come to him——
o wreak the love I bore my ſlaughter'd couſin,
pon his body that hath ſlaughter'd him.
La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find ſuch a man.
ut now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.
Jul. And joy comes well in ſuch a needful time.
hat are they, I beſeech your ladyſhip?
La. Cap. Well, well, thou haſt a careful father, child:
ne, who, to put thee from thy heavineſs,
ath ſorted out a ſudden day of joy,
hat thou expect'ſt not, nor I look'd not for.
Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is this?
La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next *Thurſday* morn,
he gallant, young and noble gentleman,
he County *Paris*, at St. *Peter*'s church,
hall happily make thee a joyful bride.
Jul. Now, by St. *Peter*'s church, and *Peter* too,
e ſhall not make me there a joyful bride.
wonder at this haſte, that I muſt wed
re he, that muſt be huſband, comes to wooe.
pray you, tell my Lord and father, Madam,
will not marry yet: and when I do,
t ſhall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate,
ather than *Paris*.——Theſe are news, indeed!
La. Cap. Here comes your father, tell him ſo yourſelf,
nd ſee, how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet, *and Nurſe.*

Cap. When the ſun ſets, the air doth drizzle dew;
ut for the ſunſet *of my brother's* ſon

It

It rains downright.———
How now? a conduit, girl? what, ſtill in tears?
Evermore ſhow'ring? in one little body
Thou counterfeit'ſt a bark, a ſea, a wind;
For ſtill thy eyes, which I may call the ſea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this ſalt flood: the winds thy ſighs,
Which, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a ſudden calm, will overſet
Thy tempeſt-toſſed body——How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, Sir; but ſhe will none, ſhe gives you thanks:
I would, the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How, will ſhe none? doth ſhe not give us thanks?
Is ſhe not proud, doth ſhe not count her bleſt,
Unworthy as ſhe is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have.
Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now! Chop logick? What is this?
Proud! and I thank you! and I thank you not!
And yet not proud!—Why, miſtreſs minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But ſettle your fine joints 'gainſt *Thurſday* next,
To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peter*'s church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-ſickneſs-carrion! Out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!

La. Cap. Fy, fy, what, are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beſeech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience, but to ſpeak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! diſobedient wretch!
I tell thee what, get thee to church o' *Thurſday*,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not anſwer me;
My fingers itch. Wife, we ſcarce thought us bleſt,

That

That God hath ſent us but this only child;
But now I ſee this one is one too much,
And that we have a curſe in having her:
Out on her, hilding!———
Nurſe. God in heaven bleſs her!
You are to blame, my Lord, to rate her ſo.
Cap. And why, my lady wiſdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence, ſmatter with your goſſips, go.
Nurſe. I ſpeak no treaſon—O, god-ye-good-den——
May not one ſpeak?
Cap. Peace, peace, you mumbling fool;
Utter your gravity o'er a goſſip's bowl,
For here we need it not.
La. Cap. You are too hot.
Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad: day, night, late, early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or ſleeping, ſtill my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demeſns, youthful, and nobly-allied,
Stuff'd, as they ſay, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wiſh a man:
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To anſwer, I'll not wed,———I cannot love——
I am too young,——I pray you, pardon me——
But, if you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me;
Look to't, think on't, I do not uſe to jeſt.
Thurſday is near; lay hand on heart, adviſe;
If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend:
If you be not, hang, beg, ſtarve, die i'th' ſtreets;
For, by my ſoul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine ſhall ever do thee good:
Truſt to't, bethink you, I'll not be forſworn. [*Exit.*
Jul. Is there no pity ſitting in the clouds,
That ſees into the bottom of my grief?
O, *ſweet my mother*, caſt me not away,
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;

Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where *Tybalt* lies.
La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not ſpeak a w
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*E*
Jul. O God! O Nurſe, how ſhall this be prevent
My huſband is on earth; my faith in heav'n;
How ſhall that faith return again to earth,
Unleſs that huſband ſend it me from heav'n,
By leaving earth?——Comfort me, counſel me.
Alack, alack, that heaven ſhould practiſe ſtratagen
Upon ſo ſoft a ſubject as myſelf!
What ſay'ſt thou? haſt thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurſe.——
Nurſe. Faith, here it is:
Romeo is baniſh'd; all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or if he do, it needs muſt be by ſtealth.
Then ſince the caſe ſo ſtands, as now it doth,
I think it beſt, you married with the Count.
Oh, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a diſh-clout to him; an eagle, Madam,
Hath not ſo green, ſo quick, ſo fair an eye
As *Paris* hath. Beſhrew my very heart,
I think you happy in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt; or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here, and you no uſe of him.
Jul. Speak'ſt thou from thy heart?
Nurſe. And from my ſoul too,
Or elſe beſhrew them both.
Jul. Amen.
Nurſe. What?
Jul. Well, thou haſt comforted me marvellous muc
Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
Having diſpleas'd my father, to *Lawrence*' cell,
To make confeſſion, and to be abſolv'd.
Nurſe. Marry, I will; and this is wiſely done. [*Ex*
Jul. Ancient damnation! O moſt wicked fiend!
Is it more ſin to wiſh me thus forſworn,

C

Or to diſpraiſe my Lord with that ſame tongue
Which ſhe hath prais'd him with above compare,
So many thouſand times? go, counſellor,——
Thou and my boſom henceforth ſhall be twain:
I'll to the Friar, to know his remedy:
If all elſe fail, myſelf have power to die. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *the* MONASTERY.

Enter Friar Lawrence *and* Paris.

FRIAR.

ON *Thurſday*, Sir! the time is very ſhort.
Par. My father *Capulet* will have it ſo,
And I am nothing ſlow to ſlack his haſte.
Fri. You ſay, you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is this courſe, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately ſhe weeps for *Tybalt*'s death:
And therefore have I little talk'd of love,
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of tears.
Now, Sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That, ſhe ſhould give her ſorrow ſo much ſway;
And, in his wiſdom, haſtes our marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herſelf alone,
May be put from her by ſociety.
Now do you know the reaſon of this haſte?
Fri. I would, I knew not why it ſhould be ſlow'd.
[*Aſide.*
Look, Sir, here comes the lady tow'rds my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Welcome, *my love*, my lady and my wife!
Jul. That may be, Sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, muſt be, love, on *Thurſday* next.
Jul. What muſt be, ſhall be.
Fri. That's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this father?
Jul. To anſwer that, were to confeſs to you.
Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.
Jul. I will confeſs to you, that I love him.
Par. So will ye, I am ſure, that you love me.
Jul. If I do ſo, it will be of more price
Being ſpoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par. Poor ſoul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.
Jul. The tears have got ſmall victory by that:
For it was bad enough before their ſpight.
Par. Thou wrong'ſt it, more than tears, with that report.
Jul. That is no ſlander, Sir, which is but truth,
And what I ſpeak, I ſpeak it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou haſt ſlander'd it.
Jul. It may be ſo, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leiſure, holy father, now,
Or ſhall I come to you at evening maſs?
Fri. My leiſure ſerves me, penſive daughter, now.
My Lord, I muſt intreat the time alone.
Par. God ſhield, I ſhould diſturb devotion:
Juliet, on *Thurſday* early will I rouze you:
'Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiſs.
[*Exit* Paris.
Jul. Go, ſhut the door, and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come, weep with me, paſt hope, paſt cure, paſt help.
Fri. O *Juliet*, I already know thy grief,
It ſtrains me paſt the compaſs of my wits.
I hear, you muſt, and nothing may prorogue it,
On *Thurſday* next be married to this Count.
Jul. Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'ſt of this,
Unleſs thou tell me how I may prevent it.
If in thy wiſdom thou canſt give no help,
Do thou but call my reſolution wiſe,
And with this knife I'll help it preſently.
God join'd my heart and *Romeo*'s; thou, our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to *Romeo* ſeal'd,
Shall

Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this ſhall ſlay them both:
Therefore out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me ſome preſent counſel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extreams and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that,
Which the commiſſion of thy years and art
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring:
Be not ſo long to ſpeak; I long to die,
If what thou ſpeak'ſt ſpeak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter, I do 'ſpy a kind of hope,
Which craves as deſperate an execution,
As that is deſp'rate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry Comte *Paris*,
Thou haſt the ſtrength of will to ſlay thyſelf,
Then it is likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this ſhame,
That cop'ſt with death himſelf, to 'ſcape from it:
And if thou dar'ſt, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry *Paris*,
From off the battlements of yonder tower:
Or chain me to ſome ſteepy mountains top,
Where roaring bears and ſavage lions roam;
Or ſhut me nightly in a charnel houſe,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead mens' ratling bones,
With reeky ſhanks, and yellow chapleſs ſkulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his ſhroud;
(Things, that to hear them nam'd, have made me tremble;)
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unſtain'd wife to my ſweet love.

Fri. Hold, then, go home, be merry, give conſent
To marry *Paris*; *Wedneſday* is to-morrow;
To-morrow night, look, that thou lie alone.
(Let not thy nurſe lie with thee in thy chamber:)
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this diſtilled liquor drink thou off;
When preſently *through all thy* veins ſhall run
A cold and drowſy humour, which ſhall ſeize

Each vital ſpirit; for no pulſe ſhall keep
His nat'ral progreſs, but ſurceaſe to beat.
No warmth, no breath, ſhall teſtify thou liv'ſt;
The roſes in thy lips and cheeks ſhall fade
To paly aſhes: thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he ſhuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of ſupple government,
Shall ſtiff, and ſtark, and cold appear like death:
And in this borrowed likeneſs of ſhrunk death
Thou ſhalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake, as from a pleaſant ſleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouſe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy beſt robes uncover'd on the bier,
Be born to burial in thy kindred's grave:
Thou ſhalt be borne to that ſame ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie.
In the mean time, againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my letters know our drift,
And hither ſhall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* bear thee hence to *Mantua*;
And this ſhall free thee from this preſent ſhame,
If no unconſtant toy, nor womaniſh fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, oh give me, tell me not of fear.
[*Taking the phial.*

Fri. Hold, get you gone, be ſtrong and proſperous
In this reſolve; I'll ſend a Friar with ſpeed
To *Mantua*, with my letters to thy Lord.

Jul. Love, give me ſtrength, and ſtrength ſhall help afford,
Farewel, dear father!—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE, *changes to* Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, *Nurſe, and two or three Servants.*

Cap. SO many gueſts invite, as here are writ:
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

Serv. You ſhall have none ill, Sir, for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canſt thou try them ſo?

Serv. Marry, Sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone.
We ſhall be much unfurniſh'd for this time:
What, is my daughter gone to Friar *Lawrence?*

Nurſe. Ay, forſooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do ſome good on her:
A peeviſh ſelf-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurſe. See, where ſhe comes from ſhrift with merry look.

Cap. How now, my head-ſtrong? where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the ſin
Of diſobedient oppoſition
To you and your Beheſts; and am enjoin'd
By holy *Lawrence* to fall proſtrate here,
And beg your pardon: Pardon, I beſeech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the Comtè, go, tell him of this,
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful Lord at *Lawrence'* cell,
And gave him what becoming love I might,
Not ſtepping o'er the bounds of modeſty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't, this is well, ſtand up!
This is *as't ſhould be*; let me ſee the Comtè:
Ay, marry, go, I ſay, and fetch him hither.

Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar——
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurſe, will you go with me into my cloſet,
To help me to ſort ſuch needful ornaments
As you think fit to furniſh me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not 'till *Thurſday*, there is time enough.

Cap. Go nurſe, go with her; we'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt* Juliet *and Nurſe.*

La. Cap. We ſhall be ſhort in our proviſion;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tuſh, I will ſtir about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to *Juliet*, help to deck up her,
I'll not to bed to-night, let me alone:
I'll play the houſewife for this once.——What, ho!
They are all forth; well, I will walk myſelf
To Comtè *Paris*, to prepare him up
Againſt to-morrow. My heart's wondrous light,
Since this ſame way-ward girl is ſo reclaim'd.
[*Exeunt* Capulet *and lady* Capulet.

SCENE *changes to* Juliet's *Chamber.*

Enter Juliet *and Nurſe.*

Jul. AY, thoſe attires are beſt; but, gentle nurſe,
I pray thee, leave me to myſelf to-night:
For I have need of many oriſons
To move the heav'ns to ſmile upon my ſtate,
Which, well thou know'ſt, is croſs, and full of ſin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you buſy, do you need my help?

Jul. No, Madam, we have cull'd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoveful for our ſtate to-morrow:
So pleaſe you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurſe this night ſit up with you:
For, I am ſure, you have your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſs.

La. Cap. Good-night,

Get thee to bed and reſt, for thou haſt need. [*Exeunt.*

Jul. Farewel—God knows, when we ſhall meet again!
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almoſt freezes up the heat of life.
I'll call them back again to comfort me.
Nurſe—what ſhould ſhe do here?
My diſmal ſcene I needs muſt act alone:
Come, phial—What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I of force be marry'd to the Count?
No, no, this ſhall forbid it; lie thou there——
[*Pointing to a dagger.*
What if it be a poiſon, which the friar
Subtly hath miniſtered, to have me dead,
Leſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonour'd,
Becauſe he married me before to *Romeo?*
I fear, it is; and yet, methinks, it ſhould not,
For he hath ſtill been tried a holy man.——
How, if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Comes to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be ſtifled in the vault,
To whoſe foul mouth no healthſom air breathes in,
And there be ſtrangled ere my *Romeo* comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
(As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for theſe many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried anceſtors are packt;
Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but green in earth,
Lies feſtring in his ſhroud; where, as they ſay,
At ſome hours in the night ſpirits reſort——)
Alas, alas! is it not like, that I
So early waking, what with loathſom ſmells,
And ſhrieks, like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad.——
Or, if I wake, ſhall I not be diſtraught,
(Invironed with all theſe hideous fears,)
And madly play with my fore-fathers' joints,
And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his ſhroud?

And in this rage, with ſome great kinſman's bone,
As with a club, daſh out my deſp'rate brains?
O look! methinks, I ſee my couſin's ghoſt
Seeking out *Romeo*, that did ſpit his body
Upon a rapier's point.——Stay, *Tibalt*, ſtay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.
[*She throws herſelf on the bed.*

SCENE *changes to* Capulet's *Hall.*

Enter Lady Capulet *and Nurſe.*

La. Cap. HOld, take theſe keys and fetch more ſpices, nurſe.
Nurſe. They call for dates and quinces in the paſtry.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir, the ſecond cock hath crow'd,
The curfeu bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:
Look to the bak'd meats, good *Angelica*.
Spare not for coſt.
Nurſe. Go, go, you cot-quean, go;
Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be ſick to-morrow,
For this night's watching.
Cap. No, not a whit: what, I have watch'd ere now
All night for a leſs cauſe, and ne'er been ſick.
La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouſe-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you, from ſuch watching, now.
[*Exeunt Lady* Capulet *and Nurſe.*
Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood——
Now fellow, what's there?

Enter three or four with ſpits, and logs, and baſkets.

Serv. Things for the cook, Sir, but I know not what.
Cap. Make haſte, make haſte; ſirrah, fetch drier logs,
Call *Peter*, he will ſhew thee where they are.
Serv. I have a head, Sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter.

Cap.

Cap. 'Mafs, and well ſaid, a merry whoreſon, ha!
Thou ſhalt be logger-head.——good faith, 'tis day.
The Comtè will be here with muſick ſtraight,
[*Play muſick.*
For ſo, he ſaid, he would. I hear him near.
Nurſe,—wife,——what, ho! what, nurſe, I ſay?

Enter Nurſe.

Go, waken *Juliet*, go and trim her up,
I'll go and chat with *Paris:* hie, make haſte,
Make haſte, the bride-groom he is come already;
Make haſte, I ſay. [*Exe.* Capulet *and Nurſe, ſeverally.*

SCENE *changes to* Juliet's *Chamber*, Juliet *on a bed.*

Re-enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. MIſtreſs,——what, miſtreſs! *Juliet*——Faſt, I warrant her.
Why, lamb—why, Lady—Fy, you ſlug-a-bed—
Why, love, I ſay—Madam, ſweet-heart—why, bride—
What, not a word! you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The Comtè *Paris* hath ſet up his reſt,
That you ſhall reſt but little—God forgive me——
Marry, and amen!——How ſound is ſhe aſleep?
I muſt needs wake her: Madam, madam, madam,
Ay, let the Comtè take you in your bed——
He'll fright you up, i'faith. Will it not be?
What dreſt, and in your cloaths——and down again!
I muſt needs wake you: Lady, lady, lady——
Alas! alas! help! help! my lady's dead.
O well-a-day, that ever I was born!
Some *Aqua-vitæ*, ho! my Lord, my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noiſe is here?
Nurſe. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What's the matter?
Nurſe. Look,——oh heavy day!
La. Cap. Oh me, oh me, my child, my only life!
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee;
Help, help! call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For ſhame, bring *Juliet* forth; her Lord is come.
Nurſe. She's dead, deceas'd, ſhe's dead: alack the day!
Cap. Ha! let me ſee her—Out, alas! ſhe's cold;
Her blood is ſettled, and her joints are ſtiff;
Life and theſe lips have long been ſeparated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely froſt
Upon the ſweeteſt flow'r of all the field.
Accurſed time! unfortunate old man!
Nurſe. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. O woeful time!
Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me ſpeak.

Enter Friar Lawrence, *and* Paris *with Muſicians.*

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.
O ſon, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy wife: ſee, there ſhe lies,
Flow'r as ſhe was, deflowred now by him:
Death is my ſon-in-law.——
Par. Have I thought long to ſee this morning's face,
And doth it give me ſuch a ſight as this!
La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Moſt miſerable hour, that time e'er ſaw
In laſting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and ſolace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my ſight.
Nurſe. O woe! oh woful, woful, woful day!
Moſt lamentable day! moſt woful day!
That ever, ever, I did yet behold.
Oh day! oh day! oh day! *oh hateful day!*

Never

Never was ſeen ſo black a day as this:
Oh woful day, oh woful day!
Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, ſpighted, ſlain,
Moſt deteſtable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel, cruel thee quite over-thrown:
O love, O life,—not life, but love in death!——
Cap. Deſpiſs'd, diſtreſſed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd,
Uncomfortable time! why cam'ſt thou now
To murder, murder our ſolemnity!
O child! O child! my ſoul, and not my child!
Dead art thou! dead; alack! my child is dead;
And, with my child, my joys are buried.
Fri. Peace, ho, for ſhame! Confuſion's cure lives not (13)
In theſe confuſions: Heaven and yourſelf
Had part in this fair maid; now heav'n hath all;
And all the better is it for the maid.
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heav'n keeps his part in eternal life.
The moſt, you ſought, was her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven, ſhe ſhould be advanc'd:
And weep you now, ſeeing ſhe is advanc'd,
Above the clouds, as high as heav'n himſelf?

(13) *Peace, ho, for ſhame,* confuſions: Care *lives not in theſe Confuſions,*] This Speech, though it contains good Chriſtian Doctrine, though it is perfectly in Character for the Friar, and not the moſt deſpicable for its Poetry, Mr. *Pope* has curtailed to little or nothing, becauſe it has not the Sanction of the firſt old Copy. By the ſame Rule, had he purſued it throughout, we might have loſt ſome of the fineſt additional Strokes in the two Parts of K. *Henry* IV. But there was another Reaſon, I ſuſpect for curtailing: Certain Corruptions ſtarted, which ſhould have required the *indulging* his *private Senſe* to make them intelligible, and this was an unreaſonable Labour. As I have reformed the Paſſage above quoted, I dare warrant, I have reſtored our Poet's Text; and a fine ſenſible Reproof it contains againſt immoderate Grief: for the Friar begins with telling them, that the Cure of theſe Confuſions, into which the melancholy Accident had thrown 'em, did not live in the confus'd and inordinate Exclamations which they expreſſed on that Account.

Oh, in this love you love your child ſo ill,
That you run mad, ſeeing, that ſhe is well.
She's not well married, that lives married long;
But ſhe's beſt married, that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and ſtick your roſemary
On this fair coarſe; and, as the cuſtom is,
And in her beſt array, bear her to church.
For tho' fond nature bids us all lament, (14)
Yet nature's tears are reaſon's merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained feſtival,
Turn from their office to black funeral;
Our inſtruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding chear to a ſad funeral feaſt;
Our ſolemn hymns to ſullen dirges change,
Our bridal flow'rs ſerve for a buried coarſe;
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in, and, Madam, go with him;
And go, Sir *Paris*; every one prepare
To follow this fair coarſe unto her grave.
The heav'ns do low'r upon you, for ſome ill;
Move them no more, by croſſing their high will.

[*Exeunt* Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, Paris *and* Friar.

Manent Muſicians, and Nurſe.

Muſ. Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

Nurſe. Honeſt good fellows: ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful caſe.

[*Exit Nurſe.*

Muſ. Ay, by my troth, the caſe may be amended.

(14) *For tho'* ſome *Nature bid us all lament.*] *Some* Nature? Sure, it is the *general* Rule of Nature, or ſhe could not bid us *all* lament. I have ventured to ſubſtitute an Epithet, which, I ſuſpect, was loſt in the idle, corrupted Word, *Some*; and which admirably quadrates with the Verſe ſucceeding this; that though the fondneſs of nature lay ſuch an injunction upon us, yet that Reaſon does but mock our unavailing ſorrow.

Enter

Enter Peter.

Pet. Muſicians, oh muſicians, *heart's eaſe, heart's eaſe:* Oh, an you will have me live, why, play *heart's eaſe.*

Muſ. Why, *heart's eaſe?*

Pet. O muſicians, becauſe my heart itſelf plays, *my heart itſelf is full of woe.* O, play me ſome merry dump, to comfort me!

Muſ. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Muſ. No.

Pet. I will then give it you ſoundly.

Muſ. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith, but the gleek: I will give you the minſtrel.

Muſ. Then will I give you the ſerving creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the ſerving creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets. I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you, do you note me?

Muſ. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Muſ.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit: I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:—— anſwer me like men:

When griping grief the heart doth wound,
Then muſic with her ſilver ſound ——
Why, *ſilver ſound?* why, *muſick with her ſilver ſound?*
What ſay you, *Simon Catling?*

1 *Muſ.* Marry, Sir, becauſe ſilver hath a ſweet ſound.

Pet. Pretty! what ſay you, *Hugh Rebeck?*

2 *Muſ.* I ſay, ſilver ſound, becauſe muſicians ſound for ſilver.

Pet. Pretty too! what ſay you, *Samuel Sound-Board?*

3 *Muſ.* 'Faith, I know not what to ſay.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy, you are the *ſinger*, I will *ſay* for you. It is muſick with her ſilver ſound, becauſe ſuch fellows, as you, have no gold for ſounding.

Then muſick with her ſilver ſound
Doth lend redreſs. [Exit ſinging.

Muſ.

Muſ. What a peſtilent knave is this ſame?

2 *Muſ.* Hang him, *Jack*; come, we'll in here, tarry for the mourners, and ſtay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *in* MANTUA.

Enter ROMEO.

IF I may truſt the flattering truth of ſleep,
My dreams preſage ſome joyful news at hand:
My boſom's Lord ſits lightly on his throne,
And, all this day, an unaccuſtom'd ſpirit
Lifts me above the ground with chearful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)
And breath'd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an Emperor.
Ah me! how ſweet is love itſelf poſſeſt,
When but love's ſhadows are ſo rich in joy?

Enter Balthaſar.

News from *Verona*——How now, *Balthaſar?*
Doſt thou not bring me letters from the Friar?
How doth my Lady? is my father well?
How doth my *Juliet?* That I aſk again;
For nothing can be ill, if ſhe be well.

Baltha. Then ſhe is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body ſleeps in *Capulets'* monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives:
I ſaw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And preſently took poſt to tell it you:
O, pardon me for bringing theſe ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, Sir.

Rom. Is it even ſo? then I defy you, ſtars!
Thou know'ſt my lodging,——get me ink and paper,
And hire poſt-horſes. I will hence to-night.

Baltha.

Baltha. Pardon me, Sir, I dare not leave you thus.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some miſadventure.
Rom. Tuſh, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Haſt thou no letters to me from the Friar?
Baltha. No, my good Lord.
Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire thoſe horſes; I'll be with thee ſtraight.
[*Exit* Balthaſar.
Well, *Juliet*, I will lie with thee to-night;
Let's ſee for means—O miſchief! thou art ſwift
To enter in the thought of deſperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of ſimples; meager were his looks;
Sharp miſery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy ſhop a tortoiſe hung,
An alligator ſtuft, and other ſkins
Of ill-ſhap'd fiſhes; and about his ſhelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes;
Green earthen pots, bladders, and muſty ſeeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roſes
Were thinly ſcatter'd to make up a ſhow.
Noting this penury, to myſelf, I ſaid,
An if a man did need a poiſon now,
Whoſe ſale is preſent death in *Mantua*,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would ſell it him.
Oh, this ſame thought did but fore-run my need,
And this ſame needy man muſt ſell it me.
As I remember, this ſhould be the houſe.
Being holy-day, the beggar's ſhop is ſhut:
What, ho! Apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls ſo loud?
Rom. Come hither, man; I ſee, that thou art poor;
Hold, there *is forty ducats*: let me have
A dram of poiſon, ſuch ſoon-ſpeeding geer,

As will diſperſe itſelf thro' all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be diſcharg'd of breath,
As violently, as haſty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.
Ap. Such mortal drugs I have, but *Mantua*'s law
Is death to any he that utters them.
Rom. Art thou ſo bare and full of wretchedneſs,
And fear'ſt to die? famine is in thy cheeks;
Need and oppreſſion ſtare within thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back:
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich,
Then be not poor, but break it and take this.
Ap. My poverty, but not my will, conſents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off, and if you had the ſtrength
Of twenty men, it would diſpatch you ſtraight.
Rom. There is thy gold; worſe poiſon to men's ſouls,
Doing more murders in this loathſome world,
Than theſe poor compounds that thou may'ſt not ſell:
I ſell thee poiſon, thou haſt ſold me none.——
Farewel, buy food, and get thee into fleſh.
Come, cordial, and not poiſon; go with me
To *Juliet*'s grave, for there muſt I uſe thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Monaſtery at* Verona.

Enter Friar John.

John. HOly *Franciſcan* Friar! brother! ho!

Enter Friar Lawrence *to him.*

Law. This ſame ſhould be the voice of Friar *John.*—
Welcome from *Mantua*; what ſays *Romeo?*
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.
John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to aſſociate me,
Here in this city viſiting the ſick;

And

And finding him, the ſearchers of the town,
Suſpecting that we both were in a houſe
Where the infectious peſtilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my ſpeed to *Mantua* there was ſtaid.
Law. Who bore my letter then to *Romeo?*
John. I could not ſend it; here it is again;
Nor get a meſſenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.
Law. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar *John*, go hence,
Get me an iron crow, and bring it ſtraight
Unto my cell.
John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*
Law. Now muſt I to the monument alone;
Within theſe three hours will fair *Juliet* wake;
She will beſhrew me much, that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of theſe accidents:
But I will write again to *Mantua*,
And keep her at my cell 'till *Romeo* come.
Poor living coarſe, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a Church-yard: In it, a Monument belonging to the* Capulets.

Enter Paris, *and his Page, with a light.*

Par. GIve me thy torch, boy; hence, and ſtand aloof.
Yet put it out, for I would not be ſeen:
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Laying thy ear cloſe to the hollow ground;
So ſhall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being looſe, unfirm, with digging up of graves)
But thou ſhalt hear it: whiſtle then to me,
As ſignal that thou hear'ſt ſomething approach.
Give me thoſe *flow'rs*. Do as I bid thee; go.

Page.

Page. I am almoſt afraid to ſtand alone
Here in the church-yard, yet I will adventure. [*Ex*
Par. Sweet flow'r! with flow'rs thy bridal bed I ſtrev
[*Strewing flowe*
Fair *Juliet*, that with angels doſt remain,
Accept this lateſt favour at my hand;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With fun'ral obſequies adorn thy tomb. [*The boy whiſtl*
—The boy gives warning, ſomething doth approach;
What curſed foot wanders this way to-night,
To croſs my obſequies, and true-love's rite?
What! with a torch? muffle me, night, a while.

Enter Romeo *and* Balthaſar *with a light*, (15)

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iro
Hold, take this letter, early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my Lord and father.
Give me the light; upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'ſt or ſeeſt, ſtand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my courſe.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I muſt uſe
In dear employment; therefore, hence, be gone:
But if thou, jealous, doſt return to pry

(15) *Enter* Romeo *and* Peter *with a Light.*] But *Peter* wa Servant of the *Capulets:* beſides, he brings the Mattock and Cr to wrench open *Juliet*'s Grave, an Office hardly to be intruſted w a Servant of that Family. We find a little above, at the very b ginning of this Act, *Balthaſar* is the Perſon who brings *Romeo* News of his Bride's Death: and yet, at the Cloſe of the Pl *Peter* takes upon him to depoſe that he brought thoſe Tidings. *U creditis*, Quirites?—In ſhort, We heard *Balthaſar* deliver the M ſage; and therefore *Peter* is a lying Evidence, ſuborned by the bl dering Editors. We muſt therefore caſhier him, and put *Balth* on his proper Duty. The Source of this Error ſeems eaſy to be counted for; *Peter*'s Character ending in the fourth Act, it is v probable the ſame Perſon might play *Balthaſar*, and ſo be quoted *in the Prompter*'s Book as *Peter*.

In what I further ſhall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And ſtrew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs;
The time and my intents are ſavage, wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tygers, or the roaring ſea.
Balth. I will be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.
Rom. So ſhalt thou ſhew me friendſhip.—Take thou that;
Live and be proſp'rous, and farewel, good fellow.
Balth. For all this ſame, I'll hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Exit* Balth.
Rom. Thou deteſtable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the deareſt morſel of the earth,
Thus I inforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*Breaking open the Monument.*
And in deſpight I'll cram thee with more food.
Par. This is that baniſht haughty *Montague*,
That murder'd my love's couſin; (with which grief,
It is ſuppoſed, the fair creature dy'd,)
And here is come to do ſome villanous ſhame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile *Montague:*
Can vengeance be purſu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee;
Obey, and go with me, for thou muſt die.
Rom. I muſt, indeed, and therefore came I hither.—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a deſp'rate man;
Fly hence and leave me: think upon theſe gone,
Let them affright thee. I beſeech thee, youth,
Pull not another ſin upon my head,
By urging me to fury. Oh be gone!
By heav'n, I love thee better than myſelf;
For I come hither arm'd againſt myſelf.
Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter ſay,
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.
Par. I do defy thy commiſeration,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy.
[*They fight*, Paris *falls*.
Page. Oh Lord, they fight! I will go call the Watch.
Par. Oh, I am ſlain; if thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with *Juliet*. [*Dies.*
Rom. In faith, I will: let me peruſe this face——
Mercutio's kinſman! Noble Comte *Paris!*
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, *Paris* ſhould have married *Juliet*.
Said he not ſo? or did I dream it ſo?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of *Juliet*,
To think it was ſo? Oh give me thy hand,
One writ with me in four misfortune's book,
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.
A grave? O, no; a lanthorn, ſlaughter'd youth;
For here lies *Juliet*; and her beauty makes
This vault a feaſting preſence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd:——
[*Laying* Paris *in the Monument.*
How oft, when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death.——O, how may I
Call this a lightning!—Oh my love, my wife!
Death, that hath ſuckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's enſign yet
Is crimſon in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, ly'ſt thou there in thy bloody ſheet?
Oh, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand, that cut thy youth in twain,
To ſunder his, that was thy enemy?
Forgive me, couſin.——Ah dear *Juliet*,
Why art thou yet ſo fair? ſhall I believe
That unſubſtantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monſter keeps
Thee here in dark, to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I ſtill will ſtay with thee;

And

And never from this palace of dim night (16)
Depart again: Here, here will I remain,
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; oh here
Will I ſet up my everlaſting reſt;
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtars
From this world-weary'd fleſh. Eyes, look your laſt!
Arms, take your laſt embrace! and lips, oh you
The doors of breath, ſeal with a righteous kiſs
A dateleſs bargain to engroſſing death!
Come, bitter conduct! come unſav'ry guide!
Thou deſp'rate pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing rocks my ſea-ſick, weary, bark:
Here's to my love! oh, true apothecary!
[*Drinks the poiſon.*
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiſs I die. [*Dies.*

(16) *And never from this Palace of dim Night*
Depart again. (Come, lie thou in my Arms;
Here's to thy Health. O true Apothecary!
Thy Drugs are quick)] Mr. *Pope*'s, and ſome other of the worſer Editions, acknowledge abſurdly the Lines which I have put into *Parentheſis* here; and which I have expunged from the Text, for this Reaſon: *Romeo* is made to confeſs the Effect of the Poiſon, before ever he has taſted it. I ſuppoſe, it hardly was ſo ſavoury that the Patient ſhould chuſe to make two Draughts of it. And, eight Lines after theſe, we find him taking the Poiſon in his Hands and making an *Apoſtrophe* to it; inviting it to perform its Office at once; and then, and not till then, does he clap it to his Lips, or can with any Probability ſpeak of its inſtant Force and Effects. Beſides, *Shakeſpeare* would hardly have made *Romeo* drink to the *Health* of his *dead* Miſtreſs. Tho' the firſt *Quarto* in 1599, and the two old *Folio*'s acknowledge this abſurd Stuff, I find it left out in ſeveral latter *Quarto* Impreſſions. I ought to take notice, that tho' Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to ſtick to the old Copies in this Addition, yet he is no fair Tranſcriber; for he has ſunk upon us an Hemiſtich of moſt profound Abſurdity, which poſſeſſes all thoſe Copies.

——— *Come, lie thou in my Arms;*
Here's to thy Health, where-e'er thou tumbleſt in.
O true Apothecary! &c.

Enter Friar Lawrence *with lanthorn, crow, and ſpade.*

Fri. St. *Francis* be my ſpeed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet ſtumbled at graves? who's there?

Enter Balthaſar.

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.
Fri. Bliſs be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeleſs ſculls? as I diſcern,
It burneth in the *Capulets'* monument.
Balth. It doth ſo, holy Sir,
And there's my maſter, one you dearly love.
Fri. Who is it?
Balth. Romeo.
Fri. How long hath he been there?
Balth. Full half an hour.
Fri. Go with me to the vault.
Balth. I dare not, Sir.
My maſter knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did ſtay to look on his intents.
Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone; fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear ſome ill unlucky thing.
Balth. As I did ſleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt, my maſter and another fought,
And that my maſter ſlew him.
Fri. Romeo!
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which ſtains
The ſtony entrance of this ſepulchre?
What mean theſe maſterleſs and goary ſwords,
To lie diſcolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo! oh pale! who elſe? what *Paris* too?
And ſteep'd in blood? ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance?
The lady ſtirs.
Jul. [*awaking.*] Oh comfortable Friar, where is my Lord?
I do remember well, where I ſhould be;

And

ere I am; but where is *Romeo?*
I hear ſome noiſe! Lady, come from that neſt
th, contagion, and unnatural ſleep;
ter power, than we can contradict,
hwarted our intents; come, come away;
ıſband in thy boſom there lies dead,
aris too——Come, I'll diſpoſe of thee
; a ſiſterhood of holy Nuns:
)t to queſtion, for the Watch is coming.
go, good *Juliet*; I dare no longer ſtay. [*Exit.*
Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
I ſee, hath been his timeleſs end.
ırl, drink all, and leave no friendly drop
p me after? I will kiſs thy lips:
ſome poiſon yet doth hang on them;
ke me die with a reſtorative.
ps are warm.

Enter Boy and Watch.

:h. Lead, boy, which way?
'Yea, noiſe?
I'll be brief. O happy dagger!
[*Finding a dagger.*
ı thy ſheath, there ruſt and let me die.
[*Kills herſelf.*
This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.
:h. The ground is bloody. Search about the church-yard;
me of you, whom e'er you find, attach.
fight! here lies the Comtè ſlain,
uliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
ere hath lain theſe two days buried.
l the Prince, run to the *Capulets*,
ıp the *Montagues*; ſome others, ſearch——
: the ground whereon theſe woes do lie:
e true ground of all theſe piteous woes
nnot without circumſtance deſcry.

Enter

Enter ſome of the Watch, with Balthaſar.

2 *Watch.* Here's *Romeo*'s man, we found him in the church-yard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in ſafety, 'till the Prince comes hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar Lawrence.

3 *Watch.* Here is a Friar that trembles, ſighs and weeps:
We took this mattock and this ſpade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard ſide.

1 *Watch.* A great ſuſpicion: ſtay the Friar too.

Enter the Prince, and Attendants.

Prince. What miſadventure is ſo early up,
That calls our perſon from our morning's reſt?

Enter Capulet *and Lady* Capulet.

Cap. What ſhould it be, that they ſo ſhriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the ſtreet cry, *Romeo*;
Some, *Juliet*; and ſome, *Paris*; and all run
With open out-cry tow'rd our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which ſtartles in your ears?

Watch. Sovereign, here lies the Comtè *Paris* ſlain,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet* (dead before)
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, ſeek, and know, how this foul murder comes.

Watch. Here is a Friar, and ſlaughter'd *Romeo*'s man,
With inſtruments upon them, fit to open
Theſe dead men's tombs.

Cap. Oh, heav'n! oh, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath miſta'en; for, lo! the ſheath
Lies empty on the back of *Montague*,
The point miſ-ſheathed in my daughter's boſom.

La. Cap. Oh me, this ſight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a ſepulchre.

Enter

Enter Montague.

Prince. Come, *Montague*, for thou art early up,
To ſee thy ſon and heir now early down.
Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to night;
Grief of my ſon's exile hath ſtopt her breath:
What further woe conſpires againſt my age?
Prince. Look, and thou ſhalt ſee.
Mon. Oh, thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To preſs before thy father to a grave?
Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
'Till we can clear theſe ambiguities,
And know their ſpring, their head, their true deſcent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you ev'n to death. Mean time forbear,
And let miſchance be ſlave to patience,
Bring forth the parties of ſuſpicion.
Fri. I am the greateſt, able to do leaſt,
Yet moſt ſuſpected; as the time and place
Doth make againſt me, of this direful murder;
And here I ſtand both to impeach and purge
Myſelf condemned, and myſelf excus'd.
Prince. Then ſay at once what thou doſt know in this,
Fri. I will be brief, for my ſhort date of breath
Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was huſband to that *Juliet*;
And ſhe, there dead, that *Romeo*'s faithful wife:
I married them; and their ſtolen marriage-day
Was *Tybalt*'s dooms-day, whoſe untimely death
Baniſh'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for *Tybalt*, *Juliet* pined.
You, to remove that ſiege of grief from her,
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce
To County *Paris*. Then comes ſhe to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me deviſe ſome means
To rid her from this ſecond marriage;
Or, in my cell, there would ſhe kill herſelf.
Then gave I her (ſo tutor'd by my art)
A ſleeping *portion, which* ſo took effect
As I intended; for it wrought on her

The form of death. Mean time I writ to *Romeo*,
That he ſhould hither come, as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrowed grave;
Being the time the potion's force ſhould ceaſe.
But he which bore my letter, Friar *John*,
Was ſtaid by accident; and yeſternight
Return'd my letter back; then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her awaking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her cloſely at my cell,
'Till I conveniently could ſend to *Romeo*.
But when I came, (ſome minute ere the time
Of her awaking) here untimely lay
The noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes, and I intreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heav'n with patience:
But then a noiſe did ſcare me from the tomb,
And ſhe, too deſp'rate, would not go with me:
But, as it ſeems did violence on herſelf.
All this I know, and to the marriage
Her nurſe is privy: but if aught in this
Miſcarried by my fault, let my old life
Be ſacrific'd, ſome hour before the time,
Unto the rigour of ſevereſt law.

Prince. We ſtill have known thee for an holy man.
Where's *Romeo*'s man? what can he ſay to this?

Balth. I brought my maſter news of *Juliet*'s death,
And then in poſt he came from *Mantua*
To this ſame place, to this ſame monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threatned me with death, going to the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.
Where is the County's page, that rais'd the watch?
Sirrah, what made your maſter in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to ſtrew his lady's grave,
And bid me ſtand aloof, and ſo I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,
And, by and by, my maſter drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prieſt.

Prince. This letter doth make good the Friar's words,
Their courſe of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes, that he did buy a poiſon
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with *Juliet.*
Where be theſe enemies? *Capulet! Montague!*
See, what a ſcourge is laid upon your hate,
That heav'n finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your diſcords too,
Have loſt a brace of kinſmen: all are puniſh'd!

Cap. O brother *Montague*, give me thy hand,
This is my daughter's jointure; for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more,
For I will raiſe her ſtatue in pure gold;
That, while *Verona* by that name is known,
There ſhall no figure at that rate be ſet,
As that of true and faithful *Juliet.*

Cap. As rich ſhall *Romeo*'s by his lady lye:
Poor ſacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A gloomy peace this morning with it brings,
The ſun for ſorrow will not ſhew his head;
Go hence to have more talk of theſe ſad things;
Some ſhall be pardon'd, and ſome puniſhed.
For never was a ſtory of more woe,
Than this of *Juliet*, and her *Romeo.* [*Exeunt omnes.*

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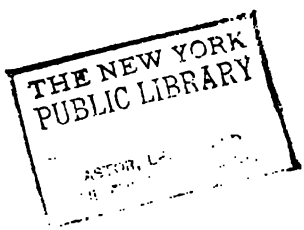
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HAMLET,

Prince *of* DENMARK.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

CLAUDIUS, *King of* Denmark.
Fortinbras, *Prince of* Norway.
Hamlet, *Son to the former, and Nephew to the preſent King.*
Polonius, *Lord Chamberlain.*
Horatio, *Friend to* Hamlet.
Laertes, *Son to* Polonius.
Voltimand, Cornelius, Roſencrantz, Guildenſtern, } *Courtiers.*
Oſrick, *a Fop.*
Marcellus, *an Officer.*
Bernardo, Franciſco, } *two Soldiers.*
Reynoldo, *Servant to* Polonius.
Ghoſt of Hamlet's *Father.*

Gertrude, *Queen of* Denmark, *and Mother to* Hamlet.
Ophelia, *Daughter to* Polonius, *belov'd by* Hamlet.
Ladies attending on the Queen.

Players, Grave-makers, Sailors, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *ELSINOOR.*

HAMLET,

Prince *of* DENMARK.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Platform before the Palace.*

Enter Bernardo *and* Franciſco, *two Centinels.*

BERNARDO.

WHO's there?

Fran. Nay, anſwer me: ſtand, and unfold yourſelf.

Ber. Long live the King!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come moſt carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now ſtruck twelve; get thee to bed, *Franciſco.*

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold, And I am ſick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouſe ſtirring.

Ber. Well, good-night.
If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haſte.

Enter Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Fran. I think, I hear them. Stand, ho! who is there?
Hor. Friends, to this ground.
Mar. And liege-men to the *Dane*.
Fran. Give you good-night.
Mar. Oh, farewel, honeſt ſoldier; who hath reliev'd you?
Fran. Bernardo has my place; give you good-night.
[*Exit* Franciſco.
Mar. Holla! *Bernardo*,———
Ber. Say, what, is *Horatio* there?
Hor. A piece of him.
Ber. Welcome, *Horatio*; welcome, good *Marcellus*.
Mar. What, has this thing appeared again to-night?
Ber. I have ſeen nothing.
Mar. Horatio ſays, 'tis but our phantaſy;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded ſight, twice ſeen of us;
Therefore I have intreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this night;
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and ſpeak to it.
Hor. Tuſh! tuſh! 'twill not appear.
Ber. Sit down a while,
And let us once again aſſail your ears,
That are ſo fortified againſt our ſtory,
What we have two nights ſeen.
Hor. Well, ſit we down,
And let us hear *Bernardo* ſpeak of this.
Ber. Laſt night of all,
When yon ſame ſtar, that's weſtward from the pole,
Had made his courſe t'illume that part of heav'n
Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and myſelf,
The bell then beating one,———
Mar. Peace, break thee off;

Enter

Enter the Ghoſt.

Look, where it comes again.

Ber. In the ſame figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a ſcholar, ſpeak to it, *Horatio.*

Ber. Looks it not like the King? mark it, *Horatio.*

Hor. Moſt like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Ber. It would be ſpoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, *Horatio.*

Hor. What art thou, that uſurp'ſt this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which the majeſty of buried *Denmark*
Did ſometime march? by heav'n, I charge thee, ſpeak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it ſtalks away.

Hor. Stay; ſpeak: I charge thee, ſpeak. [*Exit Ghoſt.*

Mar. 'Tis gone and will not anſwer.

Ber. How now, *Horatio?* you tremble and look pale.
Is not this ſomething more than phantaſy?
What think you of it?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the ſenſible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thyſelf.
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he th' ambitious *Norway* combated:
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He ſmote the ſleaded *Polack* on the ice.
'Tis ſtrange——

Mar. Thus twice before, and juſt at this dead hour,
With martial ſtalk, he hath gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But, in the groſs and ſcope of my opinion,
This bodes ſome ſtrange eruption to our ſtate.

Mar. Good now ſit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this ſame ſtrict and moſt obſervant watch
So nightly toils the ſubjects of the land?
And why *ſuch daily* caſt of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war?

Why ſuch impreſs of ſhipwrights, whoſe ſore taſk
Does not divide the ſunday from the week?
What might be toward, that this ſweaty haſte
Doth make the night joint labourer with the day:
Who is't, that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;
At leaſt, the whiſper goes ſo. Our laſt King,
Whoſe image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,
(Thereto prickt on by a moſt emulate pride)
Dar'd to the fight: In which, our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For ſo this ſide of our known world eſteem'd him)
Did ſlay this *Fortinbras:* who by ſeal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit (with his life) all thoſe his lands,
Which he ſtood ſeiz'd of, to the conqueror:
Againſt the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our King; which had return'd
To the inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he been vaquiſher; as by that cov'nant,
And carriage of the articles deſign'd,
His ſell to *Hamlet*. Now young *Fortinbras*,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the ſkirts of *Norway*, here and there,
Shark'd up a liſt of landleſs reſolutes,
For food and diet, to ſome enterprize
That hath a ſtomach in't: which is no other,
As it doth well appear unto our ſtate,
But to recover of us by ſtrong hand,
And terms compulſative, thoſe foreſaid lands
So by his father loſt: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The ſource of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this poſt-haſte and romage in the land.

Ber. I think, it be no other, but even ſo:
Well may it ſort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch ſo like the King,
That was, and is, the queſtion of theſe wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the moſt high and palmy ſtate of Rome,

A little

A little ere the mightieſt *Julius* fell,
The grave ſtood tenantleſs; the ſheeted dead
Did ſqueak and gibber in the *Roman* ſtreets;
Stars ſhone with trains of fire, dews of blood fell;
Diſaſters veil'd the ſun; and the moiſt ſtar,
Upon whoſe influence *Neptune*'s empire ſtands,
Was ſick almoſt to dooms-day with eclipſe.
And even the like precurſe of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding ſtill the fates,
And prologue to the omen'd coming on, (1)
Have heav'n and earth together demonſtrated
Unto our climatures and country-men.

Enter Ghoſt again.

But ſoft, behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll croſs it, though it blaſt me. Stay, illuſion!
[*Spreading his arms.*
If thou haſt any ſound, or uſe of voice,
Speak to me.
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do eaſe, and grace to me;
Speak to me.
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
Oh ſpeak! ———
Or, if thou haſt uphoorded in thy life
Extorted treaſure in the womb of earth, [*Cock crows.*
For which, they ſay, you ſpirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it. Stay, and ſpeak—Stop it, *Marcellus.*——
Mar. Shall I ſtrike at it with my partizan?
Hor. Do, if it will not ſtand.
Ber. 'Tis here ———
Hor. 'Tis here———

(1) *And Prologue to the* Omen *coming on.*] But *Prologue* and *Omen* are merely ſynonomous here, and muſt ſignify one and the ſame Thing. But the Poet means, that theſe ſtrange *Phœnomena* are Prologues, and Forerunners, of the Events preſag'd by them: *And ſuch Senſe the ſlight* Alteration, which I have ventured to *make by a ſingle Letter* added, very aptly gives.

Ma

Mar. 'Tis gone. [*Exit Ghoſt.*
We do it wrong, being ſo majeſtical,
To offer it ſhew of violence;
For it is as the air, invulnerable;
And our vain blows, malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to ſpeak when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it ſtarted like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful ſummons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill-ſounding throat
Awake the God of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in ſea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring ſpirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This preſent object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some ſay, that ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning ſingeth all night long:
And then they ſay no ſpirit walks abroad;
The nights are wholeſome, then no planets ſtrike,
No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd, and ſo gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But look the morn, in ruſſet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eaſtern hill;
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have ſeen to night
Unto young *Hamlet*. For, upon my life,
This ſpirit, dumb to us, will ſpeak to him:
Do you conſent, we ſhall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we ſhall find him moſt conveniently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

Enter Claudius *King of* Denmark, Gertrude *the Queen*, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, *Lords and attendants.*

King. THough yet of *Hamlet* our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it fitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet ſo far hath diſcretion fought with nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourſelves,
Therefore our ſometime ſiſter, now our Queen,
Th' imperial jointreſs of this warlike State,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,
With one auſpicious, and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal ſcale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife.——Nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wiſdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along: (for all, our thanks.)
Now follows, that you know, young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weak ſuppoſal of our worth;
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our ſtate to be disjoint and out of frame;
Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to peſter us with meſſage,
Importing the ſurrender of thoſe lands
Loſt by his father, by all bands of law,
To our moſt valiant brother.—So much for him.—
Now for ourſelf, and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the buſineſs is. We have here writ
To *Norway*, uncle of young *Fortinbras*,
(Who, impotent and bed-rid, ſcarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpoſe,) to ſuppreſs
His further gate hereon; in that the levies,
The liſts, and *full* proportions are all made

Out

Out of his ſubjects: and we here diſpatch
You, good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltimand*,
For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*;
Giving to you no further perſonal power
To buſineſs with the King, more than the ſcope
Which theſe dilated articles allow.
Farewel, and let your haſte commend your duty.
Vol. In that, and all things, will we ſhew our duty.
King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewel.
[*Exeunt* Voltimand *and* Cornelius.
And now, *Laertes*, what's the news with you?
You told us of ſome ſuit. What is't, *Laertes?*
You cannot ſpeak of reaſon to the *Dane*,
And loſe your voice. What would'ſt thou beg, *Laertes*,
That ſhall not be my offer, not thy aſking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more inſtrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of *Denmark* to thy father.
What would'ſt thou have, *Laertes?*
Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to *France*;
From whence, though willingly I came to *Denmark*
To ſhew my duty in your coronation;
Yet now I muſt confeſs, that duty done,
My thoughts and wiſhes bend again tow'rd *France:*
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.
King. Have you your father's leave? what ſays *Polonius?*
Pol. He hath, my lord, by labourſome petition,
Wrung from me my ſlow leave; and, at the laſt,
Upon his will I ſeal'd my hard conſent.
I do beſeech you, give him leave to go.
King. Take thy fair hour, *Laertes*, time be thine; (2)

(2) *Take thy fair hour*, Laertes, *time be thine,*
And thy fair Graces; ſpend it at thy Will.] This is the Pointing in both Mr. *Pope*'s Editions; but the Poet's Meaning is loſt by it, and the Cloſe of the Sentence miſerably flattened. The Pointing, I have reſtored, is that of the beſt Copies; and the Senſe this; "You "have my Leave to go, *Laertes*; make the faireſt Uſe you pleaſe of "*your Time*, and ſpend it at your Will with the faireſt Graces you "*are Maſter of.*"

And

And thy beſt graces ſpend it at thy will.
But now, my couſin *Hamlet*, and my ſon———
Ham. A little more than kin, and leſs than kind.
[*Aſide.*
King. How is it that the clouds ſtill hang on you?
Ham. Not ſo, my Lord, I am too much i'th' ſun.
Queen. Good *Hamlet*, caſt thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on *Denmark*.
Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids,
Seek for thy noble father in the duſt;
Thou know'ſt, 'tis common: all, that live, muſt die;
Paſſing through nature to eternity.
Ham. Ay, Madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why ſeems it ſo particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, Madam? nay, it is; I know not *ſeems*:
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor cuſtomary ſuits of ſolemn black,
Nor windy ſuſpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the viſage,
Together with all forms, moods, ſhews of grief,
That can denote me truly. Theſe indeed *ſeem*,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within, which paſſeth ſhew:
Theſe, but the trappings, and the ſuits of woe.
King. 'Tis ſweet and commendable in your nature,
Hamlet,
To give theſe mourning duties to your father:
But you muſt know, your father loſt a father;
That father loſt, loſt, his; and the ſurviver bound
In filial obligation, for ſome term,
To do obſequious ſorrow. But to perſevere
In obſtinate condolement, is a courſe
Of impious ſtubbornneſs, unmanly grief.
It ſhews a will moſt incorrect to heav'n,
A heart unfortify'd, a mind impatient,
An underſtanding ſimple, and unſchool'd:
For, what *we know* muſt be, and is as common

As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſenſe,
Why ſhould we, in our peeviſh oppoſition,
Take it to heart? fie! 'tis a fault to heav'n,
A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,
To reaſon moſt abſurd; whoſe common theam
Is death of fathers, and who ſtill hath cry'd,
From the firſt coarſe, 'till he that died to-day,
"This muſt be ſo." We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the moſt immediate to our throne;
And with't no leſs nobility of love, (3)
Than that which deareſt father bears his ſon,
Do I impart tow'rd you. For your intent
In going back to ſchool to *Wittenberg*,
It is moſt retrograde to our deſire:
And we beſeech you, bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefeſt courtier, couſin, and our ſon.

Queen. Let not thy mother loſe her prayers, *Hamlet:*
I pr'ythee, ſtay with us, go not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt obey you, Madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving, and a fair reply;
Be as ourſelf in *Denmark*. Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling to my heart, in grace whereof
No jocund health, that *Denmark* drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds ſhall tell;
And the King's rowſe the heav'n ſhall bruit again,
Re-ſpeaking earthly thunder. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

(3) *And with no leſs Nobility of Love,*
Than that which deareſt Father bears his Son,
Do I impart towards you,] But what does the King *impart?* We want the Subſtantive governed of the Verb. The King had declared *Hamlet* his immediate Succeſſor; and with that Declaration, he muſt mean, he imparts to him as noble a Love, as ever fond Father tendered to his own Son. I have ventured to make the Text conform with this Senſe.

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh, that this too-too-ſolid fleſh would melt,
Thaw, and reſolve itſelf into a dew!
Or that the Everlaſting had not fix'd (4)
His canon 'gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter! O God! oh God!
How weary, ſtale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uſes of this world!
Fie on't! oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to ſeed; things rank, and groſs in nature,
Poſſeſs it merely. That it ſhould come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not ſo much; not two;—
So excellent a King, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a ſatyr: ſo loving to my mother, (5)

(4) *Or that the Everlaſting had not fix'd*
His Cannon *'gainſt Self-Slaughter!*] The Generality of the Editions read thus, as if the Poet's Thought were, Or *that the Almighty had not planted his* Artillery, *his* Reſentment, *or* Arms *of* Vengeance, *againſt Self-Murder.* But the Word, which I reſtored to the Text, (and which was eſpouſed by the accurate Mr. *Hughes*, who gave an Edition of this Play;) is the Poet's true Reading. i. e. *That he had not reſtrain'd Suicide by his* expreſs Law, *and* peremptory Prohibition. Miſtakes are perpetually made in the old Editions of our Poet, be twixt thoſe two Words, *Cannon* and *Canon.*

(5) ——————*So loving to my Mother,*
That he permitted not *the Winds of Heav'n*
Viſit her Face too roughly.] This is a ſophiſticated Reading, copied from the Players in ſome of the modern Editions, for Want of Underſtanding the Poet, whoſe Text is corrupt in the old Impreſſions: All of which that I have had the fortune to ſee, concur in reading;

——————*So loving to my Mother,*
That he might not beteene *the Winds of Heav'n*
Viſit her Face too roughly.

Beteene is a Corruption without doubt, but not ſo inveterate a one, but that, by the Change of a ſingle Letter, and the Separation of two Words miſtakingly jumbled together, I am verily perſuaded, I have retrieved the Poet's Reading.——*That he* might not let e'en *the Winds of Heav'n, &c.*

That

That he might not let e'en the winds of heav'n
Viſit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth!
Muſt I remember?——why, ſhe would hang on him
As if increaſe of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; yet, within a month,——
Let me not think—Frailty, thy name is woman!
A little month! or ere thoſe ſhoes were old,
With which ſhe follow'd my poor father's body,
Like *Niobe*, all tears——Why ſhe, ev'n ſhe,——
(O heav'n! a beaſt, that wants diſcourſe of reaſon,
Would have mourn'd longer—) married with mine uncl
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to *Hercules*. Within a month!——
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes,
She married.—Oh, moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to inceſtuous ſheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my heart, for I muſt hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, *and* Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your lordſhip!
Ham. I am glad to ſee you well;
Horatio,——or I do forget myſelf?
Hor. The ſame, my lord, and your poor ſervant eve
Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name wi
you:
And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio?*
Marcellus!
Mar. My good lord——
Ham. I am very glad to ſee you; good even, Sir.
But what, in faith, make you from *Wittenberg?*
Hor. A truant diſpoſition, good my lord.
Ham. I would not hear your enemy ſay ſo;
Nor ſhall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truſter of your own report
Againſt yourſelf. I know, you are no truant;
But what is your affair in *Elſinoor?*
We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to ſee your father's funeral.
Ham. I pr'ythee, do not mock me, fellow-ſtudent; I think, it was to ſee my mother's wedding.
Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*; the funeral bak'd meats Did coldly furniſh forth the marriage tables.
'Would, I had met my deareſt foe in heav'n,
Or ever I had ſeen that day, *Horatio!*
My father——methinks, I ſee my father.
Hor. Oh where, my Lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye, *Horatio.*
Hor. I ſaw him once, he was a goodly King.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I ſhall not look upon his like again.
Hor. My lord, I think, I ſaw him yeſternight.
Ham. Saw! who?——
Hor. My lord, the King your father.
Ham. The King my father!
Hor. Seaſon your admiration but a while,
With an attentive ear; 'till I deliver
Upon the witneſs of theſe gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For heaven's love, let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together had theſe gentlemen, *Marcellus* and *Bernardo*, on their watch,
In the dead waſte and middle of the night,
Been thus encountred: A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap-à-pe*,
Appears before them, and with ſolemn march
Goes ſlow and ſtately by them; thrice he walk'd,
By their oppreſt and fear-ſurprized eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilſt they (diſtill'd
Almoſt to jelly with the act of fear)
Stand dumb, and ſpeak not to him. This to me
In dreadful ſecrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father:
Theſe hands are not more like.

Ham.

Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch.
Ham. Did you not ſpeak to it?
Hor. My lord, I did;
But anſwer made it none; yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did addreſs
Itſelf to motion, like as it would ſpeak:
But even then the morning cock crew loud;
And at the ſound it ſhrunk in haſte away,
And vaniſh'd from our ſight.
Ham. 'Tis very ſtrange.
Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed, indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?
Both. We do, my lord.
Ham. Arm'd, ſay you?
Both. Arm'd, my lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
Both. My lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then ſaw you not his face?
Hor. Oh, yes, my lord, he wore his beaver up.
Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?
Hor. A count'nance more in ſorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you?
Hor. Moſt conſtantly.
Ham. I would, I had been there!
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like; ſtaid it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haſte might tell a hundred.
Both. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I ſaw't.
Ham. His beard was griſly?
Hor. It was, as I have ſeen it in his life,
A ſable ſilver'd.
Ham. I'll watch to-night; perchance, 'twill walk again.

Hor.

Hor. I warrant you, it will.
Ham. If it aſſume my noble father's perſon,
I'll ſpeak to it, tho' hell itſelf ſhould gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this ſight,
Let it be treble in your ſilence ſtill:
And whatſoever ſhall befall to-night,
Give it an underſtanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: ſo, fare ye well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll viſit you.
All. Our duty to your honour. [*Exeunt.*
Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewel.
My father's ſpirit in arms! all is not well:
I doubt ſome foul play: 'would, the night were come!
'Till then ſit ſtill, my ſoul: foul deeds will riſe
(Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them) to men's eyes.
[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in* Polonius's *Houſe.*

Enter Laertes *and* Ophelia.

Laer. MY neceſſaries are imbark'd, farewel;
And, ſiſter, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is aſſiſtant, do not ſleep,
But let me hear from you.
Oph. Do you doubt that?
Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a faſhion and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of prime nature,
Forward, not permanent, tho' ſweet, not laſting:
The perfume, and ſuppliance of a minute:
No more.——
Oph. No more but ſo?
Laer. Think it no more:
For nature, creſcent, does not grow alone
In thews *and bulk*; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward ſervice of the mind and ſoul

Grow

Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no ſoil, nor cautel, doth beſmerch
The virtue of his will: but you muſt fear,
His greatneſs weigh'd, his will is not his own:
For he himſelf is ſubject to his birth;
He may not, as unvalued perſons do,
Carve for himſelf; for on his choice depends
The ſanctity and health of the whole ſtate:
And therefore muſt his choice be circumſcrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he's head. Then, if he ſays, he loves you
It fits your wiſdom ſo far to believe it,
As he in his peculiar act and place
May give his ſaying deed; which is no further,
Than the main voice of *Denmark* goes withal.
Then weigh, what loſs your honour may ſuſtain,
If with too credent ear you liſt his ſongs;
Or loſe your heart, or your chaſte treaſure open
To his unmaſter'd importunity.
Fear it, *Ophelia*, fear it, my dear ſiſter;
And keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire.
The chaſteſt maid is prodigal enough,
If ſhe unmaſk her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itſelf 'ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes;
The canker galls the infants of the ſpring,
Too oft before their buttons be diſclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.
Be wary then, beſt ſafety lies in fear;
Youth to itſelf rebels, though none elſe near.

Oph. I ſhall th' effects of this good leſſon keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother
Do not, as ſome ungracious paſtors do,
Shew me the ſteep and thorny way to heav'n;
Whilſt, like a puſt and careleſs libertine,
Himſelf the primroſe path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own reed.

Laer. Oh, fear me not.

Enter Polonius.

I ſtay too long;—but here my father comes:
A double bleſſing is a double grace;
Occaſion ſmiles upon a ſecond leave.
Pol. Yet here, *Laertes!* aboard, aboard for ſhame;
The wind ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſail, (6)
And you are ſtaid for. There;———
My bleſſing with you;
[*Laying his hand on* Laertes's *head.*
And theſe few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act:
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The friends thou haſt, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy ſoul with hooks of ſteel:
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel: but being in,
Bear't that the oppoſed may beware of thee.
Give ev'ry man thine ear; but few thy voice.
Take each man's cenſure; but reſerve thy judgment.

(6) *The Wind ſits in the Shoulder of your Sail,*
And you are ſtaid for there. *My Bleſſing*, &c.] *There*——
where? in the Shoulder of his Sail? For to that muſt this *local* Adverb relate, as 'tis ſituated. Beſides, it is a dragging idle Expletive, and ſeems of no Uſe but to ſupport the Meaſure of the Verſe. But when we come to point this Paſſage right, and to the Poet's Intention in it, we ſhall find it neither unneceſſary, nor improper, in its Place. In the Speech immediately preceding this, *Laertes* taxes himſelf for ſtaying too long; but ſeeing his Father approach, he is willing to ſtay for a ſecond Bleſſing, and kneels down to that end: *Polonius* accordingly lays his hand on his Head, and gives him the ſecond Bleſſing. The manner, in which a Comic Actor behav'd upon this Occaſion, was ſure to raiſe a Laugh of Pleaſure in the Audience: And the oldeſt *Quarto's*, in the Pointing, are a Confirmation that thus the Poet intended it, and thus the Stage expreſs'd it.

Coſtly

Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy,
But not expreſt in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in *France* of the beſt rank and ſtation
Are moſt ſelect and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loſes both itſelf and friend:
And borrowing dulls the edge of huſbandry.
This above all; to thine own ſelf be true;
And it muſt follow, as the night the day,
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.
Farewel; my bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee!

Laer. Moſt humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time inveſts you; go, your ſervants tend. (7)

Laer. Farewel, *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I have ſaid.

Oph. 'Tis in my mem'ry lockt,
And you yourſelf ſhall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewel. [*Exit* Laer.

Pol. What is't, *Ophelia*, he hath ſaid to you?

Oph. So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the Lord *Hamlet*.

Pol. Marry, well bethought!
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourſelf
Have of your audience been moſt free and bounteous.
If it be ſo, (as ſo 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I muſt tell you,
You do not underſtand yourſelf ſo clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.

(7) *The Time* invites *You*——] This Reading is as old as the firſt *Folio*; however I ſuſpect it to have been ſubſtituted by the Players, who did not underſtand the Term which poſſeſſes the elder *Quarto*'s:

The Time inveſts *you*;

i. e. beſieges, preſſes upon you on every Side. To *inveſt a Town*, *is the military* Phraſe from which our Author borrowed his *Metaphor*.

What

it is between you? give me up the truth.
b. He hath, my Lord, of late, made many tenders
is affection to me.
l. Affection! puh! you ſpeak like a green girl,
fted in ſuch perilous circumſtance.
ou believe his tenders, as you call them?
b. I do not know, my Lord, what I ſhould think.
l. Marry, I'll teach you; think yourſelf a baby,
you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,
:h are not ſterling. Tender yourſelf more dearly; (8)
not to crack the wind of the poor phraſe,
ging it thus) you'll tender me a fool.
b. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
nourable faſhion.
l. Ay, faſhion you may call't: go to, go to.
b. And hath giv'n count'nance to his ſpeech, my Lord,
almoſt all the holy vows of heav'n.
l. Ay, ſpringes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
n the blood burns, how prodigal the ſoul
s the tongue vows. Theſe blazes, oh my daughter,
ng more light than heat, extinct in both,
in their promiſe as it is a making,
muſt not take for fire. From this time,
mewhat ſcanter of your maiden-preſence,
our interteatments at a higher rate,
a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
ve ſo much in him, that he is young;
with a larger tether he may walk,
may be giv'n you. In few, *Ophelia*,
ot believe his vows; for they are brokers, (9)
Not

Tender yourſelf more dearly;
not to crack the Wind of the poor Phraſe)
ging *it thus, you'll tender me a Fool.*] The *Parenthesis* is clos'd
wrong Place; and we muſt make likewiſe a ſlight Correction
laſt Verſe. *Polonius* is racking and playing on the Word *Ten-*
ll he thinks proper to correct himſelf for the Licence; and
e would ſay —— not farther to crack the Wind of the Phraſe
ſting and *contorting* it, as I have done; &c. Mr. *Warburton.*
Do not believe his Vows; for they are Brokers;

- - - - - - - - - - - -

being like ſanctified and picus Bonds;

Not of that die which their inveſtments ſhew,
But mere implorers of unholy ſuits,
Breathing like ſanctified and pious bawds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you ſo ſlander any moment's leiſure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord *Hamlet*.
Look to't, I charge you, come your way.
Oph. I ſhall obey, my Lord. [*Exeun*

The better to beguile.]
Tho' all the Editors have ſwallowed this Reading implicitly, it certainly corrupt; and I have been ſurprized, how Men of Geni and Learning could let it paſs without ſome Suſpicion. What Id can we form to ourſelves of a *breathing Bond*, or of its being *ſanc fied* and *pious?* As he, juſt before, is calling amorous Vows *Broke* and implorers of unholy Suits; I think, a Continuation of the pl and natural Senſe directs to an eaſy *Emendation*, which makes t whole Thought of a piece, and gives it a Turn not unworthy of c Poet.

Breathing, like ſanctified and pious Bawds,
The better to beguile.

Broker, 'tis to be obſerved, our Author perpetually uſes as the mo modeſt ſynonymous Term for *Bawd*. Beſides, what ſtrengthens t Correction, and makes this Emendation the more neceſſary and pr bable, is, the Words with which the Poet winds up his Though *the better to beguile*. It is the ſly Artifice and Cuſtom of Bawds put on an Air and form of *Sanctity*, to betray the Virtues of you Ladies; by drawing them firſt into a kind Opinion of them, fr their *exterior* and *diſſembled* Goodneſs. And *Bawds* in their Oft *of Treachery* are likewiſe properly *Brokers*; and the *Implorers* a Prompters of *unholy* (that is, unchaſte) Suits: And ſo a chain the ſame Metaphors is continued to the End.

SCEN

SCENE *changes to the Platform before the Palace.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, *and* Marcellus.

Ham. THE air bites ſhrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is ſtruck.
Hor. I heard it not: it then draws near the ſeaſon,
Wherein the ſpirit held his wont to walk.
[*Noiſe of warlike muſick within.*
What does this mean, my Lord?
Ham. The King doth wake to-night, and takes his rouſe.
Keeps waſſel, and the ſwagg'ring up-ſpring reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rheniſh down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a cuſtom?
Ham. Ay, marry, is't:
But, to my mind, though I am native here,
And to the manner born, it is a cuſtom
More honour'd in the breach, that the obſervance.
This heavy-headed revel, eaſt and weſt,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations;
They clepe us drunkards, and with ſwiniſh phraſe
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for ſome vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot chuſe his origin)
By the o'ergrowth of ſome complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reaſon;
Or by ſome habit, that too much o'er-leavens

The form of plauſive manners; that theſe men
Carrying, I ſay, the ſtamp of one defect,
(Being nature's livery, or fortune's ſcar)
Their virtues elſe, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general cenſure take corruption
From that particular fault.——The dram of Baſe (10)
Doth all the noble ſubſtance of worth out,
To his own ſcandal.

Enter Ghoſt.

Hor. Look, my Lord, it comes!
Ham. Angels and miniſters of grace defend us!
Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blaſts from hell
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeak to thee. I'll call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royal *Dane:* oh! anſwer me;
Let me not burſt in ignorance; but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearſed in death,
Have burſt their cearments? why the ſepulchre,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To caſt thee up again? What may this mean?

(10)——————*The Dram of* Eaſe.
Doth all the noble Subſtance of a Doubt
To his own ſcandal.] I do not remember a Paſſage, throughout our Poet's Works more intricate and depraved in the Text, of h Meaning to outward Appearance, or more likely to baffle the A tempts of Criticiſm in its Aid. It is certain, there is neith Senſe, nor Grammar, as it now ſtands: yet with a ſlight Alteratio I'll endeavour to cure theſe Defects, and give a Sentiment too, th ſhall make the Poet's Thought cloſe nobly. The Dram of *Baſe*, (I have corrected the Text) means the leaſt Alloy of Baſeneſs or Vic It is very frequent with our Poet to uſe the *Adjective* of *Quality* i ſtead of the Subſtantive ſignifying the Thing. Beſides, I have ob *ſerved*, that elſewhere, ſpeaking of *Worth*, he delights to conſid *it as a Quality* that adds *Weight* to a Perſon, and connects the Wo *with that* Idea.

T

That thou, dead coarſe, again, in compleat ſteel,
Reviſit'ſt thus the glimpſes of the moon,
Making night hideous, and us fools of nature
So horribly to ſhake our diſpoſition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſouls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what ſhould we do?
[*Ghoſt beckons* Hamlet.

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means. [*Holding* Hamlet.

Ham. It will not ſpeak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my Lord.

Ham. Why, what ſhould be the fear?
I do not ſet my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my ſoul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itſelf?
It waves me forth again.——I'll follow it——

Hor. What if it tempt you tow'rd the flood, my Lord?
Or to the dreadful ſummit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his baſe into the ſea;
And there aſſume ſome other horrible form,
Which might deprive your ſov'reignty of reaſon,
And draw you into madneſs? think of it.
The very place puts toys of deſperation,
Without more motive, into ev'ry brain,
That looks ſo many fathoms to the ſea;
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me ſtill: go on, I'll follow thee——

Mar. You ſhall not go, my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Mar. Be rul'd, you ſhall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the *Nemean* lion's nerve:
Still am I call'd: unhand me, gentlemen——
[Breaking from them.

By heav'n, I'll make a ghoſt of him that lets me—
I ſay, away——go on——I'll follow thee———
[*Exeunt Ghoſt and* Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes deſp'rate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow! 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after.——To what iſſue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the ſtate of *Denmark*.

Hor. Heav'n will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a more remote Part of the Platform.*

Re-enter Ghoſt and Hamlet.

Ham. WHere wilt thou lead me? ſpeak, I'll go no further.

Ghoſt. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghoſt. My hour is almoſt come,
When I to ſulphurous and tormenting flames
Muſt render up myſelf.

Ham. Alas, poor Ghoſt!

Ghoſt. Pity me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghoſt. So art thou to revenge, when thou ſhalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghoſt. I am thy father's Spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, confin'd to faſt in fires;
'Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon-houſe,
I could a tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow up thy ſoul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like ſtars, ſtart from their ſpheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to ſtand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:

But

ut this eternal blazon muſt not be
'o ears of fleſh and blood; liſt, liſt, oh liſt!
thou didſt ever thy dear father love———
Ham. Oh heav'n!
Ghoſt. Revenge his foul and moſt unnatural murder.
Ham. Murder?
Ghoſt. Murder moſt foul, as in the beſt it is;
ıt this moſt foul, ſtrange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haſte me to know it, that I, with wings as ſwift
s meditation or the thoughts of love,
ay ſweep to my revenge.
Ghoſt. I find thee apt;
nd duller ſhouldſt thou be, than the fat weed
hat roots itſelf in eaſe on *Lethe*'s wharf,
'ouldſt thou not ſtir in this. Now, *Hamlet*, hear;
'is given out, that, ſleeping in my orchard,
ſerpent ſtung me. So the whole ear of *Denmark*
by a forged proceſs of my death
ankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
he ſerpent, that did ſting thy father's life,
ow wears his crown.
Ham. Oh, my prophetick ſoul! my uncle?
Ghoſt. Ay, that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
'ith witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts,
O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
o to ſeduce!) won to his ſhameful luſt
'he will of my moſt ſeeming-virtuous Queen.
h *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there!
rom me, whoſe love was of that dignity,
'hat it went hand in hand ev'n with the vow
made to her in marriage; and to decline
pon a wretch, whoſe natural gifts were poor
'o thoſe of mine!
ut virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
'hough lewdneſs court it in a ſhape of heav'n;
o luſt, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Vill ſate itſelf in a celeſtial bed,
nd prey on garbage——
ut, ſoft! *methinks*, I ſcent the morning air ——
rief let me be; Sleeping within mine orchard,

My cuſtom always of the afternoon,
Upon my ſecure hour thy uncle ſtole
With juice of curſed hebenon in a phial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous diſtilment; whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with blood of man,
That ſwift as quick-ſilver it courſes through
The nat'ral gates and allies of the body;
And, with a ſudden vigour, it doth poſſet
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholſome blood: ſo did it mine,
And a moſt inſtant tetter bark'd about,
Moſt lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt
All my ſmooth body.——
Thus was I, ſleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of Queen, at once diſpatcht;
Cut off ev'n in the bloſſoms of my ſin,
Unhouſel'd, unappointed, unaneal'd: (11)

No

(11) *Unhouzzled, unanointed, unaneal'd;*] The Ghoſt, having recounted the Proceſs of his Murder, proceeds to exaggerate the Inhumanity and Unnaturalneſs of the Fact, from the Circumſtances in which he was ſurprized. But theſe, I find, have been ſtumbling Blocks to our Editors; and therefore I muſt amend and explain theſe three compound Adjectives in their Order. Inſtead of *unhouzzel'd*, we muſt reſtore, *unhouſel'd*, i. e. *without the Sacrament taken*; from the old *Saxon* Word for the Sacrament, *houſel*. In the next place, *unanointed*, is a Sophiſtication of the Text: the old Copies concur in reading, *diſappointed*. I correct,

Unhouſel'd, unappointed,

i. e. no Confeſſion of Sins made, no Reconciliation to Heaven, no Appointment of Penance by the Church. *Unaneal'd* I agree to be the Poet's genuine Word; but I muſt take the Liberty to diſpute Mr. *Pope*'s Explication of it, *viz.* No *Knell* rung. The Adjective formed from *Knell*, muſt have been *unknell'd*, or *unknoll'd*. There is no Rule in Orthography for ſinking the *k* in the Deflection of any Verb or Compound formed from *Knell*, and melting it into a Vowel. What Senſe does *unaneal'd* then bear? SKINNER, in his *Lexicon* of old and obſolete *Engliſh* Terms, tells us, that *Aneal'd is unctus*; from the *Teutonick* Prepoſition *an*, and *Ole*, i. e. *Oil*: *ſo that unaneal'd* muſt conſequently ſignify, *unanointed*, not having *the extream Unction*. The Poet's Reading and Explication being uncertained,

No reck'ning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
Oh, horrible! oh, horrible! moſt horrible!
If thou haſt nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of *Denmark* be
A couch for luxury and damned inceſt.
But howſoever thou purſu'ſt this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy ſoul contrive
Againſt thy mother aught; leave her to heav'n,
And to thoſe thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To prick and ſting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm ſhews the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
Adieu, adieu, adieu; remember me. [*Exit.*

Ham. Oh, all you hoſt of heav'n! oh earth! what elſe?
And ſhall I couple hell? oh, hold my heart——
And you, my ſinews, grow not inſtant old;
But bear me ſtiffly up. Remember thee——
Ay, thou poor ghoſt, while memory holds a ſeat
In this diſtracted globe; remember thee——
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All ſaws of books, all forms, all preſſures paſt,
That youth and obſervation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone ſhall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baſer matter. Yes, by heav'n:
Oh moſt pernicious woman!
Oh villain, villain, ſmiling damned villain!
My tables,——meet it is, I ſet it down,

certained, he very finely makes his *Ghoſt* complain of theſe four dreadful Hardſhips; that he had been diſpatched out of Life without receiving the *Hoſt*, or Sacrament; without being *reconciled* to Heaven and *abſolv'd*; without the Benefit of *extream Unction*; or without ſo much as a *Confeſſion* made of his ſins. The having no *Knell* rung, I think, is not a Point of equal Conſequence to any of theſe; eſpecially, if we conſider, that the *Romiſh* Church admits the Efficacy *of praying for the Dead.*

That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a villain;
At leaſt, I'm ſure, it may be ſo in *Denmark*. [*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are; now to my word;
It is; Adieu, adieu, remember me:
I've ſworn it———

Enter Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Hor. My Lord, my Lord,———
Mar. Lord *Hamlet*,———
Hor. Heav'n ſecure him!
Mar. So be it.
Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord!
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come, bird, come.
Mar. How is't, my noble Lord?
Hor. What news, my Lord?
Ham. Oh, wonderful!
Hor. Good my Lord, tell it.
Ham. No, you'll reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my Lord, by heav'n.
Mar. Nor I, my Lord.
Ham. How ſay you then, would heart of man once think it?
But you'll be ſecret——
Both. Ay, by heav'n, my Lord.
Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all *Denmark*,
But he's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no ghoſt, my Lord, come from the grave.
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right, you are i'th' right;
And ſo without more circumſtance at all,
I hold it fit that we ſhake hands, and part;
You, as your buſineſs and deſires ſhall point you;
(For every man has buſineſs and deſire,
Such as it is) and, for my own poor part,
I will go pray.
Hor. Theſe are but wild and whirling words, my Lord.
Ham. I'm ſorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, heartily.

Hor.

Hor. There's no offence, my Lord.
Ham. Yes, by St. *Patrick*, but there is, my Lord,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here——
It is an honeſt ghoſt, that let me tell you:
For your deſire to know what is between us,
O'er-maſter it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, ſcholars, and ſoldiers,
Give me one poor requeſt.
Hor. What is't, my Lord?
Ham. Never make known what you have ſeen to-night,
Both. My Lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but ſwear't.
Hor. In faith my Lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I, my Lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my ſword.
Mar. We have ſworn, my Lord, already.
Ham. Indeed, upon my ſword, indeed.
Ghoſt. Swear. [*Ghoſt cries under the Stage.*
Ham. Ah, ha, boy, ſay'ſt thou ſo? art thou there, truepenny?
Come on, you hear this fellow in the cellarage.
Conſent to ſwear.
Hor. Propoſe the oath, my Lord.
Ham. Never to ſpeak of this that you have ſeen,
Swear by my ſword.
Ghoſt. Swear.
Ham. Hic & ubique? then we'll ſhift our ground.
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hand again upon my ſword.
Never to ſpeak of this which you have heard,
Swear by my ſword.
Ghoſt. Swear by his ſword.
Ham. Well ſaid, old mole, can'ſt work i'th'ground ſo faſt?
A worthy pioneer! Once more remove, good friends.
Hor. Oh day and night, but this is wondrous ſtrange.
Ham. And therefore as a ſtranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heav'n and earth, *Horatio*,
Than are dreamt of in your philoſophy. But come,
Here, as before, *never*, (ſo help you mercy!)

How

How ſtrange or odd ſoe'er I bear myſelf,
(As I, perchance, hereafter ſhall think meet
To put an antick diſpoſition on ;)
That you, at ſuch time ſeeing me, never ſhall,
With arms encumbred thus, or this head-ſhake,
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtful phraſe,
As, well—we know—or, we could, and if we would—
Or, if we liſt to ſpeak—or, there be, and if there might—
(Or ſuch ambiguous giving out) denote
That you know aught of me; This do ye ſwear,
So grace and mercy at your moſt need help you!
Swear.

Ghoſt. Swear.

Ham. Reſt, reſt, perturbed Spirit. So, Gentlemen,
With all my love do I commend me to you;
And what ſo poor a Man as *Hamlet* is
May do t'expreſs his love and friending to you;
God willing, ſhall not lack; let us go in together,
And ſtill your fingers on your lips, I pray:
The time is out of joint; oh, curſed ſpight!
That ever I was born to ſet it right.
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *An Apartment in* Polonius's *Houſe.*

Enter Polonius, *and* Reynoldo.

POLONIUS.

GIVE him this money, and theſe notes, *Reynoldo.*
Rey. I will, my Lord.
Pol. You ſhall do marvellous wiſely, good *Reynoldo,*
Before you viſit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.
Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Marry, well ſaid; very well ſaid. Look you, Sir.
Enquire me firſt what *Danſkers* are in *Paris*;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence; and finding,
By this encompaſſment and drift of queſtion,
That they do know my ſon, come you more near;
Then your particular demands will touch it;
Take you, as 'twere ſome diſtant knowledge of him,
As thus——I know his father and his friends,
And in part him—Do you mark this, *Reynoldo?*
Rey. Ay, very well, my Lord.
Pol. And in part him——but you may ſay—not well;
But if't be he, I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted ſo and ſo——and there put on him
What forgeries you pleaſe; marry, none ſo rank,
As may diſhonour him; take heed of that;
But, Sir, ſuch wanton, wild, and uſual ſlips,
As are companions noted and moſt known
To youth and *liberty.*

Rey

Rey. As gaming, my Lord———
Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, ſwearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing——You may go ſo far.
Rey. My Lord, that would diſhonour him.
Pol. 'Faith, no, as you may ſeaſon it in the charge;
You muſt not put another ſcandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning; but breathe his faults ſo quaintly,
That they may ſeem the taints of liberty;
The flaſh and out-break of a fiery mind,
A ſavageneſs in unreclaimed blood
Of general aſſault.
Rey. But, my good Lord——
Pol. Wherefore ſhould you do this?
Rey. Ay, my Lord, I would know that.
Pol. Marry, Sir, here's my drift;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of wit.
You, laying theſe ſlight ſullies on my ſon,
As 'twere a thing a little ſoil'd i'th' working,
Mark you, your party in converſe, he you would ſound,
Having ever ſeen, in the prenominate crimes,
The youth, you breathe of, guilty, be aſſur'd,
He cloſes with you in this conſequence;
Good Sir, or ſo, or friend, or gentleman,
(According to the phraſe or the addition
Of man and country.)
Rey. Very good, my Lord.
Pol. And then, Sir, does he this;
He does——what was I about to ſay?
I was about to ſay ſomething—where I did leave?—
Rey. At, cloſes in the conſequence.
Pol. At, cloſes in the conſequence—Ay, marry.
He cloſes thus;——I know the gentleman,
I ſaw him yeſterday, or t'other day,
Or then, with ſuch and ſuch; and, as you ſay,
There was he gaming, there o'ertook in's rowſe,
There falling out at tennis; or, perchance,
I ſaw him enter ſuch a houſe of ſale,
Videlicet, a brothel, or ſo forth.——See you now;

Your

Your bait of falſhood takes this carp of truth;
And thus do we of wiſdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with eſſays of byas,
By indirections find directions out:
So by my former lecture and advice
Shall you my ſon; you have me, have you not?

Rey. My Lord, I have.

Pol. God b'w' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my Lord——

Pol. Obſerve his inclination in yourſelf.

Rey. I ſhall, my Lord.

Pol. And let him ply his muſick.

Rey. Well, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewel. How now, *Ophelia*, what's the matter?

Oph. Alas, my Lord, I have been ſo affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of heav'n?

Oph. My Lord, as I was ſewing in my cloſet,
Lord *Hamlet*, with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his ſtockings looſe, (12)
Ungarter'd, and down-gyred to his ancle;
Pale as his ſhirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look ſo piteous in purport,

(12) ——*his Stockings* foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved *to his Ancle.*] I have reſtored the Reading of the Elder *Quarto*'s----*his Stockings* looſe. ----The Change, I ſuſpect, was firſt from the Players, who ſaw a Contradiction in his Stockings being *looſe*, and yet *ſhackled* down at Ancle. But they, in their Ignorance, blundered away our Author's Word, becauſe they did not underſtand it;

Ungarter'd, and down-gyred,

i. e. turned down. So, the oldeſt Copies; and, ſo his Stockings were properly *looſe*, as they were *ungarter'd* and *rowl'd down* to the Ancle. The *Latins* borrowed *Gyrus* from the *Greeks*, to ſignify, a *Circle*; as we may find in their beſt Poets and Proſe-Writers: and the *Spaniards* and *Italians* have from thence adopted both the Verb and Subſtantive into their Tongues: ſo that Shakeſpeare could not be at a Loſs for the Uſe of the Term.

A

As if he had been looſed out of hell,
To ſpeak of horrors; thus he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My Lord, I do not know:
But, truly, I do fear it.
Pol. What ſaid he?
Oph. He took me by the wriſt, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And with his other hand, thus o'er his brow,
He falls to ſuch peruſal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long time ſtaid he ſo;
At laſt, a little ſhaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a ſigh, ſo piteous and profound,
That it did ſeem to ſhatter all his bulk,
And end his being. Then he lets me go,
And, with his head over his ſhoulder turn'd,
He ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And, to the laſt, bended their light on me.
Pol. Come, go with me, I will go ſeek the King.
This is the very ecſtacy of love;
Whoſe violent property foredoes itſelf,
And leads the will to deſp'rate undertakings,
As oft as any paſſion under heav'n,
That does afflict our natures. I am ſorry;
What, have you giv'n him any hard words of late?
Oph. No, my good Lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and deny'd
His acceſs to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
I'm ſorry, that with better ſpeed and judgment
I had not quoted him. I fear'd, he trifl'd,
And meant to wreck thee; but beſhrew my jealouſy;
It ſeems, it is as proper to our age
To caſt beyond ourſelves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion. Come; go we to the King.
This muſt be known; which being kept cloſe, might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter, love. [Exeunt.

SCEN

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

ter King, Queen, Roſincrantz, Guildenſtern, *Lords and other Attendants.*

g. WElcome, dear *Roſincrantz*, and *Guildenſtern!*
Moreover that we much did long to ſee you,
e need, we have to uſe you, did provoke
r haſty ſending. Something you have heard
Hamlet's transformation; ſo I call it,
ce not th' exterior, nor the inward, man
embles that it was. What it ſhould be
re than his father's death, that thus hath put him
much from th' underſtanding of himſelf,
innot dream of. I intreat you both,
it being of ſo young days brought up with him,
l ſince ſo neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
it you vouchſafe your reſt here in our court
ie little time; ſo by your companies
draw him on to pleaſures, and to gather,
much as from occaſions you may glean,
ught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
it open'd lies within our remedy.
Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
l, ſure I am, two men there are not living,
whom he more adheres. If it will pleaſe you
ſhew us ſo much gentry and good will,
to extend your time with us a while,
the ſupply and profit of our hope,
ir viſitation ſhall receive ſuch thanks,
fits a King's remembrance.
Roſ. Both your majeſties
ght, by the ſov'reign power you have of us,
your dread pleaſures more into command
an to entreaty.
Guil. But we both obey,
l here give up ourſelves, in the full bent,

To

To lay our ſervice freely at your feet.
King. Thanks, *Roſincrantz*, and gentle *Guildenſtern.*
Queen. Thanks, *Guildenſtern*, and gentle *Roſincrantz.*
And, I beſeech you, inſtantly to viſit
My too much changed ſon. Go, ſome of ye,
And bring theſe gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.
Guil. Heav'ns make our preſence and our practices
Pleaſant and helpful to him! [*Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Guil.
Queen. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th' ambaſſadors from *Norway*, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.
King. Thou ſtill haſt been the father of good news.
Pol. Have I, my Lord? aſſure you, my good Liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my ſoul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I do think, (or elſe this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy ſo ſure
As I have us'd to do) that I have found
The very cauſe of *Hamlet*'s lunacy.
King. Oh, ſpeak of that, that do I long to hear.
Pol. Give firſt admittance to th' ambaſſadors:
My news ſhall be the fruit to that great feaſt.
King. Thyſelf do grace to them, and bring them in.
[*Exit* Pol.
He tells me, my ſweet Queen, that he hath found
The head and ſource of all your ſon's diſtemper.
Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main,
His father's death, and our o'er-haſty marriage.

Re-enter Polonius, *with* Voltimand, *and* Cornelius.

King. Well, we ſhall ſift him.—Welcome, my good friends!
Say, *Voltimand*, what from our brother *Norway?*
Vol. Moſt fair return of greetings and deſires.
Upon our firſt, he ſent out to ſuppreſs

His

His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainſt the *Polack:*
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was againſt your Highneſs: whereat griev'd,
That ſo his ſickneſs, age, and impotence
Was falſely born in hand, ſends out arreſts
On *Fortinbras*; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from *Norway*; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give th' aſſay of arms againſt your majeſty.
Whereon old *Norway*, overcome with joy,
Gives him threeſcore thouſand crowns in annual fee; (13)

(13) *Gives him* three *thouſand Crowns in annual Fee.*] This Reading firſt obtain'd in the Edition put out by the Players. But all the old *Quarto*'s (from 1605, downwards,) read, as I have reform'd the Text. I had hinted, that *threeſcore thouſand* Crowns ſeemed a much more ſuitable Donative from a King to his own Nephew, and the General of an army, than ſo poor a Pittance as *three thouſand* Crowns, a Penſion ſcarce large enough for a dependent Courtier. I therefore reſtor'd,

Gives him threeſcore *thouſand Crowns*------

To this Mr. *Pope*, (very archly critical, as he imagines;) has only replied,----*which in* his *Ear is a Verſe.* I own, it is; and I'll venture to prove to this great Maſter in Numbers, that two Syllables may, by Pronunciation, be *reſolv'd* and *melted* into one, as eaſily as two Notes are *ſlurr'd* in *Muſick:* and a Redundance of a Syllable, that may be ſo ſunk, has never been a Breach of Harmony in any Language. We muſt pronounce, and ſcan, as if 'twere written;

Gi's'm *three* | *ſcore thou* | *ſand crowns* |

Mr. *Pope* would advance a falſe Nicety of *Ear* againſt the *Licence* of *Shakeſpeare*'s Numbers; nay, indeed, againſt the Licence of all *Engliſh* Verſification, in common with that of other Languages. Three Syllables, thus liquidated into two, are in Scanſion plainly an *Anapeſt*; and equal to a *Spondee*, or Foot of two Syllables. I could produce at leaſt two thouſand of our Poet's Verſes, that would be diſturb'd by this modern, unreaſonable, Chaſteneſs of *Metre.*

And

And his commiſſion to employ thoſe ſoldiers,
So levied as before, againſt the *Polack:*
With an entreaty, herein further ſhewn,
That it might pleaſe you to give quiet paſs
Through your dominions for this enterprize,
On ſuch regards of ſafety and allowance,
As therein are ſet down.

King. It likes us well;
And at our more conſider'd time we'll read,
Anſwer, and think upon this buſineſs.
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour.
Go to your reſt; at night we'll feaſt together.
Moſt welcome home! [*Exe. Ambaſ.*

Pol. This buſineſs is well ended.
My Liege, and Madam, to expoſtulate
What Majeſty ſhould be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waſte night, day, and time.
Therefore, ſince brevity's the ſoul of wit,
And tediouſneſs the limbs and outward flouriſhes,
I will be brief; your noble ſon is mad;
Mad, call I it; for, to define true madneſs,
What is't, but to be nothing elſe but mad?
But let that go———

Queen. More matter, with leſs art.

Pol. Madam, I ſwear, I uſe no art at all:———
That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true; a fooliſh figure,——
But farewel it; for I will uſe no art.
Mad let us grant him then; and now remains
That we find out the cauſe of this effect;
Or rather ſay, the cauſe of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cauſe;
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.—Perpend.——
I have a daughter; have, while ſhe is mine;
Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this; now gather, and ſurmiſe.

[*He opens a letter, and reads.*]

To the celeſtial, and my ſoul's idol, the moſt beatified (14) Ophelia.——————.That's an ill phraſe, a vile phraſe: *beatified* is a vile phraſe; but you ſhall hear—— *Theſe to her excellent white boſom, theſe.*——————

Queen. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?

Pol. Good Madam, ſtay a while, I will be faithful.

Doubt thou, the ſtars are fire, [Reading.
Doubt, that the ſun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt, I love.

Oh, dear Ophelia, *I am ill at theſe numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee beſt, oh moſt beſt, believe it.* Adieu.

Thine evermore, moſt dear Lady, whilſt this Machine is to him, Hamlet.

This in obedience hath my daughter ſhewn me:
And, more above, hath his ſollicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath ſhe receiv'd his love?

(14) *To the Celeſtial, and my Soul's Idol, the moſt* beautified Ophelia.] I have ventured at an Emendation here, againſt the Authority of all the Copies; but, I hope, upon Examination it will appear probable and reaſonable. The Word *beautified* may carry two diſtinct Ideas, either as applied to a Woman made up of artificial Beauties, or to one rich in native Charms. As *Shakeſpeare* has therefore choſe to uſe it in the latter Acceptation, to expreſs natural Comelineſs; I cannot imagine, that here, he would make *Polonius* except to the Phraſe, and call it a *vile one*. But a ſtronger Objection ſtill, in my Mind, lies againſt it. As *Celeſtial* and *Soul's Idol* are the introductory Characteriſticks of *Ophelia*, what a dreadful *Anticlimax* is it to deſcend to ſuch an Epithet as *beautified*? On the other hand, *beatified*, as I have conjectured, raiſes the Image: but *Polonius* might very well, as a *Roman* Catholick, call it a *vile* Phraſe, i. e. favouring of Profanation; ſince the Epithet is peculiarly made an Adjunct to the Virgin *Mary*'s Honour, and therefore ought not to be employed in the *Praiſe of a mere Mortal.*

Pol

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man, faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove ſo. But what might you think? When I had ſeen this hot love on the wing, (As I perceiv'd it, I muſt tell you that, Before my daughter told me:) what might you, Or my dear Majeſty your Queen here, think? If I had play'd the deſk or table-book, Or giv'n my heart a working, mute and dumb, Or look'd upon this love with idle ſight; What might you think? no, I went round to work, And my young miſtreſs thus I did beſpeak; Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy ſphere, This muſt not be; and then, I precepts gave her, That ſhe ſhould lock herſelf from his reſort, Admit no meſſengers, receive no tokens: Which done, ſhe took the fruits of my advice; And he repulſed, a ſhort tale to make, Fell to a ſadneſs, then into a faſt, Thence to a watching, thence into a weakneſs, Thence to a lightneſs, and, by this declenſion, Into the madneſs wherein now he raves, And all we wail for.

King. Do you think this?

Queen. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there been ſuch a time, I'd fain know that, That I have poſitively ſaid, 'tis ſo, When it prov'd otherwiſe?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwiſe. [*Pointing to his Head and Shoulder.*
If circumſtances lead me, I will find Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed Within the center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, ſometimes he walks four hours together, Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol.

Pol. At ſuch a time I'll looſe my daughter to him;
Be you and I behind an arras then,
Mark the encounter: If he love her not,
And be not from his reaſon fall'n thereon,
Let me be no aſſiſtant for a ſtate,
But keep a farm and carters.
King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet *reading.*

Queen. But, look, where, ſadly the poor wretch comes reading.
Pol. Away, I do beſeech you, both away.
I'll board him preſently. [*Exe. King and Queen.*
Oh, give me leave.—How does my good Lord *Hamlet?*
Ham. Well, God o' mercy.
Pol. Do you know me, my Lord,
Ham. Excellent well; you are a fiſhmonger.
Pol. Not I, my Lord,
Ham. Then I would you were ſo honeſt a man.
Pol. Honeſt, my Lord?
Ham. Ay, Sir; to be honeſt, as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of ten thouſand.
Pol. That's very true, my Lord.
Ham. For if the ſun breed maggots in a dead dog,
Being a good kiſſing carrion——
Have you a daughter?
Pol. I have, my Lord.
Ham. Let her not walk i'th' ſun; conception is a bleſſing, but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to't.
Pol. How ſay you by that? ſtill harping on my daughter!——
Yet he knew me not at firſt; he ſaid, I was a fiſhmonger.
He is far gone; and, truly, in my youth, [*Aſide.*
I ſuffer'd much extremity for love;
Very near this.—— I'll ſpeak to him again.
What do you read, my Lord?
Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders, Sir: for the ſatirical ſlave ſays here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum: and that they have a plentiful lack of wit; together with moſt weak hams. All which, Sir, tho' I moſt powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honeſty to have it thus ſet down; for yourſelf, Sir, ſhall be as old as I am, if, like a crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madneſs, yet there's method in't: Will you walk out of the air, my Lord?

Ham. Into my grave.——

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' th' air:——

How pregnant (ſometimes) his replies are?
A happineſs that often madneſs hits on,
Which ſanity and reaſon could not be
So proſp'rouſly deliver'd of. I'll leave him,
And ſuddenly contrive the means of meeting
Between him and my daughter.
My honourable Lord, I will moſt humbly
Take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my Lord.

Ham. Theſe tedious old fools!

Pol. You go to ſeek Lord *Hamlet*; there he is. [*Exit.*

Enter Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern.

Roſ. God ſave you, Sir.

Guil. Mine honour'd Lord!

Roſ. My moſt dear Lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How doſt thou *Guildenſtern?*
Oh, *Roſincrantz*, good lads! how do ye both?

Roſ. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil.

uil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy; on ıne's cap, we are not the very button.

am. Nor the ſoles of her ſhoe?

o. Neither, my Lord.

am. Then you live about her waiſt, or in the mid- of her favours?

uil. 'Faith, in her privates we.

am. In the ſecret parts of fortune? oh, moſt true; is a ſtrumpet. What news?

o. None, my Lord, but that the world's grown eſt.

am. Then is dooms-day near; but your news is not . Let me queſtion more in particular: what have , my good friends, deſerved at the hands of fortune, ſhe ſends you to priſon hither?

uil. Priſon, my Lord!

am. *Denmark*'s a priſon.

o. Then is the world one.

am. A goodly one, in which there are many con- s, wards, and dungeons; *Denmark* being one o'th' ſt.

o. We think not ſo, my Lord.

am. Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is ıing either good or bad, but thinking makes it ſo: ıe, it is a priſon.

o. Why, then your ambition makes it one: 'tis too ow for your mind.

am. Oh God, I could be bounded in a nut-ſhell, count myſelf a King of infinite ſpace; were it nor, I have bad dreams.

uil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the ſubſtance of the ambitious is merely the ſhadow dream.

am. A dream itſelf is but a ſhadow.

o. Truly, and I hold ambition of ſo airy and light ıality, that it is but a ſhadow's ſhadow.

am. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our mo- hs and out-ſtretch'd heroes, the beggars' ſhadows; ll we to th' Court? for, by my fay, I cannot reaſon.

wb. *We'll wait upon you.*

Ham. No ſuch matter. I will not ſort you with the reſt of my ſervants; for, to ſpeak to you like an honeſt man, I am moſt dreadfully attended: but in the beaten way of friendſhip, what make you at *Elſinoor?*

Roſ. To viſit you, my Lord; no other occaſion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you; and ſure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear of a half-penny. Were you not ſent for? is it your own inclining? is it a free viſitation? come, deal juſtly with me; come, come; nay, ſpeak.

Guil. What ſhould we ſay, my Lord?

Ham. Any thing, but to the purpoſe. You were ſent for: and there is a kind of confeſſion in your looks, which your modeſties have not craft enough to colour. I know, the good King and Queen have ſent for you.

Roſ. To what end, my Lord?

Ham. That you muſt teach me; but let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowſhip, by the conſonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preſerved love, and by what more dear, a better propoſer could charge you withal; be even and direct with me, whether you were ſent for or no?

Roſ. What ſay you? [*To* Guilden.

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you: if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My Lord, we were ſent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; ſo ſhall my anticipation prevent your diſcovery, and your ſecrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather. I have of late, but wherefore I know not, loſt all my mirth, foregone all cuſtom of exerciſe; and, indeed, it goes ſo heavily with my diſpoſition, that this goodly frame, the earth, ſeems to me a ſteril promontory; this moſt excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majeſtical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and peſtilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! *how noble in* reaſon! how infinite in faculties! in form *and moving* how expreſs and admirable! in action, how like

like an angel! in apprehenſion how like a God! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals! and yet to me, what is this quinteſſence of duſt? man delights not me, nor woman neither; though by your ſmiling you ſeem to ſay ſo.

Roſ. My Lord, there was no ſuch ſtuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I ſaid, man delights not me?

Roſ. To think, my Lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players ſhall receive from you: we accoſted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you ſervice.

Ham. He that plays the King ſhall be welcome; his Majeſty ſhall have tribute of me; the adventurous Knight ſhall uſe his foyle and target; the lover ſhall not ſigh *gratis*; the humorous man ſhall end his part in peace; and the lady ſhall ſay her mind freely, or the blank verſe ſhall halt for't. What players are they?

Roſ. Even thoſe you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel? their reſidence both in reputation and profit was better, both ways.

Roſ. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the ſame eſtimation they did, when I was in the city? are they ſo follow'd?

Roſ. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow ruſty?

Roſ. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, Sir, an aiery of children, little eyaſes, (15) that

(15) *But there is, Sir, an Aiery of Children, little* Yaſes, *that cry out on the Top of Queſtion.*] The Poet here ſteps out of his Subject to give a Laſh at home, and ſneer at the prevailing Faſhion of following Plays performed by the Children of the Chapel, and abandoning the eſtabliſhed Theatres. But why are they called *little* Yaſes? I wiſh, ſome of the Editors would have expounded this fine new Word to us; or, at leaſt, told us where we might meet with it. 'Till then, I ſhall make bold to ſuſpect it; and, without over-ſtraining Sagacity, attempt to retrieve the true Word. As he firſt calls 'em an *Aery of Children*, (now, an *Aiery* or *Eyery* is a Hawke's

that cry out on the top of queſtion; and are moſt tyrannically clapt for't; theſe are now the faſhion, and ſo berattle the common ſtages, (ſo they call them) that many wearing rapiers are afraid of gooſe-quills, and dare ſcarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they eſcorted? will they purſue the quality, no longer than they can ſing? will they not ſay afterwards if they ſhould grow themſelves to common players, (as it is moſt like, if their means are no better:) their writers do them wrong to make them exclaim againſt their own ſucceſſion?

Roſ. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both ſides; and the nation holds it no ſin, to tarre them on to controverſy. There was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unleſs the poet and the player went to cuffs in the queſtion.

Ham. Is't poſſible?

Guil. Oh, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Roſ. Ay, that they do, my Lord, *Hercules* and his load too.

Ham. It is not ſtrange; for mine uncle is King of *Denmark*; and thoſe, that would make mowes at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. There is ſomething in this more than natural, if philoſophy could find it out. [*Flouriſh for the Players*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elſinoor*: your hands: come then, the appurtenance of welcome is faſhion and ceremony. Let me comply with you in this garbe, leſt my extent to the players (which, I tell you, muſt ſhew fairly outward) ſhould more appear like entertainment than yours. You are wel-

or Eagle's Neſt;) there is not the leaſt Queſtion but we ought to *reſtore*——*little* Eyaſes; i. e. Young Neſtlings, Creatures juſt out *of the Egg.*

come; but my Uncle-father and Aunt-mother are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what, my dear Lord?

Ham. I am but mad north, north-weſt: when the wind is ſoutherly, I know a hawk from a hand-ſaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you, *Guildenſtern*, and you too, at each ear a hearer; that great baby, you ſee there, is not yet out of his ſwathling-clouts.

Roſ. Haply, he's the ſecond time come to them; for they ſay, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will propheſy, he comes to tell me of the players. Mark it;—you ſay right, Sir; for on *Monday* morning 'twas ſo, indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I have news to tell you. When *Roſcius* was an actor in *Rome*———

Pol. The actors are come hither, my Lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze.———

Pol. Upon mine honour.——

Ham. Then came each actor on his aſs——

Pol. The beſt actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, hiſtory, paſtoral, paſtoral-comical, hiſtorical-paſtoral, ſcene undividable, or poem unlimited: *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light. For the law of wit, and the liberty, theſe are the only men.

Ham. Oh, Jephtha, judge of Iſrael, what a treaſure hadſt thou!

Pol. What a treaſure had he, my Lord?

Ham. *Why, one fair daughter, and no more,*
The which he loved paſſing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th' right, old *Jephtha?*

Pol. If you call me *Jephtha*, my Lord, I have a daughter that I love paſſing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my Lord?

Ham. Why, as *by lot, God wot*—and then you know, *it came to paſs, as moſt like it was*; the firſt row of *the rubrick* will ſhew you more. For, look, where my abridgements come.

Enter four or five Players.

Y'are welcome, maſters, welcome all. I am glad to ſee thee well; welcome, good friends. Oh! old friend! thy face is valanc'd, ſince I ſaw thee laſt: com'ſt thou to beard me in *Denmark?* What! my young lady and miſtreſs? b'erlady, your ladyſhip is nearer heaven than when I ſaw you laſt, by the altitude of a chioppine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring.—Maſters, you are all welcome; we'll e'en to't like friendly faulconers, fly at any thing we ſee; we'll have a ſpeech ſtraight. Come, give us a taſte of your quality; come, a paſſionate ſpeech.

1 *Play.* What ſpeech, my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee ſpeak me a ſpeech once; but it was never acted: or if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleas'd not the million, 'twas *Caviar* to the general; but it was (as I received it, and others, whoſe judgment in ſuch matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent play; well digeſted in the ſcenes, ſet down with as much modeſty as cunning. I remember, one ſaid, there was no ſalt in the lines, to make the matter ſavoury; nor no matter in the phraſe, that might indite the author of affection; but call'd it, an honeſt method. One ſpeech in it I chiefly lov'd; 'twas *Æneas's* tale to *Dido*; and thereabout of it eſpecially, where he ſpeaks of *Priam's* ſlaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line, let me ſee, let me ſee—The rugged *Pyrrhus*, like th' *Hyrcanian* beaſt,——It is not ſo;——it begins with *Pyrrhus*.

The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he, whole ſable arms,
Black as his purpoſe, did the night reſemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horſe;
Hath now his dread and black complexion ſmear'd
With

With heraldry more diſmal; head to foot,
Now is he total gules; horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, ſons,
Bak'd and impaſted with the parching fires,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To murders vile. Roaſted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-ſized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the helliſh *Pyrrhus*
Old grandſire *Priam* ſeeks.

Pol. 'Fore God, my Lord, well ſpoken, with good accent, and good diſcretion.

1 *Play.* Anon he finds him,
Striking, too ſhort, at *Greeks*. His antique ſword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command; unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in rage ſtrikes wide;
But with the whif and wind of his fell ſword
Th' unnerved father falls. Then ſenſeleſs *Ilium*,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his baſe; and with a hideous craſh
Takes priſoner *Pyrrhus'* ear. For lo, his ſword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of rev'rend *Priam*, ſeem'd i'th' air to ſtick:
So, as a painted tyrant, *Pyrrhus* ſtood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But as we often ſee, againſt ſome ſtorm,
A ſilence in the heav'ns, the rack ſtand ſtill,
The bold winds ſpeechleſs, and the orb below
As huſh as death: anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: So after *Pyrrhus'* pauſe,
A rouſed vengeance ſets him new a-work:
And never did the *Cyclops'* hammers fall
On *Mars* his armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With leſs remorſe than *Pyrrhus'* bleeding ſword
Now falls on *Priam*.——
Out, out, thou ſtrumpet fortune! all you Gods,
In general ſynod take away her power:
Break all the ſpokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heav'n,

As low as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It ſhall to th' barber's with your beard. Pr'ythee, ſay on; he's for a jigg, or a tale of bawdry, or he ſleeps. Say on, come to *Hecuba.*

1 *Play.* But who, oh! who, had ſeen the mobled Queen,—

Ham. The mobled Queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled Queen, is good.

1 *Play.* Run bare-foot up and down, threatning the flames
With biſſon rheum; a clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem ſtood; and for a robe
About her lank and all-o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket in th' alarm of fear caught up:
Who this had ſeen, with tongue in venom ſteep'd,
'Gainſt fortune's ſtate would treaſon have pronounc'd:
But if the Gods themſelves did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw *Pyrrhus* make malicious ſport
In mincing with his ſword her huſband's limbs;
The inſtant burſt of clamour that ſhe made,
(Unleſs things mortal move them not at all)
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heav'n.
And paſſion in the Gods.

Pol. Look, whe're he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes. Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, I'll have thee ſpeak out the reſt of this ſoon. Good my Lord, will you ſee the players well beſtow'd? Do ye hear, let them be well us'd; for they are the abſtract, and brief chroniclers of the time. After your death, you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you liv'd.

Pol. My Lord, I will uſe them according to their deſert.

Ham. God's bodikins, man, much better. Uſe every man after his deſert, and who ſhall 'ſcape whipping? uſe them after your own honour and dignity. The leſs they deſerve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, Sirs. [*Exit* Polonius.

Ham.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow. Doſt thou hear me, old friend, can you play the murder of *Gonzago?*

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow-night. You could, for a need, ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome dozen or ſixteen lines, which I would ſet down, and inſert in't? could ye not?

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and, look, you mock him not. My good friends, I'll leave you 'till night, you are welcome to *Elſinoor.*

Roſ. Good my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Ay, ſo, God b'w'ye: now I am alone.
Oh, what a rogue and peaſant ſlave am I!
Is it not monſtrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of paſſion,
Could force his ſoul ſo to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his viſage warm'd:
Tears in his eyes, diſtraction in his aſpect,
A broken voice, and his whole function ſuiting,
With forms, to his conceit? and all for nothing?
For *Hecuba?*
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba,*
That he ſhould weep for her? what would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for paſſion,
That I have? he would drown the ſtage with tears,
And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid ſpeech,
Make mad the guilty, and appall the free;
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculty of eyes and ears.——Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled raſcal, peak,
Like *John-a-dreams,* unpregnant of my cauſe,
And can ſay nothing.——no, not for a King,
Upon whoſe property and moſt dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain, breaks my pate a-croſs,
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks *me by th' noſe,* gives me the lye i'th' throat,

As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
Yet I ſhould take it——for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppreſſion bitter; or, ere this,
I ſhould have fatted all the region kites
With this ſlave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorſeleſs, treacherous, letcherous, kindleſs villain!
Why, what an aſs am I? this is moſt brave,
That I, the ſon of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heav'n and hell,
Muſt, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a curſing like a very drab——(16)
A cullion,——fy upon't! foh!——about, my brain!——
I've heard, that guilty creatures, at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the ſcene
Been ſtruck ſo to the ſoul, that preſently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions.
For murder, though it have no tongue, will ſpeak
With moſt miraculous organ. I'll have theſe players
Play ſomething like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle. I'll obſerve his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
I know my courſe. This ſpirit, that I have ſeen,
May be the devil; and the devil hath power
T' aſſume a pleaſing ſhape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakneſs and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits)
Abuſes me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this: The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conſcience of the King. [*Exit.*

(16) *And fall a curſing like a very Drab*——
A Stallion——] But why a *Stallion?* The two old *Folio's* have it, a *Scullion:* but that too is wrong. I am perſuaded, *Shake-ſpeare* wrote as I have reformed the Text; a *Cullion*, i. e. a ſtupid, heartleſs, faint-hearted, white-liver'd Fellow; one good for nothing, but curſing and talking big.

ACT III.

SCENE, *The* PALACE.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincrantz, Guildenſtern, *and Lords.*

KING.

AND can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confuſion,
Grating ſo harſhly all his days of quiet,
With turbulent and dang'rous lunacy?

Roſ. He does confeſs, he feels himſelf diſtracted;
But from what cauſe he will by no means ſpeak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be ſounded;
But with a crafty madneſs keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to ſome confeſſion
Of his true ſtate.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Roſ. Moſt like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.

Roſ. Niggard of queſtion, but of our demands
Moſt free in his reply.

Queen. Did you aſſay him to any paſtime?

Roſ. Madam, it ſo fell out, that certain players
We o'er-took on the way; of theſe we told him;
And there did ſeem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court;
And (as I think) they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis moſt true:
And he beſeech'd me to intreat your Majeſties
To hear and ſee the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To hear *him ſo* inclin'd.

Good

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpoſe into theſe delights.
Roſ. We ſhall, my Lord. [*Exeunt*
King. Sweet *Gertrude*, leave us too;
For we have cloſely ſent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront *Ophelia*. Her father, and myſelf,
Will ſo beſtow ourſelves, that, ſeeing, unſeen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If't be th' affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he ſuffers for.
Queen. I ſhall obey you:
And for my part, *Ophelia*, I do wiſh,
That your good beauties be the happy cauſe
Of *Hamlet*'s wildneſs! So ſhall I hope, your virtues
May bring him to his wonted way again
To both your honours.
Oph. Madam, I wiſh it may. [*Exit* Queen
Pol. Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, ſo pleaſe ye
We will beſtow ourſelves——Read on this book;
That ſhew of ſuch an exerciſe may colour
Your lonelineſs. We're oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's viſage,
And pious action, we do ſugar o'er
The devil himſelf.
King. Oh, 'tis too true.
How ſmart a laſh that ſpeech doth give my conſcience
[*Aſide.*
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plaiſtring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my moſt painted word.
Oh heavy burden!
Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my Lord
[*Exeunt all but* Ophelia

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be? that is the queſtion.—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to ſuffer

T

The ſlings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms againſt a ſea of troubles,
And by oppoſing end them?—to die,—to ſleep——
No more; and by a ſleep, to ſay, we end
The heart-ache, and the thouſand natural ſhocks
That fleſh is heir to; 'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To die——to ſleep——
To ſleep? perchance, to dream; ay, there's the rub——
For in that ſleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this mortal coil,
Muſt give us pauſe.——There's the reſpect,
That makes calamity of ſo long life.
For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of time,
Th' oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pang of deſpis'd love, the law's delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes;
When he himſelf might his *Quietus* make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardles bear,
To groan and ſweat under a weary life?
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
(That undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourne
No traveller returns) puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus conſcience does make cowards of us all:
And thus the native hue of reſolution
Is ſicklied o'er with the pale caſt of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith, and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And loſe the name of action——Soft you, now!
[*Seeing* Ophelia.
The fair *Ophelia?* Nymph, in thy oriſons
Be all my ſins remembred.

Oph. Good my Lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you, well;——

Oph. My Lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver.
I *pray you, now* receive them.

Ham.

Ham. No, I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd Lord, you know right well, you di
And with them words of ſo ſweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich: that perfume loſt,
Take theſe again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honeſt?

Oph. My Lord——

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your Lordſhip?

Ham. That if you be honeſt and fair, you ſhould a
mit no diſcourſe to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my Lord, have better commer
than with honeſty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will ſoon
transform honeſty from what it is, to a bawd; than t
force of honeſty can tranſlate beauty into its likene
This was ſometime a parodox, but now the time giv
it proof.——I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my Lord, you made me believe ſo.

Ham. You ſhould not have believed me. For virt
cannot ſo inoculate our old ſtock, but we ſhall reliſh
it. I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceiv'd.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery. Why wouldſt thou l
a breeder of ſinners? I am myſelf indifferent honeſ
but yet I could accuſe me of ſuch things, that it we
better, my mother had not borne me. I am very prou
revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my bec
than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to gi
them ſhape, or time to act them in. What ſhould ſu
fellows, as I, do crawling between heav'n and earth
we are arrant knaves, believe none of us——Go th
ways to a nunnery——Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doors be ſhut upon him, that he ma
play the fool no where but in's own houſe. Farewel.

Oph. Oh help him, you ſweet heav'ns!

Ham. If thou doſt marry, I'll give thee this plague fo

thy dowry. Be thou as chaſte as ice, as pure as ſnow, thou ſhalt not eſcape calumny.—Get thee to a nunnery, ——farewel——Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wiſe men know well enough, what monſters you make of them——To a nunnery, go—and quickly too: farewel.

Oph. Heav'nly powers, reſtore him!

Ham. I have heard of your painting too, well enough: God has given you one face, and you make yourſelves another. You jig, you amble, and you liſp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonneſs your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad. I ſay, we will have no more marriages. Thoſe that are married already, all but one, ſhall live; the reſt ſhall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

[*Exit* Hamlet.

Oph. Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, ſoldier's, ſcholar's, eye, tongue, ſword!
Th' expectancy and roſe of the fair ſtate,
The glaſs of faſhion, and the mould of form,
Th' obſerv'd of all obſervers, quite, quite down!
I am of ladies moſt deject and wretched,
That ſuck'd the honey of his muſick vows:
Now ſee that noble and moſt ſov'reign reaſon,
Like ſweet bells jangled out of tune, and harſh;
That unmatch'd form, and feature of blown youth,
Blaſted with ecſtaſy. Oh, woe is me!
T' have ſeen what I have ſeen; ſee what I ſee.

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he ſpake, tho' it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madneſs. Something's in his ſoul,
O'er which his melancholy ſits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch and the diſcloſe
Will be ſome danger, which, how to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus ſet it down. He ſhall with ſpeed to *England*,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the ſeas and countries different,

With

With variable objects, ſhall expel
This ſomething-ſettled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains ſtill beating, puts him thus
From faſhion of himſelf. What think you on't?

Pol. It ſhall do well. But yet do I believe,
The origin and commencement of this grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, *Ophelia?*
You need not tell us what Lord *Hamlet* ſaid,
We heard it all.——My Lord, do as you pleaſe;
[*Exit* Opheli
But if you hold it fit, after the play
Let his Queen-mother all alone intreat him
To ſhew his griefs; let her be round with him;
And I'll be plac'd, ſo pleaſe you, in the ear
Of all their conf'rence. If ſhe find him not,
To *England* ſend him; or confine him, where
Your wiſdom beſt ſhall think.

King. It ſhall be ſo:
Madneſs in great ones muſt not unwatch'd go. [*Exeun*

Enter Hamlet, *and two or three of the Players.*

Ham. Speak the ſpeech, I pray you; as I pronounc' it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mou it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve, the tow crier had ſpoke my lines. And do not ſaw the air to much with your hand thus; but uſe all gently; for i the very torrent, tempeſt, and, as I may ſay, whirl-win of your paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a temperanc that may give it ſmoothneſs. Oh, it offends me to th ſoul, to hear a robuſtious periwig-pated fellow tear a pa ſion to tatters, to very rags, to ſplit the ears of th groundlings: who (for the moſt part) are capable o nothing, but inexplicable dumb ſhews, and noiſe: could have ſuch a fellow whipt for o'er-doing Term gant; it out-*herods Herod.* Pray you, avoid it.

Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither; but let your own di *cretion* be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, th *word to the* action, with this ſpecial obſervance, tha

you o'er-ſtep not the modeſty of nature; for any thing ſo overdone is from the purpoſe of playing; whoſe end, both at the firſt and now; was and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to ſhew virtue her own feature, ſcorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and preſſure. Now this over-done, or come tardy of, tho' it make the unſkilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the cenſure of which one muſt in your allowance o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. Oh, there be players that I have ſeen play, and heard others praiſe, and that highly, (not to ſpeak it prophanely) that neither having the accent of chriſtian, nor the gait of chriſtian, pagan, nor man, have ſo ſtrutted and bellow'd, that I have thought ſome of nature's journey-men had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity ſo abominably.

Play. I hope, we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

Ham. Oh, reform it altogether. And let thoſe, that play your clowns, ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them: For there be of them that will themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome quantity of barren ſpectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, ſome neceſſary queſtion of the Play be then to be conſidered: That's villainous; and ſhews a moſt pitiful ambition in the fool that uſes it. Go make you ready. [*Exeunt Players.*

Enter Polonius, Roſincrantz, *and* Guildenſtern.

How now, my Lord; will the King hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the Queen too, and that preſently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haſte. [*Exit* Polonius.
Will you two help to haſten them?

Both. We will, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Ham. What, ho, *Horatio!*

Enter Horatio *to* Hamlet.

Hor. Here, ſweet Lord, at your ſervice.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as juſt a man,
As e'er *my converſation* cop'd withal.

Hor.

Hor. Oh my dear Lord,——

Ham. Nay, do not think, I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue haſt, but thy good ſpirits,
To feed and cloath thee? Should the poor be flatt
No, let the candied tongue lick abſurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Doſt thou he
Since my dear ſoul was miſtreſs of her choice,
And could of men diſtinguiſh, her election
Hath ſeal'd thee for herſelf. For thou haſt been
As one, in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing:
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Haſt ta'en with equal thanks. And bleſt are thoſ
Whoſe blood and judgment are ſo well comingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,
To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe. Give me that ma
That is not paſſion's ſlave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core: ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.——Something too much of this.—
There is a play to night before the King,
One Scene of it comes near the circumſtance,
Which I have told thee, of my father's death.
I pr'ythee, when thou ſeeſt that act a-foot,
Ev'n with the very comment of thy ſoul
Obſerve mine uncle: if his occult guilt
Do not itſelf unkennel in one ſpeech,
It is a damned ghoſt that we have ſeen:
And my imaginations are as foul (17)
As *Vulcan*'s ſmithy. Give him heedful note;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join,
In cenſure of his ſeeming.

Hor. Well, my Lord.

(17) *And my Imaginations are as foul,*
As Vulcan's Stithy.] I have ventured againſt the Au
of all the Copies, to ſubſtitute *Smithy* here. I have given my F
already in a Note on *Troilus*, to which, for Brevity's ſake
leave to refer the Readers.

If he ſteal aught, the whilſt this Play is playing,
And 'ſcape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincrantz, Guildenſtern, *and other Lords attendant, with a guard carrying torches.* Daniſh *March. Sound a flouriſh.*

Ham. They're coming to the Play; I muſt be idle. Get you a place.

King. How fares our couſin *Hamlet?*

Ham. Excellent, i'faith, of the camelion's diſh: I eat the air, promiſe-cramm'd: you cannot feed capons ſo.

King. I having nothing with this anſwer, *Hamlet*; theſe words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine.——Now, my Lord; you play'd once i'th' univerſity, you ſay? [*To* Polonius.

Pol. That I did, my Lord, and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Cæſar*, I was kill'd i'th' Capitol: *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill ſo capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

Roſ. Ay, my Lord, they ſtay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear *Hamlet*, ſit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. Oh, ho, do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, ſhall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at* Ophelia's *feet.*

Oph. No, my Lord.

Ham. I mean, my Head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Do you think, I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought, to lie between a maid's legs.

Oph. What is, my Lord!

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my Lord.

Ham. Who, *I?*

Oph.

Oph. Ah, my Lord.

Ham. Oh God! your only jig-mak
a man do, but be merry? For, look yo
my mother looks, and my father dy'd
hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months,

Ham. So long? nay, then let the D
for I'll have a ſuit of ſables. Oh h
months ago, and not forgotten yet! th
great man's memory may out-live his
but, by'r lady, he muſt build churches
he ſuffer not thinking on, with the hob
epitaph is, *For oh, for oh, the hobby-ho*

Hautboys play. The dumb ſhe

(18) *Enter a Duke and Dutcheſs, wi*
very lovingly; the Dutcheſs embracing
She kneels; he takes her up, and dec
her neck; he lays him down upon a ba
ſeeing him aſleep, leaves him. Anon
takes off his Crown, kiſſes it, and p
Duke's ears, and Exit. *The Dutcheſ*
Duke dead, and makes paſſionate act
with ſome two or three mutes, comes
to lament with her. The dead body
The poiſoner woes the Dutcheſs with
loth and unwilling a while, but in
love.

(18) *Enter a* King *and* Queen *very lovin*
blundering and inadvertent Editors all along
Direction, though we are expreſly told by *H*
Story of this introduced Interlude is the Mur
of *Vienna*. The Source of this Miſtake is e
for, from the Stage's *dreſſing* the Characters. *R*
firſt ordered by the Poet for the *Duke* and *Du*
Players, who did not ſtrictly obſerve the *Qua*
Circumſtances of the Story, miſtook 'em for a
ſo the Error was deduced down from thence to t

Oph. What means this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching *Malicho*; it means miſchief.

Oph. Belike, this ſhow imports the argument of the play?

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We ſhall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counſel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us, what this ſhow meant?

Ham. Ay, or any ſhow that you'll ſhew him. Be not you aſhamed to ſhew, he'll not ſhame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, I'll mark the play.

Prol. *For us, and for our tragedy,*
Here ſtooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the poeſy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my Lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter Duke, and Dutcheſs, Players.

Duke. Full thirty times hath *Phœbus'* carr gone round
Neptune's ſalt waſh, and *Tellus'* orbed ground;
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed ſheen
About the world have time twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands,
Unite commutual, in moſt ſacred bands.

Dutch. So many journeys may the ſun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done.
But woe is me, you are ſo ſick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former ſtate,
That I diſtruſt you; yet though I diſtruſt,
Diſcomfort you, my Lord, it nothing muſt:
For women fear too much, ev'n as they love.

And

And womens' fear and love hold quantity;
'Tis either none, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know
And as my love is ſiz'd, my fear is ſo. (19)
Where love is great, the ſmalleſt doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows ther
Duke. 'Faith, I muſt leave thee, love, and ſhortly to
My operant powers their functions leave to do,
And thou ſhalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind
For huſband ſhalt thou——
Dutch. Oh, confound the reſt!
Such love muſt needs be treaſon in my breaſt:
In ſecond huſband let me be accurſt!
None wed the ſecond, but who kill the firſt.
Ham. Wormwood, wormwood!——
Dutch. The inſtances, that ſecond marriage move,
Are baſe reſpects of thriſt, but none of love.
A ſecond time I kill my huſband dead,
When ſecond huſband kiſſes me in bed.
Duke. I do believe, you think what now you ſpeal
But what we do determine, oft we break;
Purpoſe is but the ſlave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruits unripe, ſticks on the tree,
But fall unſhaken, when they mellow be.
Moſt neceſſary 'tis, that we forget
To pay ourſelves what to ourſelves is debt:

(19) *And as my Love is* fix'd, *my Fear is ſo.*] Mr. *Pope* ſays, read *fix'd:* and, indeed, I do ſo: becauſe, I obſerve, the *Quar* of 1605 reads, *ciz'd*; that of 1611 *cizſh*; the *Folio* in 1632, *ſi* and that in 1623, *fix'd:* and becauſe, beſides, the whole Tene of the Context demands this Reading: For the Lady evidently talking here of the Quantity and Proportion of her Love and Fea not of their Continuance, Duration, or Stability. *Cleopatra* expref herſelf much in the ſame manner, with regard to her Grief for t Loſs of *Antony*.

----------*our* Size *of Sorrow*,
Proportion'd to our Cauſe, *muſt be as* great
As that which makes it.

What to ourſelves in paſſion we propoſe,
The paſſion ending, doth the purpoſe loſe;
The violence of either grief or joy,
Their own enactors with themſelves deſtroy.
Where joy moſt revels, grief doth moſt lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on ſlender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not ſtrange,
That ev'n our loves ſhould with our fortunes change.
For 'tis a queſtion left us yet to prove,
Whether love leads fortune, or elſe fortune love.
The great man down, you mark, his fav'rite flies;
The poor advanc'd, makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
For who not needs, ſhall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly ſeaſons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do ſo contrary run,
That our devices ſtill are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
Think ſtill, thou wilt no ſecond huſband wed;
But die thy thoughts, when thy firſt Lord is dead.

Dutch. Nor earth to give me food, nor heaven light
Sport and repoſe lock from me, day and night!
To deſperation turn my truſt and hope!
An anchor's cheer in priſon be my ſcope!
Each oppoſite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it deſtroy!
Both here, and hence, purſue me laſting ſtrife!
If, once a widow, ever I be wife.

Ham. If ſhe ſhould break it now——

Duke. 'Tis deeply ſworn; ſweet, leave me here a while;
My ſpirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with ſleep. [*Sleeps.*

Dutch. Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come miſchance between us twain! [*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady proteſts too much, methinks.

Ham. Oh, but ſhe'll keep her word.

King.

King. Have you heard the argument, is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jeſt, poiſon in jeſt, no offence i'th' world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The *Mouſe-Trap*;——Marry, how? tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in *Vienna*; *Gonzago* is the Duke's name, his wife's *Baptiſta*; you ſhall ſee anon, 'tis a knaviſh piece of work; but what o' that? your Majeſty, and we that have free ſouls, it touches us not; let the gall'd jade winch, our withers are unrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus*, nephew to the Duke.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could ſee the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my Lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would coſt you a groaning to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better and worſe.

Ham. So you miſtake your huſbands.
Begin, murderer.—Leave thy damnable faces, and begin.
Come, the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing:
Confederate ſeaſon, and no creature ſeeing:
Thou mixture rank, of mid-night weeds collected,
With *Hecate*'s ban thrice blaſted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magick, and dire property,
On wholſome life uſurp immediately.

[*Pours the poiſon into his ears.*

Ham. He poiſons him i'th' garden for's eſtate; his name's *Gonzago*; the ſtory is extant, and writ in choice *Italian*. You ſhall ſee anon how the murderer gets the love of *Gonzago*'s wife.

Oph. The King riſes.

Ham. What, frighted with falſe fire!

Queen.

Queen. How fares my Lord?
Pol. Give o'er the Play.
King. Give me ſome light. Away!
All. Lights, lights, lights! [*Exeunt.*

Manent Hamlet *and* Horatio.

Ham. Why, let the ſtrucken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For ſome muſt watch, whilſt ſome muſt ſleep;
So runs the world away.
Would not this, Sir, and a foreſt of Feathers, (if the reſt of my fortunes turn *Turk* with me) with two provincial roſes on my rayed ſhoes, get me a fellowſhip in a cry of Players, Sir?
Hor. Half a ſhare.
Ham. A whole one, I.
" For thou doſt know, oh *Damon* dear,
" This realm diſmantled was
" Of *Jove* himſelf, and now reigns here
" A very, very, —— (20) Paddock.

(20) *A very very* Peacock.] The old Copies have it *Paicock, Paiocke,* and *Pajocke.* I ſubſtitute *Paddock,* as neareſt to the Traces of the corrupted Reading. I have, as Mr. *Pope* ſays, been willing to ſubſtitute any Thing in the place of his *Peacock.* He thinks a Fable alluded to, of the Birds chuſing a King; inſtead of the *Eagle,* a *Peacock.* I ſuppoſe, he muſt mean the Fable of *Barlandus,* in which it is ſaid, the Birds being weary of their State of Anarchy, mov'd for the ſetting up of a King: and the *Peacock* was elected on account of his gay Feathers. But, with Submiſſion, in this Paſſage of our *Shakeſpeare,* there is not the leaſt mention made of the *Eagle* in Antitheſis to the *Peacock*; and it muſt be by a very uncommon Figure, that *Jove* himſelf ſtands in the place of his *Bird.* I think, *Hamlet* is ſetting his Father's and Uncle's Characters in Contraſt to each other: and means to ſay, that by his Father's Death the State was ſtripp'd of a godlike Monarch, and that now in his Stead reign'd the moſt deſpicable poiſonous Animal that could be: a meer *Paddock,* or *Toad. PAD, bufo, rubeta major*; a toad. This Word, I take to be of *Hamlet*'s own ſubſtituting. The Verſes, repeated, ſeem to be from ſome old Ballad; in which, Rhyme being neceſſary, I doubt not but the laſt Verſe ran thus;

A very, very, ——Aſs.

Hor. You might have rhym'd.

Ham. Oh, good *Horatio*, I'll take the Ghoſt's w for a thouſand pounds. Didſt perceive?

Hor. Very well, my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poiſoning?

Hor. I did very well note him.

Enter Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern.

Ham. Oh, ha! come, ſome muſick: Come, the corders.

For if the King like not the comedy;
Why, then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.
Come, ſome muſick.

Guil. Good my Lord, vouchſafe me a word with

Ham. Sir, a whole hiſtory.

Guil. The King, Sir ———

Ham. Ay, Sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous diſtemper'

Ham. With drink, Sir?

Guil. No, my Lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wiſdom ſhould ſhew itſelf more rich ſignify this to his Doctor: for, for me to put hin his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into r choler.

Guil. Good my Lord, put your diſcourſe into frame, and ſtart not ſo wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, Sir;—pronounce.

Guil. The Queen your mother, in moſt great affli of ſpirit, hath ſent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my Lord, this Courteſy is n the right Breed. If it ſhall pleaſe you to make r wholeſome anſwer, I will do your mother's comm ment; if not, your pardon, and my return ſhall b end of my buſineſs.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholeſome anſwer: my wit's *eas'd.* But, Sir, ſuch anſwer as I can make, you

command; or, rather, as you ſay, my mother——— therefore no more but to the matter——my mother, you ſay———

Roſ. Then thus ſhe ſays; your behaviour hath ſtruck her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderful ſon, that can ſo aſtoniſh a mother! But is there no ſequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?

Roſ. She deſires to ſpeak with you in her cloſet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Roſ. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do ſtill, by theſe pickers and ſtealers.

Roſ. Good my Lord, what is your cauſe of diſtemper? you do, ſurely, bar the door of your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Roſ. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himſelf, for your ſucceſſion in *Denmark?*

Ham. Ay, but *while the graſs grows*—the Proverb is ſomething muſty.

Enter one, with a Recorder.

Oh, the Recorders; let me ſee one. To withdraw with you——why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toile?

Guil. Oh my Lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well underſtand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beſeech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as *eaſy as lying*; govern theſe ventages *with your fingers and thumb*, give it breath with your

mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt eloquent muſic. Look you, theſe are the ſtops.

Guil. But theſe cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the ſkill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thi you make of me; you would play upon me, you wou ſeem to know my ſtops; you would pluck out the hea of my myſtery: you would ſound me from my low note, to the top of my compaſs; and there is much m ſick, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot y make it ſpeak. Why, do you think, that I am eaſi to be play'd on than a pipe? call me what inſtrume you will, though you can fret me, you cannot pl upon me. ——— God bleſs you, Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queen would ſpeak with you, a preſently.

Ham. Do you ſee yonder cloud, that's almoſt in ſha of a *Camel?*

Pol. By the maſs, and it's like a *Camel*, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like an *Ouzle.*

Pol. It is black like an *Ouzle.*

Ham. Or, like a *Whale?*

Pol. Very like a *Whale.*

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by they fool me to the top of my bent.——I will come and by.

Pol. I will ſay ſo.

Ham. By and by is eaſily ſaid. Leave me, friend [*Exeu*

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When church-yards yawn, and hell itſelf breathes o
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blo
And do ſuch bitter buſineſs as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my mother
O heart, loſe not thy nature; let not ever
The Soul of *Nero* enter this firm boſom;

Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
I will ſpeak daggers to her, but uſe none.
My tongue and ſoul in this be hypocrites;
How in my words ſoever ſhe be ſhent,
To give them ſeals never my ſoul conſent! [*Exit.*

Enter King, Roſincrantz, *and* Guildenſtern.

King. I like him not, nor ſtands it ſafe with us
To let his madneſs range. Therefore, prepare you;
I your Commiſſion will forthwith diſpatch,
And he to *England* ſhall along with you.
The terms of our eſtate may not endure (21)
Hazard ſo near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his Lunes.

Guild. We will provide ourſelves;
Moſt holy and religious fear it is,
To keep thoſe many, many, bodies ſafe,
That live and feed upon your Majeſty.

Roſ. The ſingle and peculiar life is bound,
With all the ſtrength and armour of the mind,
To keep itſelf from noyance; but much more,
That ſpirit, on whoſe weal depends and reſts
The lives of many. The ceaſe of Majeſty
Dies not alone, but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it with it. It's a maſſy wheel
Fixt on the ſummit of the higheſt mount,

(21) *The Terms of our Eſtate may not endure*
Hazard ſo near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his Lunacies.
Guil. *We will provide ourſelves.*

The old *Quarto*'s read,——*Out of his* Brows. This was from the Ignorance of the firſt Editors; as is this unneceſſary *Alexandrine*, which we owe to the Players. The Poet, I am perſuaded, wrote,

——*as doth hourly grow*
Out of his Lunes.

i. e. his *Madneſs, Frenzy*. So our Poet, before, in his *Winter's Tale*.

Theſe dangerous, unſafe Lunes *i' th' King!*——*beſhrew* 'em.
He muſt be told of it, &c.

To whoſe huge ſpokes ten thouſand leſſer things
Are mortiz'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each ſmall annexment, petty conſequence,
Attends the boiſt'rous ruin. Ne'er alone
Did the King ſigh; but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this ſpeedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haſte us. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his mother's cloſet;
Behind the arras I'll convey myſelf
To hear the proceſs. I'll warrant, ſhe'll tax him home:
And, as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,
'Tis meet, that ſome more audience than a mother
(Since nature makes them partial,) ſhould o'er-hear
The ſpeech, of vantage. Fare you well, my Liege;
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know. [*Exit.*

King. Thanks, dear my Lord.
Oh! my offence is rank, it ſmells to heav'n,
It hath the primal, eldeſt, curſe upon't; (22)
That of a brother's murder. Pray I cannot,
Though inclination be as ſharp as will;
My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent:
And, like a man to double buſineſs bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect. What if this curſed hand

(22) *It hath the primal, eldeſt, Curſe upon't:*
A brother's Murder——Pray I cannot,] The laſt Verſe, 'tis evident, halts in the Meaſure; and, if I don't miſtake, is a little lame in the Senſe too. Was a brother's Murder the eldeſt *Curſe?* Surely it was rather the *Crime*, that was the *Cauſe* of this eldeſt *Curſe* We have no Aſſiſtance, however, either to the *Senſe* or *Numbers* from any of the Copies. I have ventur'd at two Supplemental Syllables, as innocent in themſelves as neceſſary to the Purpoſes to which they are introduc'd:

That of *a brother's Murder.*——

W

ere thicker than itſelf with brother's blood?
there not rain enough in the ſweet heav'ns
o waſh it white as ſnow? whereto ſerves Mercy,
it to confront the viſage of offence?
id what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,
o be fore-ſtalled ere we come to fall,
r pardon'd being down? then I'll look up;
y fault is paſt. —— But oh, what form of prayer
an ſerve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
hat cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſt
f thoſe effects for which I did the murder,
y Crown, mine own Ambition, and my Queen.
ſay one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
n the corrupted currents of this world,
ffence's gilded hand may ſhove by juſtice;
nd oft 'tis ſeen, the wicked prize itſelf
ays out the law; but 'tis not ſo above:
here, is no ſhuffling; there, the action lies
n his true nature, and we ourſelves compell'd,
e'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
o give in evidence. What then? what reſts?
ry, what repentance can: What can it not?
et what can it, when one cannot repent?
h wretched ſtate! oh boſom, black as death!
h limed ſoul, that, ſtruggling to be free,
rt more engag'd! help, angels, make aſſay!
ow, ſtubborn knees; and, heart, with ſtrings of ſteel,
e ſoft as ſinews of the new-born babe!
ll may be well. [*The King retires and kneels.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
nd now I'll do't—and ſo he goes to heav'n.——
nd ſo am I reveng'd? that would be ſcann'd;
villain kills my father, and for that
his ſole ſon, do this ſame villain ſend
o heav'n—O, this is hire and ſalary, not revenge.
'e *took my father* groſly, full of bread,

With all his crimes broad blown, as fluſh as *May*;
And how his audit ſtands, who knows, ſave heav'n?
But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought,
'Tis heavy with him. Am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his ſoul,
When he is fit and ſeaſon'd for his paſſage?
Up, ſword, and know thou a more horrid hent; (23)
When he is drunk, aſleep, or in his rage,
Or in th' inceſtuous pleaſure of his bed;
At gaming, ſwearing, or about ſome act
That has no reliſh of ſalvation in't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heav'n;
And that his ſoul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother ſtays;
This phyſick but prolongs thy ſickly days. [*Exit.*

The King riſes, and comes forward.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Queen's Apartment.*

Enter Queen *and* Polonius.

Pol. HE will come ſtraight; look, you lay home to him;
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your Grace hath ſcreen'd, and ſtood between
Much heat and him. I'll ſilence me e'en here;
Pray you, be round with him.

(23) *Up, Sword, and know thou a more horrid* Time.] This is a ſophiſticated Reading, warranted by none of the Copies of any Authority. Mr. *Pope* ſays, I read conjecturally;

——*a more horrid* Bent.

I do ſo; and why? the two oldeſt *Quarto*'s, as well as the two elder *Folio*'s, read; —— *a more horrid* Hent. But, as there is no ſuch *Engliſh* Subſtantive, it ſeems very natural to conclude, that, with the Change of a ſingle Letter, our Author's genuine Word was *Bent*; *i. e. Driſt, Scope, Inclination*, Purpoſe, &c.

Ham

Ham. [*within.*] Mother, Mother, Mother.——
Queen. I'll warrant you, fear me not.
Withdraw, I hear him coming.
[Polonius *hides himself behind the Arras.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou haſt thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you queſtion with a wicked tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, *Hamlet?*
Ham. What's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood, not ſo;
You are the Queen, your huſband's brother's wife,
But, 'would you were not ſo!—You are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then I'll ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeak.
Ham. Come, come, and ſit you down; you ſhall not budge:
You go not, 'till I ſet you up a glaſs
Where you may ſee the inmoſt part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, ho.
Pol. What ho, help. [*Behind the Arras.*
Ham. How now, a rat? dead for a ducat, dead.
[Hamlet *kills* Polonius.
Pol. Oh, I am ſlain.
Queen. Oh me, what haſt thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not: is it the King?
Queen. Oh, what a raſh and bloody deed is this!
Ham. A bloody deed; almoſt as bad, good mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a King?
Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding fool, farewel,
[*To* Polonius.
I took *thee for thy betters;* take thy fortune;
Thou find'ſt, to be too buſy, is ſome danger.

Leave wringing of your hands; peace, ſit you'd
And let me wring your heart, for ſo I ſhall,
If it be made of penetrable ſtuff:
If damned cuſtom have not braz'd it ſo,
That it is proof and bulwark againſt ſenſe.
Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'ſt wi
tongue
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?
Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and bluſh of modeſty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the roſe
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And ſets a bliſter there; makes marriage-vows
As falſe as dicers' oaths. Oh, ſuch a deed,
As from the body of Contraction plucks
The very ſoul, and ſweet Religion makes
A rhapſody of words. Heav'n's face doth glow
Yea, this ſolidity and compound maſs,
With triſtful viſage, as againſt the doom,
Is thought-ſick at the act.
Queen. Ay me! what act,
That roars ſo loud, and thunders in the index?
Ham. Look here upon this picture, and on th
The counterfeit preſentment of two brothers:
See, what a grace was ſeated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of *Jove* himſelf;
An eye, like *Mars*, to threaten or command;
A ſtation, like the herald *Mercury*
New-lighted on a heaven-kiſſing hill;
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every God did ſeem to ſet his ſeal,
To give the world aſſurance of a man.
This *was* your huſband,—Look you now, what fo
Here *is* your huſband, like a mildew'd ear,
Blaſting his wholeſome brother. Have you eye
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it Love; for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judg

Would ſtep from this to this? Senſe, ſure, you have, (24)
Elſe could you not have motion: but, ſure, that ſenſe
Is apoplex'd: for madneſs would not err;
Nor ſenſe to ecſtacy was ne'er ſo thrall'd,
But it reſerv'd ſome quantity of choice
To ſerve in ſuch a diff'rence.——What devil was't,
That thus has cozen'd you at hoodman blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without ſight,
Ears without hands or eyes, ſmelling *ſans* all,
Or but a ſickly part of one true ſenſe
Could not ſo mope.——
O ſhame! where is thy bluſh? rebellious hell,
If thou canſt mutiny in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no ſhame,
When the compulſive ardour gives the charge;
Since froſt itſelf as actively doth burn,
And Reaſon panders Will.

Queen. O *Hamlet*, ſpeak no more.
Thou turn'ſt mine eyes into my very ſoul,
And there I ſee ſuch black and grained ſpots,
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank ſweat of an inceſtuous bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honying and making love
Over the naſty ſty;——

Queen. Oh, ſpeak no more;
Theſe words like daggers enter in mine ears.
No more, ſweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain!——
A ſlave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A Vice of Kings;——
A cutpurſe of the Empire and the Rule,

(24) *Senſe, ſure, you have,* &c.] *Mr. Pope* has left out the Quantity of about eight Verſes here, which I have taken care to replace. They are not, indeed, to be found in the two elder *Folio*'s, but they carry the Style, Expreſſion, and Caſt of Thought, peculiar to our Author; and that they were not an Interpolation from another Hand needs no better Proof, than that they are in all the eldeſt *Quarto*'s.

That

That from a ſhelf the precious Diadem ſtole
And put it in his pocket.

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghoſt.

Ham. A King of ſhreds and patches——
Save me! and hover o'er me with your wings,
[*Starting up.*
You heav'nly guards! what would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad——

Ham. Do you not come your tardy ſon to chide,
That, laps'd in time and paſſion, let's go by
Th' important acting of your dread command?
O ſay!

Ghoſt. Do not forget: this viſitation
Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe.
But, look! amazement on thy mother fits;
O ſtep between her and her fighting ſoul:
Conceit in weakeſt bodies ſtrongeſt works.
Speak to her, *Hamlet.*

Ham. How is it with you, Lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporal air do hold diſcourſe?
Forth at your eyes your ſpirits wildly peep,
And, as the ſleeping ſoldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements,
Start up, and ſtand on end. O gentle ſon,
Upon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him!—look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones,
Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
Leſt with this piteous action you convert
My ſtern effects; then what I have to do,
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you ſpeak this?

Ham. Do you ſee nothing there? [*Pointing to the Gh.*

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I ſee.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen.

Queen. No, nothing but ourſelves.
Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it ſteals away!
My father in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes ev'n now, out at the portal.
[*Exit Ghoſt.*
Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain,
This bodileſs creation ecſtaſy
Is very cunning in.
Ham. What ecſtaſy?
My pulſe, as yours, doth temp'rately keep time,
And makes as healthful muſick. 'Tis not madneſs
That I have utter'd; bring me to the teſt,
And I the matter will re-word; which madneſs
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your ſoul,
That not your treſpaſs, but my madneſs, ſpeaks:
It will but ſkin and film the ulcerous place;
Whilſt rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unſeen. Confeſs yourſelf to heav'n;
Repent what's paſt, avoid what is to come;
And do not ſpread the compoſt on the weeds
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
For, in the fatneſs of theſe purſy times,
Virtue itſelf of vice muſt pardon beg,
Yea, curb, and wooe, for leave to do it good.
Queen. Oh *Hamlet!* thou haſt cleft my heart in twain.
Ham. O, throw away the worſer part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night; but go not to mine uncle's bed:
Aſſume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monſter cuſtom, who all ſenſe doth eat (25)
Of

(25) *That Monſter cuſtom, who all Senſe doth eat,*
Of Habit's Devil, *is Angel yet in this,*
That to the Uſe of Actions fair and good
He likewiſe gives a Frock or Livery,
That aptly is put on.] This Paſſage is left out in the two elder *Folio's*: It is certainly corrupt, and the Players did diſcreet part to *Rifle* what they did not underſtand. Habit's Devil *certainly aroſe from* ſome conceited Tamperer with the Text, who

Of habits evil, is angel yet in this;
That to the uſe of actions fair and good
He likewiſe gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night;
And that ſhall lend a kind of eaſineſs
To the next abſtinence; the next, more eaſy;
For uſe can almoſt change the ſtamp of Nature,
And maſter ev'n the Devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night!
And when you are deſirous to be bleſt,
I'll Bleſſing beg of you.—For this ſame Lord,
[*Pointing to* Polonius.
I do repent: but heav'n hath pleas'd it ſo,
To puniſh me with this, and this with me,
That I muſt be their ſcourge and miniſter.
I will beſtow him, and will anſwer well
The death I gave him; ſo, again, good night!
I muſt be cruel, only to be kind;
Thus bad begins, and worſe remains behind.

Queen. What ſhall I do?

Ham. Not this by no means, that I bid you do.
Let the fond King tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouſe;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kiſſes,
Or padling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I eſſentially am not in madneſs,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know.
For who that's but a Queen, fair, ſober, wiſe,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gibbe,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do ſo?
No, in deſpight of ſenſe and ſecreſy,

thought it was neceſſary, in Contraſt to *Angel*. The Emendation of the Text I owe to the Sagacity of Dr. *Thirlby*.

That Monſter cuſtom, who all Senſe doth eat
Of Habits evil, *is Angel*, &c.

i. e. Cuſtom, which by inuring us to ill Habits, makes us loſe the *apprehenſion* of their being really ill, as eaſily will reconcile us to *the practice of* good Actions.

Upon

Unpeg the baſket on the houſe's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try concluſions, in the baſket creep;
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou aſſur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of Life, I have no life to breathe
What thou haſt ſaid to me.

Ham. I muſt to *England*, you know that?

Queen. Alack, I had forgot; 'tis ſo concluded on.

Ham. There's letters ſeal'd, and my two ſchool-fellows,
(Whom I will truſt, as I will adders fang'd;)
They bear the mandate; they muſt ſweep my way,
And marſhal me to knavery: let it work.——
For 'tis the ſport, to have the engineer
Hoiſt with his own petard: and't ſhall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. O, 'tis moſt ſweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet!
This man ſhall ſet me packing;——
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room;
Mother, good-night.—Indeed, this Counſellor
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt grave,
Who was in life a foolifh prating knave.
Come, Sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good-night, mother.

[*Exit* Hamlet, *tugging in* Polonius.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *A Royal Apartment.*

Enter King and Queen, with Roſincrantz, *and* Guildenſtern.

KING.

THERE's matter in theſe ſighs; theſe profound heaves,
You muſt tranſlate; 'tis fit, we underſtand them.
Where is your ſon?

Queen. Beſtow this place on us a little while.
[*To* Roſ. *and* Guild. *who go out.*
Ah, my good Lord, what have I ſeen to-night?

King. What, *Gertrude?* How does *Hamlet?*

Queen. Mad as the ſeas, and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier; in his lawleſs fit,
Behind the arras hearing ſomething ſtir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, a rat!
And, in this brainiſh apprehenſion, kills
The unſeen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been ſo with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you yourſelf, to us, to every one.
Alas! how ſhall this bloody deed be anſwer'd?
It will be laid to us, whoſe providence
Should have kept ſhort, reſtrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man. But ſo much was our love,
We would not underſtand what was moſt fit;
But, like the owner of a foul diſeaſe,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Ev'n on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
O'er whom his very madneſs, like ſome ore
Among

Among a mineral of metals baſe,
Shews itſelf pure. He weeps for what is done.
King. O *Gertrude*, come away:
The ſun no ſooner ſhall the mountains touch,
But we will ſhip him hence; and this vile deed
We muſt, with all our Majeſty and Skill,
Both countenance and excuſe. Ho! *Guildenſtern!*

Enter Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern.

Friends both, go join you with ſome further aid:
Hamlet in madneſs hath *Polonius* ſlain,
And from his mother's cloſet hath he drag'd him.
Go ſeek him out, ſpeak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. Pray you, haſte in this.
[*Exe.* Roſ. *and* Guil.
Come, *Gertrude*, we'll call up our wiſeſt friends, (26)
And

(26) Gertrude, *We'll call up our wiſeſt Friends,*
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done.
Whoſe Whiſper o'er the World's Diameter,
As levçl as the Cannon to his blank,
Tranſports its poiſon'd Shot, may miſs our Name,
And hit the woundleſs Air.——*O, come away;*]

Mr. *Pope* takes notice, that *I replace ſome Verſes that were imperfect, (and, tho' of a* modern *Date, ſeem to be genuine;) by inſerting two Words.* But to ſee, what an accurate and faithful Collator he is! I produced theſe Verſes in my SHAKESPEARE *reſtored*, from a *Quarto* Edition of *Hamlet* printed in 1637, and happened to ſay, that they had not the Authority of any earlier Date in Print, that I knew of, than that *Quarto*. Upon the Strength of this Mr. *Pope* comes and calls the Lines modern, tho' they are in the *Quarto*'s of 1605 and 1611, which I had not then ſeen, but both of which Mr. *Pope* pretends to have collated. The Verſes carry the very Stamp of *Shakeſpeare* upon them. The Coin, indeed, has been clipt from our firſt receiving it; but it is not ſo diminiſhed, but that with a ſmall Aſſiſtance we may hope to make it paſs current. We have not, 'tis true, ſo much as the Footſteps, or Traces, of a corrupted Reading, to lead us to an Emendation; nor any means of reſtoring what is loſt, but Conjecture. *I am far from* affirming, therefore, that I have given the *Poet's very Words*; but the Supplement is ſuch as the Sentiment natu

And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done. For, haply, Slander
[Whoſe whiſper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Tranſports its poiſon'd ſhot;) may miſs our Name,
And hit the woundleſs air.—O, come away;
My ſoul is full of diſcord and diſmay. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely ſtowed.———
Gentlemen within. *Hamlet!* Lord *Hamlet!*
Ham. What noiſe? who calls on *Hamlet?*
Oh, here they come.

Enter Roſincrantz, *and* Guildenſtern.

Roſ. What have you done, my Lord, with the dead body?
Ham. Compounded it with duſt, whereto 'tis kin.
Roſ. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.
Ham. Do not believe it.
Roſ. Believe what?
Ham. That I can keep your counſel, and not mine own. Beſides, to be demanded of a ſpunge, what replication ſhould be made by the ſon of a King?
Roſ. Take you me for a ſpunge, my Lord?
Ham. Ay, Sir, that ſokes up the King's countenance, his rewards, his authorities; but ſuch officers do the King beſt ſervice in the end; he keeps them, like an apple, in the corner of his jaw; firſt mouth'd, to be

naturally ſeems to demand. The Poet has the ſame Thought, concerning the diffuſive pow'rs of *Slander* in another of his Plays.

No, 'tis Slander;
Whoſe Edge is ſharper than the Sword, whoſe Tongue
Out-venomes all the Worms of Nile, *whoſe breath*
Rides on the poſting Winds, and doth bely
All Corners of the World. Cymbeline.

laſt.

laſt ſwallow'd: when he needs what you have glean'd, it is but ſqueezing you, and, ſpunge, you ſhall be dry again.

Roſ. I underſtand you not, my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it; a knaviſh ſpeech ſleeps in a fooliſh ear.

Roſ. My Lord, you muſt tell us where the body is, and go with us to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing——

Guil. A thing, my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him; hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King.

King. I've ſent to ſeek him, and to find the body;
How dang'rous is it, that this man goes looſe!
Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong law on him;
He's lov'd of the diſtracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes:
And where 'tis ſo, th' offender's ſcourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all ſmooth,
This ſudden ſending him away muſt ſeem
Deliberate pauſe: diſeaſes, deſp'rate grown,
By deſperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.

Enter Roſincrantz.

How now? what hath befall'n?

Roſ. Where the dead body is beſtow'd, my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Roſ. Without, my Lord, guarded to know your pleaſure.

King. Bring him before us.

Roſ. Ho, *Guildenſtern!* bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet, and Guildenſtern.

King. Now, *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius?*

Ham. At ſupper.

King.

King. At ſupper? where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a certain convocation of politique worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures elſe to fat us, and we fat ourſelves for maggots. Your fat King and your lean beggar is but variable ſervice, two diſhes but to one table; that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fiſh with the worm that hath eat of a King, eat of the fiſh that hath fed of that worm.

King. What doſt thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to ſhew you how a King may go a progreſs through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is *Polonius*?

Ham. In heav'n, ſend thither to ſee. If your meſſenger find him not there, ſeek him i'th' other place yourſelf. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you ſhall noſe him as you go up the ſtairs into the lobby.

King. Go ſeek him there.

Ham. He will ſtay 'till ye come.

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine eſpecial ſafety,
(Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou haſt done) muſt ſend thee hence
With fiery quickneſs; therefore prepare thyſelf;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
Th' aſſociates tend, and every thing is bent
For *England*.

Ham. For *England*?

King. Ay, *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'ſt our purpoſes.

Ham. I ſee a Cherub, that ſees them; but come, for *England!* farewel, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, *Hamlet*.

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one fleſh, and, ſo, my mother. Come, for *England*. [*Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with ſpeed aboard;

Delay

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night.
Away, for every thing is ſeal'd and done
That elſe leans on th' affair; pray you, make haſte.
[*Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Guild.
And, *England!* if my love thou hold'ſt at aught,
As my great power thereof may give thee ſenſe,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the *Daniſh* ſword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us; thou may'ſt not coldly ſet
Our ſovereign proceſs, which imports at full,
By letters congruing to that effect,
The preſent death of *Hamlet*. Do it, *England:*
For like the hectick in my blood he rages,
And thou muſt cure me; 'till I know 'tis done,
How-e'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin. [*Exit.*

SCENE *A Camp, on the Frontiers of* Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras, *with an Army*

For. GO, Captain, from me, greet the *Daniſh* King,
Tell him, that, by his licence, *Fortinbras*
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his realm. You know the rendezvous.
If that his Majeſty would aught with us,
We ſhall expreſs our duty in his eye,
And let him know ſo.
Capt. I will do't, my Lord.
For. Go ſoftly on. [*Exit* Fortinbras, *with the Army*

Enter Hamlet, Roſincrantz, Guildenſtern, *&c.*

Ham. Good Sir, whoſe powers are theſe?
Capt. They are of *Norway*, Sir.
Ham. How purpos'd, Sir, I pray you?
Capt. Againſt ſome part of *Poland*.
Ham. Who commands them, Sir?
Capt. The nephew of old *Norway*, Fortinbras.
Ham. Goes it againſt the main of Poland, Sir,
Or for ſome frontier?

Cap

Capt. Truly to ſpeak it, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats——five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to *Norway*, or the *Pole*,
A ranker rate, ſhould it be ſold in fee.
Ham. Why, then the *Polack* never will defend it.
Capt. Yes, 'tis already garriſon'd.
Ham. Two thouſand ſouls, and twenty thouſand ducats,
Will not debate the queſtion of this ſtraw;
This is th' impoſthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and ſhews no cauſe without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.
Capt. God b'w'ye, Sir.
Roſ. Will't pleaſe you go, my Lord?
Ham. I'll be with you ſtrait, go a little before.
[*Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

How all occaſions do inform againſt me,
And ſpur my dull revenge? what is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to ſleep and feed? a beaſt, no more.
Sure, he that made us with ſuch large diſcourſe,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reaſon
To ruſt in us unus'd. Now whether it be
Beſtial oblivion, or ſome craven ſcruple
Of thinking too preciſely on th' event,
(A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wiſdom,
And ever three parts coward:) I do not know
Why yet I live to ſay this thing's to do;
Sith I have cauſe, and will, and ſtrength, and means
To do't. Examples, groſs as earth, exhort me;
Witneſs this army of ſuch maſs and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whoſe ſpirit, with divine ambition puft,
Makes mouths at the inviſible event;
Expoſing what is mortal and unſure

To

To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Ev'n for an egg-ſhell. 'Tis not to be great,
Never to ſtir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a ſtraw,
When honour's at the ſtake. How ſtand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother ſtain'd,
(Excitements of my reaſon and my blood)
And let all ſleep? while to my ſhame, I ſee
The imminent death of twenty thouſand men;
That for a fantaſy and trick of fame
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot,
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the ſlain? O, then, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a Palace.*

Enter Queen, Horatio, *and a Gentleman.*

Queen. I Will not ſpeak with her.

Gent. She is importunate,
Indeed, diſtract; her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would ſhe have?

Gent. She ſpeaks much of her father; ſays, ſhe hears,
There's tricks i'th' world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviouſly at ſtraws; ſpeaks things in doubt,
That carry but half ſenſe; her ſpeech is nothing,
Yet the unſhaped uſe of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which as her winks, and nods, and geſtures yield them,
Indeed, would make one think, there might be thought;
Tho' nothing ſure, yet much unhappily.

Ho. 'Twere good ſhe were ſpoken with, for ſhe may ſtrow
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
Let her come in.——

Queen. To my ſick ſoul, as ſin's true nature is,

Each toy ſeems prologue to ſome great amiſs;
So full of artleſs jealouſy is guilt,
It ſpills itſelf, in fearing to be ſpilt.

Enter Ophelia, *diſtracted.*

Oph. Where is the beauteous Majeſty of *Denmark?*

Queen. How now, *Ophelia?*

Oph. *How ſhould I your true love know from another one?*
By his cockle hat and ſtaff, and his ſandal ſhoon.
[Singing.

Queen. Alas, ſweet lady; what imports this ſong?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

He's dead and gone, lady, he is dead and gone;
At his head a graſs-green turf, at his heels a ſtone.

Enter King.

Queen. Nay, but *Ophelia*——

Oph. Pray you, mark.

White his ſhroud as the mountain ſnow.

Queen. Alas, look here, my Lord.

Oph. *Larded all with ſweet flowers:*
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true love ſhowers.

King. How do ye, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God yield you! they ſay, the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but when they aſk you what it means, ſay you this:

To-morrow is St. Valentine's *day, all in the morn betime,*
And I a maid at your window, to be your Valentine.
Then up he roſe, and don'd his cloaths, and dupt the chamber door,
Let in the maid, that out a maid never departed more.

King.

King. Pretty *Ophelia!*

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

By Gis, and by S. Charity,
Alack, and fy for ſhame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't,
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth ſhe, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed:
So would I ha' done, by yonder ſun,
And thou hadſt not come to my bed.

King. How long has ſhe been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We muſt be patient; but I cannot chuſe but weep, to think, they ſhould lay him i'th' cold ground; my brother ſhall know of it, and I thank you for your good counſel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, ſweet ladies; good night, good night. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her cloſe, give her good watch, I pray you; [*Exit* Horatio.

This is the poiſon of deep grief; it ſprings
All from her father's death. O *Gertrude, Gertrude!*
When ſorrows come, they come not ſingle ſpies,
But in battalions. Firſt, her father ſlain;
Next your Son gone, and he moſt violent author
Of his own juſt remove; the people muddied,
Thick and unwholeſome in their thoughts and whiſpers,
For good *Polonius'* death; (We've done but greenly,
In private to interr him;) poor *Ophelia,*
Divided from herſelf, and her fair judgment;
Without the which we're pictures, or mere beaſts:)
Laſt, and as much containing as all theſe,
Her brother is in ſecret come from *France:*
Feeds on this wonder, keeps himſelf in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With peſtilent ſpeeches of his father's death;
Wherein neceſſity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing ſtick our perſons to arraign
In *ear and ear.* O my dear *Gertrude,* this,
Like to a murdering piece, in many places

Gives me ſuperfluous death! [*A noiſe within.*

Queen. Alack! what noiſe is this?

Enter a Meſſenger.

King. Where are my *Switzers?* let them guard the door. What is the matter?

Meſ. Save yourſelf, my Lord.
The ocean, over-peering of his liſt,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haſte,
Than young *Laertes*, in a riotous head,
O'er-bears your officers; the rabble call him **Lord**;
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, cuſtom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every Ward; (27)
They cry, "Chuſe we *Laertes* for our King."
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the Clouds;
"*Laertes* ſhall be King, *Laertes* King!"

Queen. How chearfully on the falſe trail they cry!
Oh, this is counter, you falſe *Daniſh* dogs.
[*Noiſe within.*

Enter Laertes, *with a Party at the Door.*

King. The doors are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? Sirs! ſtand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

(27) *The Ratifiers and Props of ev'ry* Word;] The whole Tenour of the Context is ſufficient to ſhew, that this is a miſtaken Reading. What can Antiquity and Cuſtom, being the Props of *Words*, have to do with the Buſineſs in hand? Or what Idea is convey'd by it? Certainly, the Poet wrote;

The Ratifiers and Props of ev'ry Ward;

The Meſſenger is complaining, that the riotous Head had over-borne the King's Officers, and then ſubjoins, that Antiquity and Cuſtom were forgot, which were the Ratifiers and Props of every *Ward*, i. e. of every one of thoſe *Securities* that Nature and Law place *about* the Perſon of a King. All this is rational and conſequential. Mr. *Warburton.*

La

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.
All. We will, we will. [*Exeunt.*
Laer. I thank you; keep the door.
O thou vile King, give me my father.
Queen. Calmly, good *Laertes.*
Laer. That drop of blood that's calm, proclaims me baſtard;
Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot
Ev'n here, between the chaſte and unſmirch'd brow
Of my true mother.
King. What is the cauſe, *Laertes,*
That thy Rebellion looks ſo giant-like?
Let him go, *Gertrude*; do not fear our perſon:
There's ſuch divinity doth hedge a King,
That treaſon can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of its will. Tell me, *Laertes,*
Why are you thus incens'd? Let him go, *Gertrude.*
Speak, man.
Laer. Where is my father?
King. Dead.
Queen. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill.
Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackeſt devil!
Conſcience and grace, to the profoundeſt pit!
I dare damnation; to this point I ſtand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come, what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Moſt throughly for my father.
King. Who ſhall ſtay you?
Laer. My will, not all the world;
And for my means, I'll huſband them ſo well,
They ſhall go far with little.
King. Good *Laertes,*
If you deſire to know the certainty
Of your dear father, is't writ in your revenge,
(That ſweep-ſtake) you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loſer?
Laer. *None but his* enemies.
King. *Will you* know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Repaſt them with my blood.

King. Why, now you ſpeak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltleſs of your father's death,
And am moſt ſenſible in grief for it,
It ſhall as level to your judgment pierce,
As day does to your eye. [*A noiſe within.* "Let her come in."]

Laer. How now, what noiſe is that?

Enter Ophelia, *fantaſtically dreſt with ſtraws and flowers.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears, ſeven times ſalt,
Burn out the ſenſe and virtue of mine eye!
By heav'n, thy madneſs ſhall be paid with weight,
'Till our ſcale turn the beam. O roſe of *May!*
Dear maid, kind ſiſter, ſweet *Ophelia!*
O heav'ns, is't poſſible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love; and, where 'tis fine,
It ſends ſome precious inſtance of itſelf
After the thing it loves.

Oph. *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier,*
And on his Grave reigns many a tear;
Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadſt thou thy wits, and didſt perſuade revenge
It could not move thus.

Oph. You muſt ſing, down a-down, and you call him a-down-a. O how the wheel becomes it! it is the falſe ſteward that ſtole his maſter's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's roſemary, that's for remembrance; pray, *love, remember*; and there's panſies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madneſs, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines; there's rue for you, and here's ſome for me. We may call it herb of grace o' *Sundays:* you may wear your rue with a difference. There's a daiſy; I would give you ſome violets, but they withered all when my father dy'd: they ſay, he made a good end;

For bonny ſweet Robin *is all my joy.*

Laer. Thought, and Affliction, paſſion, hell itſelf,
She turns to favour, and to prettineſs.

Oph. *And will he not come again?*
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead, go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard was as white as ſnow,
All flaxen was his pole:
He is gone, he is gone, and we caſt away mone,
Gramercy on his ſoul!

And of all chriſtian ſouls! God b'w'ye. [*Exit* Ophelia.
Laer. Do you ſee this, you Gods!
King. Laertes, I muſt commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right: go but a-part,
Make choice of whom your wiſeſt friends you will,
And they ſhall hear and judge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our Kingdom give,
Our Crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in ſatisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us;
And we ſhall jointly labour with your ſoul,
To give it due content.
Laer. Let this be ſo.
His means of death, his obſcure funeral,
No trophy, ſword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite, *nor* formal oſtentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heav'n to earth,
That I muſt call't in queſtion.

g. So you ſhall:
where th' offence is, let the great ax fall.
y you, go with me. [*Exeunt*

Enter Horatio, *with an attendant.*

Hor. What are they, that would ſpeak with me?
Serv. Sailors, Sir; they ſay, they have letters for you.
Hor. Let them come in.
do not know from what part of the world
ſhould be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet*.

Enter Sailors.

Sail. God bleſs you, Sir.
Hor. Let him bleſs thee too.
Sail. He ſhall, Sir, an't pleaſe him.—There's a lette for you, Sir: It comes from th' ambaſſador that wa bound for *England*, if your name be *Horatio*, as I an let to know it is.

Horatio reads the letter.

HOratio, *when thou ſhalt have overlook'd this, gi theſe fellows ſome means to the King: they h letters for him. Ere we were two days old at ſea, a pi of very warlike appointment gave us chace. Finding ſelves too ſlow of ſail, we put on a compell'd valour, a the grapple I boarded them: on the inſtant they got cle our ſhip, ſo I alone became their priſoner. They have with me, like thieves of mercy; but they know wha did: I am to do a good turn for them. Let the Kin the letters I have ſent, and repair thou to me with a haſte as thou wouldeſt fly death. I have words to t thy ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much t for the matter. Theſe good fellows will bring thee am.* Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern *hold their c* England. *Of them I have much to tell thee, far*

He that thou knoweſt thine.

Come, I will make you way for theſe your letters;
And do't the ſpeedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, and Laertes.

King. Now muſt your conſcience my acquittance ſeal,
And you muſt put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father ſlain,
Purſued my life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not againſt theſe feats,
So crimeful and ſo capital in nature,
As by your ſafety, wiſdom, all things elſe,
You mainly were ſtirr'd up?

King. Two ſpecial reaſons,
Which may to you, perhaps, ſeem much unſinew'd,
And yet to me are ſtrong. The Queen, his mother,
Lives almoſt by his looks; and for myſelf,
(My virtue or my plague, be't either which,)
She's ſo conjunctive to my life and ſoul,
That, as the ſtar moves not but in his ſphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the ſpring that turneth wood to ſtone,
Convert his gyves to graces. So that my arrows
Too ſlightly timbred for ſo loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And ſo have I a nobler father loſt,
A ſiſter driven into deſperate terms,
Whoſe worth, if praiſes may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections—But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your ſleeps for that; you muſt not think,
That we are made of ſtuff ſo flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be ſhook with danger,

And think it paſtime. You ſhall ſoon hear more.
I lov'd your father, and we love ourſelf,
And that I hope, will teach you to imagine——
How now? what news?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Letters, my Lord, from *Hamlet.*
'Theſe to your Majeſty: this to the Queen.
King. From *Hamlet?* who brought them?
Meſ. Sailors, my Lord, they ſay; I ſaw them not:
'They were given me by *Claudio*, he receiv'd them.
King. Laertes, you ſhall hear them: leave us, all—
[*Exit Meſ.*

HIgh and Mighty, you ſhall know, I am ſet naked on your Kingdom. To-morrow ſhall I beg leave to ſee your kingly eyes. When I ſhall, (firſt aſking your pardon thereunto,) recount th' occaſion of my ſudden return.
Hamlet.

What ſhould this mean? are all the reſt come back?
Or is it ſome abuſe——and no ſuch thing?
Laer. Know you the hand?
King. 'Tis *Hamlet*'s character;
Naked; and (in a poſtſcript here, he ſays)
Alone: can you adviſe me?
Laer. I'm loſt in it, my Lord: but let him come;
It warms the very ſickneſs in my heart,
That I ſhall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddeſt thou.
King. If it be ſo, *Laertes*,
As how ſhould it be ſo?——how, otherwiſe?——
Will you be rul'd by me?
Laer. Ay, ſo you'll not o'er-rule me to a peace.
King. To thine own peace; if he be now return'd,
As liking not his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it; I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he ſhall not chuſe but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame ſhall breathe;

: ev'n his mother ſhall uncharge the practice,
d call it accident.
Laer. I will be rul'd,
e rather, if you could deviſe it ſo,
at I might be the organ.
King. It falls right:
ı have been talkt of ſince your travel much,
d that in *Hamlet*'s hearing, for a quality
ıerein, they ſay, you ſhine; your ſum of parts
ł not together pluck ſuch envy from him,
did that one, and that in my regard
ſhe unworthieſt ſiege.
Laer. What part is that, my Lord?
King. A very feather in the cap of youth,
: needful too; for youth no leſs becomes
e light and careleſs livery that it wears,
an ſettled age his ſables, and his weeds
porting health and graveneſs.—Two months ſince,
re was a gentleman of *Normandy*;
: ſeen myſelf, and ſerv'd againſt the *French*,
d they can well on horſe-back; but this Gallant
d witchcraft in't, he grew unto his ſeat;
d to ſuch wondrous doing brought his horſe,
he had been incorps'd and demy-natur'd
th the brave beaſt; ſo far he topp'd my thought,
at I in forgery of ſhapes and tricks
me ſhort of what he did,
Laer. A *Norman*, was't?
King. A *Norman*.
Laer. Upon my life, *Lamond*.
King. The ſame.
Laer. I know him well; he is the brooch, indeed,
d gem of all the nation.
King. He made confeſſion of you,
d gave you ſuch a maſterly report,
: art and exerciſe in your defence;
d for your rapier moſt eſpecial,
at he cry'd out, 'twould be a ſight indeed,
one could match you. The ſcrimers of their nation,
ſwore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,

If you oppos'd 'em.—Sir, this report of his
Did *Hamlet* ſo envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wiſh and beg
Your ſudden coming o'er to play with him.
Now out of this———

Laer. What out of this, my Lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a ſorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aſk you this?

King. Not that I think, you did not love your father,
But that I know, love is begun by time;
And that I ſee in paſſages of proof,
Time qualifies the ſpark and fire of it;
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or ſnuff, that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodneſs ſtill;
For goodneſs, growing to a pleuriſy,
Dies in his own too much; what we would do,
We ſhould do when we would; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *ſhould* is like a ſpend-thrift ſigh
That hurts by eaſing; but to th' quick o'th' ulcer——
Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake
To ſhew yourſelf your father's ſon indeed
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th' church.

King. No place, indeed, ſhould murder ſanctuariſe;
Revenge ſhould have no bounds; but, good *Laertes*,
Will you do this? keep cloſe within your chamber;
Hamlet, return'd; ſhall know you are come home:
We'll put on thoſe ſhall praiſe your excellence,
And ſet a double varniſh on the fame
The *Frenchman* gave you; bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads. He being remiſs,
Moſt generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruſe the foils; ſo that with eaſe,
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chuſe
A ſword unbated, and in a paſs of practice

Require

Requite him for your father.
Laer. I will do't;
And for the purpoſe I'll anoint my ſword:
I bought an unction of a Mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no Cataplaſm ſo rare,
Collected from all Simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can ſave the thing from death,
That is but ſcratch'd withal; I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him ſlightly,
It may be death.
King. Let's farther think of this;
Weigh, what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our ſhape. If this ſhould fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not aſſay'd; therefore this project
Should have a back, or ſecond, that might hold,
If this ſhould blaſt in proof.—Soft—let me ſee—
We'll make a ſolemn wager on your cunnings;
I ha't——when in your motion you are hot,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end,)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but ſipping,
If he by chance eſcape your venom'd tuck,
Our purpoſe may hold there.

Enter Queen.

How now, ſweet Queen?
Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So faſt they follow: your ſiſter's drown'd, *Laertes.*
Laer. Drown'd! oh where?
Queen. There is a willow grows aſlant a brook,
That ſhews his hoar leaves in the glaſſy ſtream:
There with fantaſtick garlands did ſhe come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daiſies, and long purples,
(That liberal ſhepherds give a groſſer name;
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them;)
There on the pendant boughs, her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious ſliver broke;
When *down her* weedy trophies and herſelf

Fell in the weeping brook; her cloaths ſpread wide,
And mermaid-like, a while they bore her up;
Which time ſhe chaunted ſnatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own diſtreſs;
Or like a creature native, and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
'Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, ſhe is drown'd!

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water haſt thou, poor *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; Nature her cuſtom holds,
Let Shame ſay what it will; when theſe are gone,
The woman will be out: adieu, my Lord!
I have a ſpeech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*

King. Follow, *Gertrude:*
How much had I to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it ſtart again;
Therefore, let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *A* CHURCH.

Enter two Clowns, with ſpades and mattocks.

1 CLOWN.

IS ſhe to be buried in chriſtian burial, that wilfully ſeeks her own ſalvation?

2 Clown. I tell thee, ſhe is, therefore make her grave *ſtraight;* the crowner hath ſate on her, and finds it *chriſtian* burial.

1 Clown.

1 *Clown.* How can that be, unleſs ſhe drowned herſelf in her own defence?

2 *Clown.* Why, 'tis found ſo.

1 *Clown.* It muſt be *ſe offendendo*, it cannot be elſe. For here lies the point; if I drown myſelf wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches; It is to act, to do, and to perform; *argal*, ſhe drown'd herſelf wittingly.

2 *Clown.* Nay, but hear you, goodman *Delver.*

1 *Clown.* Give me leave; here lies the water, good: here ſtands the man, good: if the man go to this water, and drown himſelf, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himſelf. *Argal*, he, that is not guilty of his own death, ſhortens not his own life.

2 *Clown.* But is this law?

1 *Clown.* Ay, marry is't, crowner's queſt-law.

2 *Clown.* Will you ha' the truth on't? if this had not been a gentlewoman, ſhe ſhould have been buried out of chriſtian burial.

1 *Clown.* Why, there thou ſay'ſt. And the more pity, that great folk ſhould have countenance in this world to drown or hang themſelves, more than other chriſtians. Come, my ſpade; there is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up *Adam*'s profeſſion.

2 *Clown.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clown.* He was the firſt, that ever bore arms.

2 *Clown.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clown.* What, art a heathen? how doſt thou underſtand the Scripture? the Scripture ſays, *Adam* digg'd; could he dig without arms? I'll put another queſtion to thee; if thou anſwereſt me not to the purpoſe, confeſs thyſelf——

2 *Clown.* Go to.

1 *Clown.* What is he that builds ſtronger than either the maſon, the ſhip-wright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clown.* *The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thouſand tenants.*

1 Clown

1 *Clown.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to thoſe that do ill: now thou doſt ill, to ſay the gallows is built ſtronger than the church; *argal*, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

2 *Clown.* Who builds ſtronger than a maſon, a ſhipwright, or a carpenter?——

1 *Clown.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clown.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown.* To't.

2 *Clown.* Maſs, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio, *at a diſtance.*

1 *Clown.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull aſs will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are aſk'd this queſtion next, ſay, a grave-maker. The houſes, he makes, laſt 'till dooms-day: go, get thee to *Yaughan*, and fetch me a ſtoup of liquor. [*Exit* 2 *Clown.*

He digs, and ſings.

In youth when I did love, did love, (28)
Methought, it was very ſweet;
To contract, oh, the time for, a, my behove;
Oh, methought, there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his buſineſs, that he ſings at Grave-making?

Hor. Cuſtom hath made it to him a property of eaſineſs.

Ham. 'Tis e'en ſo; the hand of little employment hath the daintier ſenſe.

(28) *In Youth, when I did love*, &c.] The three *Stanza*'s, ſung here by the *Grave-digger*, are extracted, with a ſlight Variation, from a little Poem, called, *The Aged Lover renounceth Love:* written by *Henry Howard* Earl of *Surrey*, who flouriſhed in the Reign of *King Henry* VIII. and who was beheaded in 1547, on a ſtrained Accuſation of Treaſon.

Clown

Clown ſings.

But age, with his ſtealing ſteps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch:
And hath ſhipped me into the land,
As if I had never been ſuch.

Ham. That ſkull had a tongue in it, and could ſing once; how the knave jowles it to the ground, as if it were *Cain*'s jaw bone, that did the firſt murder! this might be the pate of a politician, which this aſs o'er-offices; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could ſay, "good-morrow, ſweet Lord; how doſt thou, good Lord?" this might be my Lord ſuch-a-one, that prais'd my Lord ſuch-a-one's horſe, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Why, e'en ſo: and now my lady *Worm*'s chapleſs, and knockt about the mazzard with a ſexton's ſpade. Here's a fine revolution, if we had the trick to ſee't. Did theſe bones coſt no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ake to think on't.

Clown ſings.

A pick-axe and a ſpade, a ſpade,
For,—and a ſhrouding ſheet!
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For ſuch a gueſt is meet.

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the ſcull of a lawyer? where be his quiddits now? his quillets? his caſes? his tenures, and his tricks? why does he ſuffer this rude knave now to knock him about the ſconce with a dirty ſhovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? hum! this fellow might be in's time a great *buyer of land*, with his ſtatutes, his recognizances, his fine

fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchaſes, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? the very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and muſt the inheritor himſelf have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of ſheep-ſkins.

Hor. Ay, my Lord, and of calve-ſkins too.

Ham. They are ſheep and calves that ſeek out aſſurance in that. I will ſpeak to this fellow: Whoſe Grave's this, Sirrah?

Clown. Mine, Sir———

O, a pit of clay for to be made
For ſuch a Gueſt is meet.

Ham. I think, it be thine, indeed, for thou lieſt in't.

Clown. You lye out on't, Sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doſt lye in't, to be in't, and ſay, 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou ly'ſt.

Clown. 'Tis a quick lie, Sir, 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man doſt thou dig it for?

Clown. For no man, Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clown. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clown. One that was a woman, Sir; but, reſt her ſoul, ſhe's dead.

Ham. How abſolute the knave is? we muſt ſpeak by the card or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, *Horatio*, theſe three years I have taken note of it, the *age is grown ſo* picked, that the toe of the peaſant comes *ſo near the heel* of our courtier, he galls his kibe. How *long haſt thou* been a grave-maker?

Clown

Clown. Of all the days i'th' year, I came that day that our laſt King *Hamlet* o'ercame *Fortinbras.*

Ham. How long is that ſince?

Clown. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was born, he that was mad, and ſent into *England.*

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he ſent into *England?*

Clown. Why, becauſe he was mad; he ſhall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why.

Clown. 'Twill not be ſeen in him; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clown. Very ſtrangely, they ſay.

Ham. How ſtrangely?

Clown. 'Faith, e'en with loſing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clown. Why, here, in *Denmark.* I have been ſexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th' earth ere he rot?

Clown. I'faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky coarſes now-a-days, that will ſcarce hold the laying in) he will laſt you ſome eight year, or nine year; a tanner will laſt you nine years.

Ham. Why he, more than another?

Clown. Why, Sir, his hide is ſo tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while. And your water is a ſore decayer of your whoreſon dead body. Here's a ſcull now has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clown. A whoreſon mad fellow's it was; whoſe do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clown. A peſtilence on him for a mad rogue! He pour'd a flaggon of Rheniſh on my head once. This ſame ſcull, Sir, was *Yorick*'s ſcull, the King's jeſter.

Ham. This?

Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor *Yorick*! I knew him, *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite jeſt; of moſt excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thouſand times: and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe lips, that I have kiſs'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your ſongs? your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet the table in a roar? not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour ſhe muſt come; make her laugh at that—Pr'ythee, *Horatio*, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my Lord?

Ham. Doſt thou think, *Alexander* look'd o' this faſhion i'th' earth?

Hor. E'en ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo, puh? [*Smelling to the Scull.*

Hor. E'en ſo, my Lord.

Ham. To what baſe uſes we may return, *Horatio!* why may not imagination trace the noble duſt of *Alexander*, 'till he find it ſtopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to conſider too curiouſly, to conſider ſo.

Ham. No, 'faith, not a jot: but to follow him thither with modeſty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus: *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to duſt; the duſt is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not ſtop a beer-barrel?

Imperial *Cæſar*, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might ſtop a hole to keep the wind away:
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall, t'expel the winter's flaw!
But ſoft! but ſoft, a-while—here comes the King.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, *and a coffin, with Lords, and Prieſts, attendant.*

The Queen, the Courtiers. What is that they follow,
And with ſuch maimed rites? this doth betoken,
The coarſe, they follow, did with deſperate hand
Foredo its own life; 'twas of ſome eſtate.

Couch

Couch we awhile, and mark.
Laer. What ceremony elſe?
Ham. That is *Laertes*, a moſt noble youth: mark—
Laer. What ceremony elſe?
Prieſt. Her obſequies have been ſo far enlarg'd
As we have warranty; her death was doubtful;
And but that great Command o'er-ſways the order,
She ſhould in ground unſanctified have lodg'd
'Till the laſt Trump. For charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, ſhould be thrown on her;
Yet here ſhe is allow'd her virgin rites,
Her maiden-ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.
Laer. Muſt no more be done?
Prieſt. No more be done!
We ſhould profane the ſervice of the dead,
To ſing a *Requiem*, and ſuch reſt to her
As to peace-parted ſouls.
Laer. Lay her i'th' earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted fleſh
May violets ſpring! I tell thee, churliſh prieſt,
A miniſtring angel ſhall my ſiſter be,
When thou lieſt howling.
Ham. What, the fair *Ophelia!*
Queen. Sweets to the ſweet, farewel!
I hop'd, thou ſhouldſt have been my *Hamlet*'s wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, ſweet maid,
And not have ſtrew'd thy grave.
Laer. O treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that curſed head,
Whoſe wicked deed thy moſt ingenious ſenſe
Depriv'd thee of! Hold off the earth awhile,
'Till I have caught her once more in my arms;
[Laertes *leaps into the Grave.*
Now pile your duſt upon the quick and dead,
'Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
T' o'er-top old *Pelion*, or the ſkyiſh head
Of blue *Olympus*.
Ham. [*diſcovering himſelf.*] What is he, whoſe griefs
Bear ſuch an emphaſis? whoſe phraſe of ſorrow
Conjure

Conjures the wandring ſtars, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
[Hamlet *leaps into the Grave.*
Hamlet the *Dane.*
Laer. The devil take thy ſoul! [*Grappling with him.*
Ham. Thou pray'ſt not well.
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat———
For though I am not ſplenetive and raſh;
Yet have I in me ſomething dangerous,
Which let thy wiſdom fear. Hold off thy hand.
King. Pluck them aſunder ———
Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet ———
Hor. Good my Lord, be quiet.
[*The attendants part them.*
Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.
Queen. Oh my ſon! what theme?
Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*; forty thouſand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my ſum. What wilt thou do for her?
King. O, he is mad, *Laertes.*
Queen. For love of God, forbear him.
Ham. Come, ſhew me what thou'lt do.
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't faſt? woo't tear thyſelf?
Woo't drink up Eiſel, eat a crocodile? (29)
I'll

(29) *Woo't drink up* Eſil, *eat a Crocodile?*] This Word has thro' all the Editions been diſtinguiſhed by *Italick* Characters, as if it were the proper Name of ſome River: and ſo, I dare ſay, all the Editors have from time to time underſtood it to be. But then this muſt be ſome River in *Denmark*; and there is none there ſo called; nor is there any near it in Name, that I know of, but *Yſſel*, from which the Province of *Overyſſel* derives its Title in the *German Flanders.* Beſides, *Hamlet* is not propoſing any Impoſſibilities to *Laertes*, as the drinking up a River would be: but he rather ſeems to mean, Wilt thou reſolve to do things the moſt ſhocking and diſtaſteful to human Nature? and, behold, I am as reſolute. I am perſuaded, the Poet wrote;

Wilt drink up Eiſel, *eat a* Crocodile?

i. e. Wilt thou ſwallow down large Draughts of Vinegar? The Propoſition,

I'll do't.——Do'ſt thou come hither but to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her; and ſo will I;
And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, 'till our ground,
Singeing his pate againſt the burning zone,
Make *Oſſa* like a wart! nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madneſs;
And thus a while the fit will work on him:
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are diſclos'd,
His ſilence will ſit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, Sir——
What is the reaſon that you uſe me thus?
I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter——
Let *Hercules* himſelf do what he may,
The cat will mew, the dog will have his day. [*Exit.*

King. I pray you, good *Horatio*, wait upon him,
[*Exit* Hor.
Strengthen your patience in our laſt night's ſpeech.
[*To* Laertes.
We'll put the matter to the preſent puſh.
Good *Gertrude*, ſet ſome watch over your ſon:
This grave ſhall have a living monument.
An hour of quiet ſhortly ſhall we ſee;
'Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

Propoſition, indeed, is not very grand; but the doing it might be as diſtaſteful and unſavoury, as eating the Fleſh of a *Crocodile*. And now there is neither an Impoſſibility, nor an *Anticlimax*: and the Lowneſs of the Idea is in ſome meaſure remov'd by the uncommon Term.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a* HALL, *in the Palace.*

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio.

Ham. SO much for this, now ſhall you ſee the other.
You do remember all the circumſtance?
Hor. Remember it, my Lord?
Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me ſleep; methought, I lay
Worſe than the mutines in the bilboes; Raſhneſs
(And prais'd be raſhneſs for it) lets us know,
Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerves us well,
When our deep plots do fail; and that ſhould teach us,
There's a Divinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
Hor. That is moſt certain,
Ham. Up from my cabin,
My ſea-gown ſcarft about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them; had my deſire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again; making ſo bold
(My fears forgetting manners) to unſeal
Their grand commiſſion, where I found, *Horatio*,
A royal knavery; an exact command,
Larded with many ſeveral ſorts of reaſons,
Importing *Denmark*'s health, and *England*'s too,
(With, ho! ſuch buggs and goblins in my life;)
That on the ſupervize, no leiſure bated,
No, not to ſtay the grinding of the ax,
My head ſhould be ſtruck off.
Hor. Is't poſſible?
Ham. Here's the commiſſion, read it at more leiſure;
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?
Hor. I beſeech you.
Ham. Being thus benetted round with villainy,
(Ere I could make a prologue, to my Bane (30)

They

(30) *Being thus benetted round with villains,*
E'er I could make a Prologue to my Brains,
They had begun the Play. I ſate me down, &c.]

They had begun the Play:) I ſate me down,
Devis'd a new commiſſion, wrote it fair:
(I once did hold it, as our Statiſts do,
A baſeneſs to write fair; and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, Sir, now
It did me yeoman's ſervice;) wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my Lord.

Ham. An earneſt conjuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithful tributary,
As love between them, like the palm, might flouriſh,
As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland wear, (31)
And ſtand a Commere 'tween their amities;

This Paſſage is certainly corrupt both in the Text and Pointing. *Making a Prologue to his Brains* is ſuch a Phraſe as SHAKESPEARE would never have us'd, to mean, *ere I could form my Thoughts in making a Prologue.* I communicated my Doubts to my two ingenious Friends Mr. *Warburton* and Mr. *Biſhop*, and by their Aſſiſtance, I hope, I have reform'd the whole to the Author's Intention. The Senſe is, plainly, this "Being thus in their Snares, ere I could "make a *Prologue* (take the leaſt previous Step) to ward off Danger, "they had begun the *Play* (put their Schemes in Action) which "was to terminate in my Deſtruction."

(31) *As Peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten Garland wear,*
And ſtand a Comma *'tween their Amities,* &c.]

Peace is finely and properly perſonaliz'd here, as the Goddeſs of good League and Friendſhip: but what Ideas can we form of her ſtanding as a *Comma*, or Stop, betwixt their Amities? I am ſure, ſhe ſtands rather like a *Cypher*, in this Reading. I have no Doubt, but the Poet wrote;

And ſtand a Commere *'tween their Amities*;

i. e. a Guarantee, a Common Mother. Nothing can be more *pictureſque* than this Image of *Peace*'s ſtanding dreſt in her wheaten Garland between the two Princes, and extending a Hand to each. In this Equipage and Office we frequently ſee her on *Roman* Coins: particularly, on two exhibited by Baron *Spanheim*; one of *Auguſtus*, and the other of *Veſpaſian*. The Poets likewiſe imagine to us *Peace* holding an Ear of Corn, as an Emblem of Plenty. *Tibull.* lib. I. Eleg. x.

At nobis, Pax alma, veni, ſpicamque; teneto.

Mr. Warburton.

And many ſuch like *As's* of great charge;
That on the view and knowing theſe contents,
Without debatement further, more or leſs,
He ſhould the bearers put to ſudden death.
Not ſhriving-time allow'd.
Hor. How was this ſeal'd?
Ham. Why, ev'n in that was heaven ordinant;
I had my father's Signet in my purſe,
Which was the model of that *Daniſh* ſeal:
I folded the Writ up in form of th' other,
Subſcrib'd it, gave th' impreſſion, plac'd it ſafely,
The changeling never known; now, the next day
Was our ſea-fight, and what to this was ſequent
Thou know'ſt already.
Hor. So, *Guildenſtern* and *Roſincrantz* go to't.
Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment.——
They are not near my conſcience; their defeat
Doth by their own inſinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when the baſer nature comes
Between the paſs, and fell incenſed points,
Of mighty oppoſites.
Hor. Why, what a King is this!
Ham. Does it not, think'ſt thou, ſtand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my mother,
Popt in between th' election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with ſuch cozenage; is't not perfect conſcience,
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?
Hor. It muſt be ſhortly known to him from *England*,
What is the iſſue of the buſineſs there.
Ham. It will be ſhort.
The *Interim*'s mine; and a man's life's no more
Than to ſay, one.
But I am very ſorry, good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot myſelf;
For by the image of my cauſe I ſee

The

he portraiture of his; I'll court his favour; ut, ſure, the bravery of his grief did put me ito a tow'ring paſſion.

Hor. Peace, who comes here?

Enter Oſrick.

Oſr. Your Lordſhip is right welcome back to *Denmark*.

Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir. Doſt know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good Lord.

Ham. Thy ſtate is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice know him: he hath much land, and fertile; let a aſt be Lord of beaſts, and his crib ſhall ſtand at the ing's meſſe; 'tis a chough; but, as I ſay, ſpacious in e poſſeſſion of dirt.

Oſr. Sweet Lord, if your Lordſhip were at leiſure, I ould impart a thing to you from his Majeſty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of ſpirit: ur bonnet to his right uſe, —— 'tis for the head.

Oſr. I thank your Lordſhip, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is rtherly.

Oſr. It is indifferent cold, my Lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very ſultry, and hot my complexion.

Oſr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very ſultry, as vere, I cannot tell how:—My Lord, his Majeſty bid ſignify to you, that he has laid a great wager on ur head: Sir, this is the matter ——

Ham. I beſeech you, remember ——

Oſr. Nay, in good faith, for mine eaſe, in good faith: Sir, here is newly come to Court, *Laertes*; (32) believe

(32) *Sir, here is newly come to Court,* Laertes.] I have reſtor'd e ſeveral ſpeeches from the elder *Quarto*'s, which were omitted the *Folio* Editions, and which Mr. *Pope* has likewiſe thought fit ſink upon us. They appear to me very well worthy not to be , as they throughly ſhew the Foppery and Affectation of Oſ-, and the Humour and Addreſs of *Hamlet* in accoſting the other nce in his own Vein and Style.

me, an abſolute Gentleman, full of moſt excellent Differences, of very ſoft ſociety, and great ſhew: indeed, to ſpeak feelingly of him, he is the card or kalendar of gentry; for you ſhall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would ſee.

Ham. Sir, his definement ſuffers no perdition in you, tho' I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetick of memory; and yet but raw neither in reſpect of his quick ſail: But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a ſoul of great article; and his infuſion of ſuch dearth and rareneſs, as, to make true diction of him, his ſemblable is his mirrour; and, who elſe would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Oſr. Your Lordſhip ſpeaks moſt infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, Sir? —— Why do we wrap the Gentleman in our more rawer breath?

[*To* Horatio.

Oſr. Sir,——

Hor. Is't not poſſible to underſtand in another tongue? you will do't, Sir, rarely.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Oſr. Of *Laertes?*

Hor. His purſe is empty already: all's golden words are ſpent.

Ham. Of him, Sir.

Oſr. I know, you are not ignorant, ——

Ham. I would, you did, Sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.—Well, Sir.

Oſr. You are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confeſs that, leſt I ſhould compare with him in excellence: but to know a man well, were to know himſelf.

Oſr. I mean, Sir, for his weapon: but in the Imputation laid on him by them in his meed, he's unfellow'd.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Oſr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Oſr

Oſr. The King, Sir, has wag'd with him ſix *Barbary* horſes, againſt the which he has impon'd, as I take it, ſix *French* rapiers and poniards, with their aſſigns, as girdle, hangers, and ſo: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very reſponſive to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew, you muſt be edified by the Margent, ere you had done. [*Aſide.*

Oſr. The carriages, Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our ſides; I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on; ſix *Barbary* horſes againſt ſix *French* ſwords, their aſſigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the *French* bett againſt the *Daniſh*; why is this impon'd, as you call it?

Oſr. The King, Sir, hath laid, that in a Dozen Paſſes between you and him, he ſhall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate trial, if your Lordſhip would vouchſafe the anſwer.

Ham. How if I anſwer, no?

Oſr. I mean, my Lord, the oppoſition of your perſon in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall; If it pleaſe his Majeſty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpoſe, I will win for him if I can: if not, I'll gain nothing but my ſhame, and the odd hits.

Oſr. Shall I deliver you ſo?

Ham. To this effect, Sir, after what flouriſh your nature will.

Oſr. I commend my duty to your Lordſhip [*Exit.*

Ham. Yours, yours; he does well to commend it himſelf, there are no tongues elſe for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the ſhell on his head.

Ham. He did ſo, Sir, with his dug before he ſuck'd it: thus has he (and many more of the ſame breed, that, I know, the droſſy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yeſty collection, which carries them through and through the moſt fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trials, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Majeſty commended him to you by young *Oſrick*, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall; he ſends to know if your pleaſure hold to play with *Laertes*; or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am conſtant to my purpoſes, they follow the King's pleaſure; if his fitneſs ſpeaks, mine is ready, now, or whenſoever, provided I be ſo able as now.

Lord. The King, and Queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queen deſires you to uſe ſome gentle entertainment to *Laertes*, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well inſtructs me. [*Exit Lord.*

Hor. You will loſe this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I do not think ſo; ſince he went into *France*, I have been in continual practice; I ſhall win at the odds. But thou wouldſt not think how ill all's here about my heart—but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, my good Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is ſuch a kind of gain-giving as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind diſlike any thing, obey it. I will foreſtal their repair hither, and ſay you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a ſpecial providence in the fall of a ſparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now: If it be not now, yet it will come; the readineſs is all. *Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?*

Enter

Enter King, Queen, Laertes *and Lords,* Oſrick, *with o Attendants with foils, and gantlets. A table, flaggons of wine on it.*

King. Come, *Hamlet,* come, and take this h from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon, Sir; I've done you wro
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.
This preſence knows, and you muſt needs have he
How I am puniſh'd with a ſore diſtraction.
What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madneſs:
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes?* never, *Hamlet.*
If *Hamlet* from himſelf be ta'en away,
And, when he's not himſelf, does wrong *Laertes,*
Then *Hamlet* does it not; *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it then? his madneſs. If't be ſo,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madneſs is poor *Hamlet*'s enemy.
Let my diſclaiming from a purpos'd evil,
Free me ſo far in in your moſt generous thoughts,
That I have ſhot mine arrow o'er the houſe,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am ſatisfied in nature,
Whoſe motive, in this caſe, ſhould ſtir me moſt
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I ſtand aloof, and will no reconcilement;
'Till by ſome elder maſters of known honour
I have a voice, and preſident of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely,
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, *Laertes*; in mine ignorance
Your ſkill ſhall like a ſtar i'th' darkeſt night
Stick fiery off, indeed.

Laer. You mock me, Sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young *Oſrick*.
Hamlet, you know the wager.

Ham. Well, my Lord;
Your Grace hath laid the odds o'th' weaker ſide.

King. I do not fear it, I have ſeen you both:
But ſince he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me ſee another.

Ham. This likes me well; theſe foils have all a length.
[*Prepares to play.*

Oſr. Ay, my good Lord.

King. Set me the ſtoups of wine upon that table:
If *Hamlet* gives the firſt, or ſecond, hit,
Or quit in anſwer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The King ſhall drink to *Hamlet*'s better breath:
And in the cup an Union ſhall he throw, (33)

Richer

(33) *And in the Cup an* Onyx *ſhall he throw,*
Richer than that which four ſucceſſive Kings
In Denmark's *Crown have worn.*] This is a various Reading in ſeveral of the old Copies; but *Union*, ſeems to me to be the true Word, for ſeveral reaſons. The *Onyx* is a ſpecies of lucid Stone, of which the Ancients made both Columns and Pavements for Ornament, and in which they likewiſe cût *Seals*, &c. but, if I am not miſtaken, neither the *Onyx*, nor *Sardonyx*, are Jewels which ever found Place in an Imperial Crown. On the other Hand, an *Union* is the fineſt ſort of Pearl, and has its Place in all Crowns and Coronets. Beſides, let us conſider what the King ſays on *Hamlet*'s giving *Laertes* the firſt Hit.

Stay, give me Drink: Hamlet, *this* Pearl *is thine:*
Here's to thy Health.

Therefore, if an *Union* be a Pearl, and an Onyx a Gemm, or *Stone quite* differing in its Nature from Pearls; the King ſaying, that

Richer than that which four ſucceſſive Kings
In *Denmark*'s crown have worn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpets ſpeak,
The trumpets to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heav'ns, the heav'ns to earth:
Now the King drinks to *Hamlet*.—Come, begin,
And you the Judges bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, Sir.

Laer. Come, my Lord. [*They play.*

Ham. One.———

Laer. No.———

Ham. Judgment.

Oſr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well—again——

King. Stay, give me drink. *Hamlet*, this pearl is thine,
Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets ſound, Shot goes off.*

Ham. I'll play this bout firſt, ſet it by awhile.

[*They play.*

Come——another hit——what ſay you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confeſs.

King. Our ſon ſhall win.

Queen. He's fat, and ſcant of breath.
Here, *Hamlet*, take my napkin, rub thy brows;
The Queen carouſes to thy fortune, *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good Madam,——

King. *Gertrude*, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my Lord; I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poiſon'd cup, it is too late. [*Aſide.*

Ham. I dare not drink yet, Madam, by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almoſt againſt my conſcience.

[*Aſide.*

Ham. Come, for the third, *Laertes*, you but dally;

that *Hamlet* has earn'd the *Pearl*, I think, amounts to a Demonſtration *that it was an Union*-Pearl, which he meant to throw into *the Cup*.

I pray you, paſs with your beſt violence;
I am afraid, you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you ſo? come on. [*Play.*
Oſr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Have at you now.
[Laertes *wounds* Hamlet; *then, in ſcuffling, they change rapiers, and* Hamlet *wounds* Laertes.
King. Part them, they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay, come again——
Oſr. Look to the Queen there, ho!
Hor. They bleed on both ſides. How is't, my Lord?
Oſr. How is't, *Laertes?*
Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own ſpringe, *Oſrick*;
I'm juſtly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the Queen?
King. She ſwoons to ſee them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink—
Oh my dear *Hamlet*, the drink, the drink,——
I am poiſon'd—— [*Queen dies.*
Ham. Oh villainy! ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! ſeek it out——
Laer. It is here, *Hamlet*, thou art ſlain,
No med'cine in the world can do thee good.
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treach'rous inſtrument is in thy hand, (34)
Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itſelf on me. Lo, here I lie,

(34) *The treacherous Inſtrument is in thy hand,*
Unbated *and envenom'd;*] The King in the fourth *Act*, in the Scene betwixt him and *Laertes*, ſays;

——*So that with eaſe,*
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chuſe
A Sword unbaited, *and in a Paſs of Practice*
Requite him for your Father.

In which Paſſage the old *Folio*'s read,

A Sword unbaited——

which makes Nonſenſe of the Place, and deſtroys the Poet's Meaning. *Unbated* ſignifies, *unabated*, unblunted, not charged with a *Button* as *Foils* are.

Never

Never to riſe again; thy mother's poiſon'd;
I can no more——the King, the King's to blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too?
Then venom do thy work. [*Stabs the King.*
All. Treaſon, treaſon.
King. O yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Here, thou inceſtuous, murd'rous, damned *Dane*,
Drink off this potion: is the Union here?
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*
Laer. He is juſtly ſerved.
It is a poiſon temper'd by himſelf.
Exchange forgiveneſs with me, noble *Hamlet*;
Mine and my father's death come not on thee,
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*
Ham. Heav'n make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I'm dead, *Horatio*; wretched Queen, adieu!
You that look pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell ſerjeant death
Is ſtrict in his arreſt) oh, I could tell you——
But let it be——*Horatio*, I am dead;
Thou liv'ſt, report me and my cauſe aright
To the unſatisfied.
Hor. Never, believe it.
I'm more an antique *Roman* than a *Dane*;
Here's yet ſome liquor left.
Ham. As th' art a man,
Give me the cup; let go; by heav'n, I'll have't.
Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
Things ſtanding thus unknown, ſhall live behind me?
If thou didſt ever hold me in thy heart,
Abſent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harſh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my tale. [*March afar off, and ſhout within.*
What warlike noiſe is this?

Enter Oſrick.

Oſr. Young *Fortinbras*, with conqueſt come from *Polana*,
To the Ambaſſadors of *England* gives
This warlike volley.
Ham. O, I die, *Horatio*:
The potent poiſon quite o'er-grows my ſpirit;
I cannot live to hear the news from *England*.
But I do propheſy, th' election lights
On *Fortinbras*; he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with th' occurrents more or leſs,
Which have ſollicited.—The reſt is ſilence. [*Dies.*
Hor. Now cracks a noble heart; good-night, ſweet Prince;
And flights of angels ſing thee to thy reſt!
Why does the drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras, *and* Engliſh *Ambaſſadors, with drum, colours, and attendants.*

Fort. Where is this ſight?
Hor. What is it you would ſee?
If aught of woe or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch.
Fort. This quarry cries on havock. O proud death!
What feaſt is towr'd in thy infernal cell,
That thou ſo many Princes at a ſhot
So bloodily haſt ſtruck?
Amb. The ſight is diſmal,
And our affairs from *England* come too late:
The ears are ſenſeleſs, that ſhould give us hearing
To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,
That *Roſincrantz* and *Guildenſtern* are dead:
Where ſhould we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th' ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But ſince ſo jump upon this bloody queſtion,
You from the *Polack* wars, and you from Engl

Are here arriv'd; give order, that theſe bodies,
High on a ſtage be placed to the view,
And let me ſpeak to th' yet unknowing world,
How theſe things came about. So ſhall you hear
Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, caſual ſlaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cauſe;
And, in this upſhot, purpoſes miſtook,
Fall'n on th' inventors' heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haſte to hear it,
And call the Nobleſſe to the audience,
For me, with ſorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have ſome rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which, now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I ſhall have alſo cauſe to ſpeak,
And from his mouth whoſe voice will draw on more: (35)
But let this ſame be preſently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild, leſt more miſchance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear *Hamlet*, like a ſoldier, to the ſtage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd moſt royally. And for his paſſage,

(35) *And from his Mouth, whoſe Voice will draw* no *more.* [This is the Reading of the old *Quarto*'s, but certainly a miſtaken one. We ſay, *a Man will no more draw Breath*; but that a Man's *Voice will draw no more*, is, I believe, an Expreſſion without any Authority. I chuſe to eſpouſe the Reading of the Elder *Folio*.

And from his Mouth, whoſe Voice will draw on more.

And this is the Poet's Meaning. *Hamlet*, juſt before his Death, had ſaid;

But I do prophely, th' Election lights
On Fortinbras: *He has my dying* Voice;
So tell him, *&c.*

Accordingly, *Horatio* here delivers that Meſſage; and very juſtly infers, that *Hamlet*'s *Voice* will be ſeconded by others, and procure *them in Favour of Fortinbras*'s Succeſſion.

The

The ſoldier's muſick, and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him———
Take up the body: ſuch a fight as this
Becomes the field, but here ſhews much amiſs.
Go, bid the ſoldiers ſhoot.

[*Exeunt, marching: after which, a peal of Ordnance is ſhot off.*

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H. Gravelot in Vol: 8. P: 229.

G. Vander Gucht Sculp.

OTHELLO,

THE

Moor of VENICE.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE of Venice.

Brabantio, *a noble* Venetian.

Gratiano, *Brother to* Brabantio.

Lodovico, *Kinſman to* Brabantio *and* Gratiano.

Othello, *the Moor, General for the* Venetians *in* Cyprus.

Caſſio, *his Lieutenant-General.*

Iago, *Standard-bearer to* Othello.

Rodorigo, *a fooliſh Gentleman, in love with* Deſdemona.

Montano, *the Moor's Predeceſſor in the Government of* Cyprus.

Clowne, Servant to the Moor.

Herald.

Deſdemona, *Daughter to* Brabantio, *and Wife to* Othello.

Æmilia, *Wife to* Iago.

Bianca, *Courtezan, Miſtreſs to* Caſſio.

Officers, Gentlemen, Meſſengers, Muſicians, Sailors, and Attendants.

SCENE, *for the Firſt Act, in* Venice; *during the reſt of the Play, in* Cyprus.

OTHELLO,

The Moor of VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Street in VENICE.*

Enter Rodorigo *and* Iago.

RODORIGO.

NEVER tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, *Iago*, who haſt had my purſe,
As if the ſtrings were thine, ſhouldſt know of this.
Iago. But you'll not hear me.
If ever I did dream of ſuch a matter, abhor me.
Rod. Thou told'ſt me, thou didſt hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Deſpiſe me,
If I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In perſonal ſuit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him: and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I'm worth no worſe a place.
But he, as loving his own pride and purpoſe,

Evades

Evades them with a bombaſt circumſtance,
Horribly ſtuft with epithets of war,
And, in concluſion,
Non-ſuits my mediators. "Certes, ſays he,
"I have already choſe my Officer."
And what was he?
Forſooth, a great arithmetician,
One *Michael Caſſio*;—("the *Florentine*'s (1)
"A fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair wife;")—
That never ſet a ſquadron in the field,
Nor the diviſion of a battle knows
More than a ſpinſter; but the bookiſh theorick,

(1) *Forſooth, a great Arithmetician,*
One Michael Caſſio, *a* Florentine,
A Fellow, almoſt damn'd in a fair Wife.] Thus has this Paſſage ignorantly been corrupted, (as Mr. *Warburton* likewiſe ſaw with me;) by falſe Pointing, and an Inadvertence to Matter of Fact, through the whole Courſe of the Editions. By the Bye, this Play was not publiſhed even ſingly, that I can find, till ſix Years after the Author's Death: and by that Interval became more liable to Errors. I'll ſubjoin the Reaſons in proof of the Correction. The new Pointing ſets Circumſtances right, as I ſhall immediately explain; and it gives a Variety, in *Iago* reporting the Behaviour of *Othello*, to ſtart into theſe Breaks; now, to make *Othello* ſpeak; then, to interrupt what *Othello* ſays with his own private Reflexions; —— then, again, to proceed with *Othello*'s Speeches: —— For this not only marks the Inquietude of *Iago*'s Mind upon the Subject in hand; but likewiſe ſhews the Actor in the Variation of Tone and Geſture, whilſt he (in a breath, as it were) perſonates alternately *Othello* and himſelf. Beſides, to come to the Neceſſity of the Change made; *Iago*, not *Caſſio*, was the *Florentine*: *Iago*, not *Caſſio*, was the married Man; *Iago*'s Wife attends *Deſdemona* to *Cyprus*; *Caſſio* has a Miſtreſs there, a common Strumpet; and *Iago* tells him in the fourth Act,

She gives it out, that you ſhall marry her:

Which would be very abſurd, if *Caſſio* had been already married at *Venice*. Beſides, our Poet follows the Authority of his Novel in giving the villainous Enſign a fair Wife.

Wherein

Wherein the toged counſ'lors can propoſe (2)
As maſterly as he; mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his ſoldierſhip——he had th' election;
And I, of whom his eyes had ſeen the proof
At *Rhodes*, at *Cyprus*, and on other grounds
Chriſtian and heathen muſt be belee'd and calm'd
By *Debitor* and *Creditor*, this *Counter-Caſter*;
He, in good time, muſt his lieutenant be,
And I, (God bleſs the mark!) his moor-ſhip's ancient.

Rod. By Heav'n, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curſe of ſervice;
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each ſecond
Stood heir to th' firſt. Now, Sir, be judge yourſelf,
If I in any juſt term am aſſign'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O Sir, content you;
I follow him to ſerve my turn upon him.
We cannot all be maſters, nor all maſters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You ſhall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obſequious bondage,

(2) *Wherein the* tongued Conſuls.] So the generality of the Impreſſions read; but the oldeſt *Quarto* has it *toged*; (which gave the Hint for my Emendation;) the Senators, that aſſiſted the Duke in Council, in their proper *Gowns*.——But let me explain why I have ventured to ſubſtitute *Counſellors* in the Room of *Conſuls*; and then, I hope, the Alteration will not appear arbitrary. The *Venetian* Nobility, it is well known, conſtitute the great *Council* of the Senate, and are a Part of the Adminiſtration; and ſummoned to aſſiſt and counſel the *Doge*, who is Prince of the Senate; and, in that Regard, has only Precedency before the other Magiſtrates. So that, in this Reſpect, they may very properly be called *Counſellors*. Beſides, though the Government of *Venice* was Democratick at firſt, under *Conſuls* and *Tribunes*; that Form of Power has been totally abrogated, ſince *Doges* have been elected: And whatever *Conſuls* of other States may be reſident there, yet they have no more a Voice, or Place, in the publick *Councils*, or in what concerns Peace or War than foreign Ambaſſadors can have in our *Parliament*.

Wea

Wears out his time, much like his maſter's aſs,
For nought but provender; and when he's old, caſhier'd;
Whip me ſuch honeſt knaves——Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and viſages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themſelves;
And, throwing but ſhows of ſervice on their lords,
Well thrive by them; and when they've lin'd their coats,
Do themſelves homage. Theſe folks have ſome ſoul,
And ſuch a one do I profeſs myſelf.
It is as ſure as you are *Rodorigo*,
Were I the Moor, I would not be *Iago*:
In following him, I follow but myſelf,
Heav'n is my judge, not I, for love and duty:
But, ſeeming ſo, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonſtrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my ſleeve,
For daws to peck at; I'm not what I ſeem.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry her thus?

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouſe him, make after him, poiſon his delight;
Proclaim him in the ſtreets, incenſe her kinſmen;
And tho' he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies; tho' that his joy be joy,
Yet throw ſuch changes of vexation on't,
As it may loſe ſome colour.

Rod. Here is her father's houſe, I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do, with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is ſpied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho! *Brabantio!* Signior *Brabantio!* ho.

Iago. Awake! what, ho! *Brabantio!* ho! thieves! thieves!
Look to your houſe, your daughter, and your bags:
Thieves! thieves!

Brabantio *appears above, at a Window.*

Bra. What is the reaſon of this terrible ſummons?
What is the matter there?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within?
Iago. Are all doors lock'd?
Bra. Why? wherefore aſk you this?
Iago. Zounds! Sir, you're robb'd, for ſhame, put on your gown;
Your heart is burſt, you have loſt half your ſoul:
Ev'n now, ev'n very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Ariſe, ariſe,
Awake the ſnorting citizens with the bell,
Or elſe the Devil will make a grandfire of you.
Ariſe, I ſay.
Bra. What, have you loſt your wits?
Rod. Moſt reverend ſignior, do you know my voice?
Bra. Not I; what are you?
Rod. My name is *Roderigo*.
Bra. The worſe welcome;
I've charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honeſt plainneſs thou haſt heard me ſay,
My daughter's not for thee. And now in madneſs,
Being full of ſupper and diſtemp'ring draughts,
Upon malicious bravery doſt thou come
To ſtart my quiet.
Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir ——
Bra. But thou muſt needs be ſure,
My ſpirit and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience, good Sir.
Bra. What tell'ſt thou me of robbing? this is *Venice*:
My houſe is not a grange.
Rod. Moſt grave *Brabantio*,
In ſimple and pure ſoul, I come to you.
Iago. Zounds! Sir, you are one of thoſe that will not ſerve God, if the Devil bid you. Becauſe we come *to do you ſervice*, you think we are ruffians; you'll have *your daughter* cover'd with a *Barbary* horſe, you'll have you

your nephews neigh to you; you'll have courſers for couſins, and gennets for germanes.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beaſt with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are a ſenator.

Bra. This thou ſhalt anſwer. I know thee, *Rodorigo.*

Rod. Sir, I will anſwer any thing. But I beſeech you,
If't be your pleaſure and moſt wiſe conſent,
(As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter,
At this odd even and dull watch o'th' night
Tranſported with no worſe nor better guard,
But with a knave of hire, a *Gondelier*,
To the groſs claſps of a laſcivious Moor:
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and ſaucy wrongs.
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That from the ſenſe of all civility
I thus would play, and trifle with your reverence.
Your daughter, if you have not giv'n her leave,
I ſay again, hath made a groſs revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes
To an extravagant and wheeling ſtranger,
Of here and every where; ſtraight ſatisfy yourſelf.
If ſhe be in her chamber, or your houſe,
Let looſe on me the juſtice of the State
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper;——call up all my people;——
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppreſſes me already.
Light, I ſay, light!

Iago. Farewel; for I muſt leave you.
It ſeems not meet, nor wholſome to my place,
To be produc'd (as, if I ſtay, I ſhall)
Againſt the Moor. For I do know, the State,
However this may gall him with ſome check,

Cannot with ſafety caſt him. For he's embark'd
With ſuch loud reaſon to the *Cyprus'* wars,
Which ev'n now ſtand in act, that, for their ſouls,
Another of his fadom they have none,
To lead their buſineſs. In which regard,
Tho' I do hate him as I do hell's pains,
Yet, for neceſſity of preſent life,
I muſt ſhew out a flag and ſign of love:
(Which is, indeed, but ſign.) That you may ſurely find him,
Lead to the *Sagittary* the rais'd ſearch;
And there will I be with him. So, farewel. [*Exit.*

Enter Brabantio, *and ſervants with torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil. Gone ſhe is;
And what's to come of my deſpiſed time,
Is nought but bitterneſs. Now, *Rodorigo*,
Where didſt thou ſee her? oh unhappy girl!
With the Moor, ſaidſt thou? who would be a father?
How didſt thou know 'twas ſhe? oh, ſhe deceives me
Paſt thought—What ſaid ſhe to you? get more tapers—
Raiſe all my kindred—are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

Bra. Oh heaven! how gat ſhe out?
Oh treaſon of my blood!
Fathers, from hence truſt not your daughters' minds
By what you ſee them act. Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? have you not read, *Rodorigo*,
Of ſome ſuch thing?

Rod. Yes, Sir, I have, indeed.

Bru. Call up my brother: oh, 'would you had had her;
Some one way, ſome another——Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think, I can diſcover him, if you pleaſe
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every houſe I'll call,
I may command at moſt; get weapons, hoa!
And raiſe ſome ſpecial officers of might:
On, good *Rodorigo*, I'll deſerve your pains. [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE, *changes to another* STREET, *before the* Sagittary.

Enter Othello, Iago, *and Attendants with Torches.*

Iago. THO' in the trade of war I have ſlain men,
Yet do I hold it very ſtuff o'th' conſcience
To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me ſervice.——Nine or ten times
I thought to've jerk'd him here under the ribs.
Oth. It's better as it is.
Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And ſpoke ſuch ſcurvy and provoking terms
Againſt your honour;
That, with the little godlineſs I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray, Sir,
Are you faſt married? for, be ſure of this,
That the magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the Duke's: he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what reſtraint or grievance
The law (with all his might t'enforce it on)
Will give him capable.
Oth. Let him do his ſpight:
My ſervices, which I have done the ſignory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know
(Which, when I know that boaſting is an honour,
I ſhall promulgate) I fetch my life and being (3)

(3) ——*I fetch my Life and Being*
From Men of royal Siege; and my Demerits
May ſpeak unbonneted *to as proud a Fortune*
As this that I have reach'd.] Thus all the Copies read the Paſſage. But, to ſpeak *unbonnetted*, is to ſpeak *with the Cap* on; which is directly oppoſite to the Poet's Meaning. *Othello* means to ſay, that his Birth and Services, ſet him upon ſuch a Rank that he may ſpeak to a Senator of *Venice* with his Hat *on*; i. e. *without* ſhewing any marks of Deference, or Inequality. I, therefore, *am inclin'd* to think, *Shakeſpeare* wrote,
May ſpeak, and bonnetted, &c.

From men of royal ſiege; and my demerits
May ſpeak, and bonnetted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know, *Iago*,
But that I love the gentle *Deſdemona*,
I would not my unhouſed free condition
Put into circumſcription and confine,
For the ſea's worth. But look! what lights come yonder?

Enter Caſſio, *with torches.*

Iago. Thoſe are the raiſed father, and his friends:
You were beſt go in.

Oth. Not I: I muſt be found.
My parts, my title and my perfect ſoul
Shall manifeſt me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By *Janus*, I think, no.

Oth. The Servants of the Duke, and my lieutenant:
The goodneſs of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Caſ. The Duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haſte, poſt-haſte, appearance,
Ev'n on the inſtant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Caſ. Something from *Cyprus*, as I may divine;
It is a buſineſs of ſome heat. The Gallies
Have ſent a dozen ſequent meſſengers
This very night, at one another's heels:
And many of the couns'lors, rais'd and met, (4)
Are at the Duke's already. You have been hotly call'd for,
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The Senate ſent above three ſeveral queſts,
To ſearch you out.

Oth. Tis well I am found by you:
I will but ſpend a word here in the houſe,
And go with you. [*Exit* Othello.

(4) *And many of the* Conſuls *rais'd and met,*
Are at the Duke's already.] Thus all the Editions concur in reading; but there is no ſuch Character as a *Conſul* appears in any Part of the Play. I change it to, Counſellors; i. e. the Grandees *that conſtitute* the great *Council* at *Venice*. The Reaſon I have *already given*, above, in the Cloſe of the ſecond Note.

Caſ. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land-carrack;
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Caſ. I do not underſtand.

Iago. He's married.

Caſ. To whom?

Iago. Marry, to——Come, Captain, will you go?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Have with you.

Caſ. Here comes another troop to ſeek for you.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, *with Officers and torches.*

Iago. It is *Brabantio:* General, be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla! ſtand there.

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!

[*They draw on both ſides.*

Iago. You, *Rodorigo!* come, Sir, I am for you—

Oth. Keep up your bright ſwords, for the dew will ruſt 'em.
Good Signior, you ſhall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief! where haſt thou ſtow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou haſt enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of ſenſe,
If ſhe in chains of magick were not bound,
Whether a maid, ſo tender, fair, and happy,
So oppoſite to marriage, that ſhe ſhunn'd (5)

The

(5) ——— *that ſhe ſhunn'd*
The wealthy curled *Darlings of our Nation.*] I have adopted a very probable Conjecture, which Mr. *Warburton* propos'd to me.
The wealthy culled *Darlings of our Nation.*
i. e. pick'd, ſelect, choſen, from the common Suitors. For the *Epithet curled,* as he obſerves, was no Mark of Diſtinction or *Difference* between a *Venetian* and a Moor; which latter People are

e wealthy culled darlings of our nation,
ıuld ever have, t'incur a general mock,
n from her guardage to the ſooty boſom
ſuch a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight?
lge me the world, if 'tis not groſs in ſenſe, (6)
at thou haſt practis'd on her with foul charms,
us'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,
at weaken Notion.——I'll hav't diſputed on;
is probable, and palpable to thinking.
herefore apprehend and do attach thee
r an abuſer of the world, a practiſer
arts inhibited and out of warrant;
y hold upon him; if he do reſiſt,
bdue him at his peril.
Oth. Hold your hands,
th you of my inclining, and the reſt.
ere it my cue to fight, I ſhould have known it

remarkably *curl'd* by Nature. And tho' *culled* now, when our ate nicer than our Underſtandings, may not ſo frequently find a ce in the *Drama*; the ſame objection did not lie to the Sound of ı *Shakeſpear*'s Days, who chuſes to uſe it wherever he can.

6) *Judge me the World, if 'tis not groſs in Senſe,*
That thou haſt practis'd on her with foul Charms,
Abus'd her delicate Youth with Drugs, or Minerals,
That weaken Motion.] *Brabantio* is here accuſing *Othello* of ing us'd ſome foul Play, and intoxicated *Deſdemona* by Drugs and ions to win her over to his Love, But why, *Drugs* to weaken *ion?* How then could ſhe have run away with him voluntarily n her Father's Houſe? Had ſhe been averſe to chuſing *Othello*, he had given her Medicines that took away the Uſe of her ıbs, might ſhe not ſtill have retain'd her Senſes, and oppos'd the rriage? Her Father, 'tis evident, from ſeveral of his Speeches, oſitive that ſhe muſt have been *abuſed* in her *rational* Faculties, he could not have made ſo prepoſterous a Choice, as to wed with *loor*, a *Black*, and refuſe the fineſt young Gentlemen in *Venice* ıat then have we to do with her *Motion* being weaken'd? If I un- ſtand any thing of the Poet's Meaning here, I cannot but think, muſt have wrote;

Abus'd her delicate Youth with Drugs, or Minerals,
That weaken Notion.

. her *Apprehenſion*, right *Conception* and Idea of Things, Under- *ding*, *Judgment*, &c.

Without a prompter. Where will you I go
To anſwer this your charge?
Bra. To priſon, 'till fit time
Of law, and courſe of direct ſeſſion
Call thee to anſwer.
Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith ſatisfied,
Whoſe meſſengers are here about my ſide,
Upon ſome preſent buſineſs of the State,
To bring me to him?
Off. True, moſt worthy ſignior,
The Duke's in Council; and your noble ſelf,
I'm ſure, is ſent for.
Bra. How! the Duke in Council?
In this time of the night? bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cauſe. The Duke himſelf,
Or any of my brothers of the State,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own;
For if ſuch actions may have paſſage free, (7)
Bond-ſlaves, and Pageants, ſhall our Stateſmen be.
[*Exeunt.*

(7) *For if ſuch Actions may have Paſſage free,*
Bondſlaves and Pagans *ſhall our Stateſmen be.*] I have long had a Suſpicion of *Pagans* here. Would *Brabantio* infer, if his private Injury were not redreſs'd, the Senate ſhould no longer pretend to call themſelves *Chriſtians?* But *Pagans* are as ſtrict and moral, we find, all the World over, as the moſt regular *Chriſtians*, in the Preſervation of private Property. The Difference of *Faith* is not at all concerned, but mere human *Policy*, in aſcertaining the Right of *meum* and *tuum*. I have ventured to imagine, that our Author wrote,

Bondſlaves and Pageants *ſhall our Stateſmen be.*

i. e. if we'll let ſuch injurious Actions go unpuniſhed, our Stateſmen muſt be *Slaves*, *Cyphers* in *Office*, and have no Pow'r of redreſſing; be Things of mere Show, and gaudy Appearance only. Nor could *Pagans*, include any Reflexion on *Othello*, conſidering him as a *Moor:* for unleſs he had been turned Chriſtian, he never could have had any Commiſſion under the *Venetian* State.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Senate Houſe.*

Duke and Senators, ſet at a table with lights, and attendants.

e. THere is no compoſition in theſe news,
That gives them credit.
Sen. Indeed, they're diſproportion'd;
letters ſay, a hundred and ſeven gallies.
Duke. And mine a hundred and forty.
Sen. And mine, two hundred;
though they jump not on a juſt account,
in theſe caſes, where they aim reports,
s oft with diff'rence;) yet do they all confirm
Turkiſh Fleet, and bearing up to *Cyprus*.
Duke. Nay, it is poſſible enough to judgment;
o not ſo ſecure me in the error,
the main article I do approve
fearful ſenſe.
Sailors within.] What hoa! what hoa! what hoa!

Enter Sailors.

Off. A meſſenger from the gallies.
Duke. Now!—what's the buſineſs?
Sail. The *Turkiſh* preparation makes for *Rhodes*,
was I bid report here to the State.
Duke. How ſay you by this change?
1 *Sen.* This cannot be,
no aſſay of reaſon. 'Tis a pageant,
keep us in falſe gaze; when we conſider
th' importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turk*,
d let ourſelves again but underſtand,
at as it more concerns the *Turk* than *Rhodes*,
may he with more facile queſtion bear it;
r that it ſtands not in ſuch warlike brace,
t altogether lacks th' abilities
at *Rhodes* is dreſs'd in. If we make thought of this,
must not think the *Turk* is ſo unſkilful,

To leave that lateſt, which concerns him firſt;
Neglecting an attempt of eaſe and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitleſs.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for *Rhodes.*

Offi. Here is more news.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The *Ottomites*, (reverend and gracious,)
Steering with due courſe toward the Iſle of *Rhodes*,
Have there injoin'd them with an after-fleet—

1 *Sen.* Ay, ſo I thought; how many, as you gueſs?

Meſ. Of thirty ſail; and now they do re-ſtem
Their backward courſe, bearing with frank appearance
Their Purpoſes toward *Cyprus.* Signior *Montano*,
Your truſty and moſt valiant Servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for *Cyprus: Marcus Luccicos*,
Is he not here in town?

1 *Sen.* He's now in *Florence.*

Duke. Write from us, to him, poſt, poſt-haſte, diſpatch.

1 *Sen.* Here comes *Brabantio*, and the valiant *Moor.*

To them, enter Brabantio, Othello, Caſſio, Iago, Rodorigo, *and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we muſt ſtraight employ you,
Againſt the general enemy *Ottoman.*
I did not ſee you; welcome, gentle ſignior: [*To* Braban.
We lack'd your counſel, and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours; good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of buſineſs,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general
Take hold on me; For my particular grief
Is of ſo flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it ingluts and ſwallows other ſorrows,
And yet is ſtill itſelf.

Duke. Why? what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! oh, my daughter!——

Sen.

Dead?——
. To me;
abus'd, ſtoll'n from me, and corrupted
lls and medicines, bought of mountebanks;
ture ſo prepoſterouſly to err,
not deficient, blind, or lame of ſenſe;)
Vitchcraft could not———
r. Who-e'er he be, that in this foul proceeding
hus beguil'd your daughter of herſelf,
ou of her, the bloody book of law
all yourſelf read in the bitter letter,
your own ſenſe: yea, though our proper Son
in your action.
Humbly I thank your grace.
s the man, this Moor, whom now, it ſeems,
pecial mandate, for the State-affairs,
hither brought.
We're very ſorry for't.
. What in your own part can you ſay to this?
[*To* Othel.
Nothing, but this is ſo.
Moſt potent, grave, and reverend ſignſors,
ry noble and approv'd good maſters;
have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
oſt true; true, I have married her;
ry head and front of my offending
his extent; no more. Rude am I in my ſpeech,
tle bleſs'd with the ſoft phraſe of peace;
ce theſe arms of mine had ſeven years' pith,
ow, ſome nine moons waſted, they have us'd
leareſt action in the tented field;
tle of this great world can I ſpeak,
han pertains to feats of broils and battle;
erefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
king for myſelf. Yet, by your patience,
round unvarniſh'd tale deliver,
whole courſe of love; what drugs, what charms,
onjuration, and what mighty magick,
ch proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
is daughter with.

Bra. A maiden, never bold;
Of ſpirit ſo ſtill and quiet, that her motion
Bluſh'd at itſelf; and ſhe, in ſpight of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what ſhe fear'd to look on——
It is a judgment maim'd, and moſt imperfect, (8)
That will confeſs, affection ſo could err
Againſt all rules of nature; and muſt be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this ſhould be. I therefore vouch again,
That with ſome mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with ſome dram, conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more certain and more overt teſt,
Than theſe thin habits and poor likelyhoods
Of modern ſeeming do prefer againſt him.

1 *Sen.* But, *Othello*, ſpeak;
Did you by indirect and forced courſes
Subdue and poiſon this young maid's affections?
Or came it by requeſt, and ſuch fair queſtion
As ſoul to ſoul affordeth?

Oth. I beſeech you,
Send for the lady to the *Sagittary*,

(8) *It is a Judgment maim'd and moſt imperfect*
That will confeſs, Perfection *ſo could err*
Againſt all Rules of Nature.] *Perfection erring*, ſeems a Contradiction *in Terminis*, as the Schoolmen call it. Beſides, *Brabantio* does not blazon his Daughter out for a Thing of abſolute Perfection; he only ſays, ſhe was indued with ſuch an extreme innate Modeſty, that for her *to fall in Love* ſo prepoſterouſly, no ſound Judgment could allow, but it muſt be by magical Practice upon her. I have ventur'd to imagine that our Author wrote;

That will confeſs, Affection *ſo could err*, &c.

This is entirely conſonant to what *Brabantio* would ſay of her; and one of the Senators, immediately after, in his Examination of the *Moor*, thus addreſſes himſelf to him;

——*But*, Othello, ſpeak;
Did you by indirect and forced Courſes
Subdue and poiſon this young Maid's Affections, &c.

An

And let her ſpeak of me before her father;
If you do find me foul in her report,
The Truſt, the Office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your Sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch *Deſdemona* hither.

[*Exeunt two or three.*

Oth. Ancient, conduct them, you beſt know the place.

[*Exit* Iago.

And 'till ſhe come, as truly as to heav'n
I do confeſs the vices of my blood,
So juſtly to your grave ears I'll preſent
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And ſhe in mine.

Duke. Say it, *Othello.*

Oth. Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still queſtion'd me the ſtory of my life,
From year to year; the battles, ſieges, fortunes,
That I have paſt.
I ran it through, e'en from my boyiſh days,
To th' very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I ſpoke of moſt diſaſtrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'ſcapes in th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the inſolent foe,
And ſold to ſlavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's hiſtory:
Wherein of antres vaſt, and deſarts idle, (9)
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whoſe heads touch heav'n,

(9) *Wherein of Antres vaſt and Deſarts* idle, *&c.*] Thus it is in all the old Editions: But Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to change the Epithet. *Deſarts* idle; *in the former Editions*; (ſays he) *doubtleſs, a Corruption from* wilde ——But he muſt pardon me, If I do not concur in thinking this ſo *doubtleſs*. I don't know whether Mr. *Pope* has obſerv'd it, but I know that *Shakeſpeare*, eſpecially in Deſcriptions, is fond of uſing the more uncommon Word, in a poetick Latitude. And *idle*, in ſeveral other Paſſages, he employs in theſe *Acceptations*, *wild*, *uſeleſs*, uncultivated, &c.

It was my hint to ſpeak; ſuch was the proceſs;
And of the *Canibals* that each other eat,
The *Anthropophagi*; and men whoſe heads
Do grow beneath their ſhoulders. All theſe to hear
Would *Deſdemona* ſeriouſly incline;
But ſtill the houſe-affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as ſhe could with haſte diſpatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my Diſcourſe: which I obſerving,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a pray'r of earneſt heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate;
Whereof by parcels ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not diſtinctively: I did conſent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did ſpeak of ſome diſtreſsful ſtroke
That my youth ſuffer'd. My ſtory being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of ſighs:
She ſwore, "In faith, 'twas ſtrange, 'twas paſſing ſtrange,
"'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful"——
She wiſh'd ſhe had not heard it;——yet ſhe wiſh'd,
That heav'n had made her ſuch a man:——ſhe thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would woo her. On this hint I ſpake,
She lov'd me for the dangers I had paſt,
And I lov'd her, that ſhe did pity them:
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.
Here comes the lady, let her witneſs it.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, *and Attendants*.

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter too--
Good *Brabantio*,
Take up this mangled matter at the beſt.
Men do their broken weapons rather uſe,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her ſpeak;
If ſhe confeſs that ſhe was half the wooer,
Deſtruction on my head, if my bad blame

Lies

Light on the man! Come hither, gentle miſtreſs,
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where you moſt owe obedience?

Deſ. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty;
To you I'm bound for life and education:
My life and education both do learn me
How to reſpect you. You're the Lord of duty;
I'm hitherto your daughter. But here's my huſband;
And ſo much duty as my mother ſhew'd
To you, preferring you before her father;
So much I challenge, that I may profeſs
Due to the Moor, my Lord.

Bra. God be with you: I have done.
Pleaſe it your Grace, on to the State-affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou haſt already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. For your ſake, jewel,
I'm glad at ſoul I have no other child;
For thy eſcape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my Lord.

Duke. Let me ſpeak like yourſelf; and lay a ſentence,
Which, as a grice, or ſtep, may help theſe lovers
Into your favour———
When remedies are paſt, the griefs are ended
By ſeeing the worſt, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a miſchief that is paſt and gone,
Is the next way to draw new miſchief on.
What cannot be preſerv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd, that ſmiles, ſteals ſomething from the thief;
He robs himſelf, that ſpends a bootleſs grief.

Bra. So, let the *Turk* of *Cyprus* us beguile,
We loſe it not, ſo long as we can ſmile;
He bears the ſentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he bears both the ſentence, and the ſorrow,
That to pay griefs, muſt of poor patience borrow.

Theſe ſentences to ſugar, or to gall,
Being ſtrong on both ſides, are eqivocal.
But words are words; I never yet did hear, (10)
That the bruis'd heart was pieced through the ear.—
Beſeech you, now to the affairs o'th' ſtate.

Duke. The *Turk* with a moſt mighty preparation makes for *Cyprus: Othello*, the fortitude of the place is beſt known to you. And though we have there a ſubſtitute of moſt allowed ſufficiency; yet opinion, a ſovereign miſtreſs of effects, throws a more ſafe voice on you; you muſt therefore be content to ſlubber the gloſs of your new fortunes, with this more ſtubborn and boiſterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant cuſtom, moſt grave ſenators,
Hath made the flinty and ſteel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity

(10) *But Words are Words; I never yet did hear,*
That the bruis'd Heart was pierced *thro' the Ear.*] One ſuperfluous Letter has for theſe hundred Years quite ſubverted the Senſe of this Paſſage; and none of the Editors have ever attended to the Reaſoning of the Context, by which they might have diſcovered the Error. The Duke has by ſage Sentences been exhorting *Brabantio* to Patience, and to forget the Grief of his Daughter's ſtollen Marriage, to which *Brabantio* is made very pertinently to reply, to this effect: "My Lord, I apprehend very well the Wiſdom "of your Advice; but tho' you would *comfort* me, Words are "but Words; and the Heart, already *bruis'd*, was never *pierc'd*, "or *wounded*, thro' the Ear."—Well! If we want Arguments for a Senator, let him be educated at the Feet of our ſagacious Editors. It is obvious, I believe, to my better Readers, that the Text muſt be reſtored, as Mr. *Warburton* acutely obſerved to me.

That the bruis'd Heart was pieced *thro' the Ear.*

i. e. That the Wounds of Sorrow were ever cur'd, or a Man made *heart-whole* merely by Words of Conſolation. I ought to take notice, this very Emendation was likewiſe communicated to me by an *ingenious*, unknown, Correſpondent, who ſubſcribes himſelf only *L. H.*

And

I find in hardneſs; and do undertake
This preſent war againſt the *Ottomites*.
Moſt humbly therefore bending to your ſtate,
I crave fit diſpoſition for my wife,
Due reference of place and exhibition;
With ſuch accommodation and beſort
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Why, at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it ſo.

Oth. Nor I.

Def. Nor would I there reſide,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Moſt gracious Duke,
To my unfolding lend your gracious ear,
And let me find a charter in your voice
T' aſſiſt my ſimpleneſs.

Duke. What would you, *Deſdemona?*

Def. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My down-right violence and ſtorm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world. My heart's ſubdu'd
Ev'n to the very quality of my Lord;
I ſaw *Othello*'s viſage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my ſoul and fortunes conſecrate.
So that, dear Lords, if I be left behind
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me:
And I a heavy interim ſhall ſupport,
By his dear abſence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, Lords; 'beſeech you, let her will
Have a free way. I therefore beg it not, (11)

To

(11) ——*I therefore beg it not*
To pleaſe the Palate of my Appetite,
Nor to comply with Heat the young affects,
In my defunct *and proper Satisfaction;*
But to be free and bounteous to her Mind.] As this has been all along hitherto printed and ſtopped, it ſeems to me a Period of as ſtubborn Nonſenſe, as the Editors have obtruded upon poor Shakeſpeare throughout his whole Works. What a prepoſterous Creature is this *Othello* made, to fall in Love with, and marry, a fine young La

To pleaſe the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,
In my diſtinct and proper ſatisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.
And heav'n defend your good ſouls, that you think,
I will your ſerious and great buſineſs ſcant,
For ſhe is with me.——No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd *Cupid* foil with wanton dulneſs
My ſpeculative and offic'd inſtruments,
That my diſports corrupt and taint my buſineſs;
Let houſewives make a ſkillet of my helm,
And all indign and baſe adverſities
Make head againſt my eſtimation.

Duke. Be it as you ſhall privately determine,
Or for her ſtay or going; th' affair cries haſte;
And ſpeed muſt anſwer. You muſt hence to-night.

Deſ. To-night, my Lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'th' morning here we'll meet again.

Lady, when *Appetite* and *Heat*, and *proper Satisfaction* are *dead* and *defunct* in him! (For, *defunct* ſignifies nothing elſe, that I know of, either primitively or metaphorically:) But if we may take *Othello*'s own Word in the Affair, when he ſpeaks for himſelf, he was not reduced to this fatal, unperforming State.

——*or, for I am declin'd*
Into the Vale of Years; *yet* That's not much.

Again, Why ſhould our Poet ſay, (for ſo he ſays, as the Paſſage has been pointed;) that the young *affect* Heat? Youth, certainly, *has* it, and has no Occaſion or Pretence of *affecting* it, whatever ſuperannuated Lovers may have. And, again, after *defunct*, would he add ſo abſurd a collateral Epithet as *proper*? But, I think, I may venture to affirm, that *affects* was not deſigned here as a Verb, and that *defunct* was not deſigned here at all. I have, by a ſlight Change, reſcued the Poet's Text from Abſurdity; and this I take to be the Tenour of what he would ſay; "I do not beg her Company with "me, merely to pleaſe myſelf; nor to indulge the Heat and *Affects* "i. e. Affections of a new-married Man, in my own diſtinct and "*proper Satisfaction*; but to comply with her in her Requeſt, and "*Deſire of* accompanying me." *Affects*, for *Affections*, our Author in ſeveral other Paſſages uſes.

Othello

leave ſome officer behind,
: ſhall our commiſſion bring to you;
ch things elſe of quality and reſpect
h import you.
Pleaſe your Grace, my Ancient;
ı he is of honeſty and truſt,)
conveyance I aſſign my wife,
/hat elſe needful your good grace ſhall think
ſent after me.
. Let it be ſo;
ıight to every one. And, noble Signior,
ıe no delighted beauty lack,
ɔn-in-law is far more fair than black.
Adieu, brave Moor, uſe *Deſdemona* well.
Look to her, Moor, if thou haſt eyes to ſee,
s deceiv'd her father, and may thee.
[*Exit* Duke, *with Senators.*
My life upon her faith.——Honeſt *Iago*,
ſdemona muſt I leave to thee;
hee, let thy wife attend on her;
ing her after in the beſt advantage.
Deſdemona, I have but an hour
e, of worldly matter and direction
ak with thee. We muſt obey the time. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Rodorigo *and* Iago.

Iago———
. What ſayeſt thou, noble heart?
What will I do, thinkeſt thou?
. Why, go to bed, and ſleep.
I will incontinently drown myſelf.
. Well, if thou doſt, I ſhall never love thee after.
thou ſilly gentleman!
It is ſtillneſs to live, when to live is a torment;
en have we a preſcription to die, when death is
yſician.
. O villainous! I have look'd upon the world for
mes ſeven years, and ſince I could diſtinguiſh be-
ı *benefit and an injury*, I never found man that
ow to love himſelf. Ere I would ſay, I would
drown

drown myſelf for the love of a *Guinea*-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What ſhould I do? I confeſs, it is my ſhame to be ſo fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig: 'tis in ourſelves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardners. So that if we will plant nettles, or ſow lettice; ſet hyſſop, and weed up thyme; ſupply it with one gender of herbs, or diſtract it with many; either have it ſteril with idleneſs, or manured with induſtry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our will. (12) If the beam of our lives had not one ſcale of reaſon to poiſe another of ſenſuality, the blood and baſeneſs of our natures would conduct us to moſt prepoſterous concluſions. But we have reaſon, to cool our raging motions, our carnal ſtings, our unbitted luſts; whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a ſect, or ſyen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a luſt of the blood, and a permiſſion of the will. Come, be a man: drown thyſelf? drown cats and blind puppies. I have profeſt me thy friend, and I confeſs me knit to thy deſerving with cables of perdurable toughneſs. I could never better ſteed thee than now. Put money in thy purſe; follow thou theſe wars; defeat thy favour with an uſurped beard; I ſay,

(12) *If the* Balance *of our Lives had not one Scale of Reaſon to poiſe another of Senſuality.*] i. e. If the *Scale* of our Lives had not one *Scale*, &c. which muſt certainly be wrong. Some of the old *Quarto*'s have it thus, but the two elder *Folio*'s read,

If the Braine *of our Lives had not one Scale*, &c.

This is corrupt; and I make no doubt but *Shakeſpeare* wrote, as I have reformed the Text,

If the Beame *of our Lives*, &c.

And my Reaſon is this; that he generally diſtinguiſhes betwixt the *Beam* and *Balance*, uſing the latter to ſignify the Scales; and the former, the ſteel Bar to which they are hung, and which poiſe them.

put money in thy purſe. It cannot be, that *Deſdemona* ſhould long continue her love to the Moor—put money in thy purſe——nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement in her, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable ſequeſtration,——put but money in thy purſe.——Theſe Moors are changeable in their wills;——fill thy purſe with money. The food, that to him now is as luſcious as locuſts, ſhall ſhortly be as bitter as coloquintida. When ſhe is ſated with his body, ſhe will find the errors of her choice.——She muſt have change, ſhe muſt: therefore put money in thy purſe.——If thou wilt needs damn thyſelf, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canſt. If ſanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring *Barbarian* and a ſuper-ſubtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou ſhalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyſelf! it is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hang'd in compaſſing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes, if I depend on the iſſue?

Iago. Thou art ſure of me.——Go, make money.——I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My cauſe is hearted; thine hath no leſs reaſon. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge againſt him. If thou canſt cuckold him, thou doſt thyſelf a pleaſure, and me a ſport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverſe, go, provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where ſhall we meet i'th' morning?

Iago. At my lodgings.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to, farewel. Do you hear, *Rodorigo?*

Rod. What ſay you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am chang'd; I'll go ſell all my land. [Exit.

Manet

Manet Iago.

Iago. Go to, farewel, put money enough in your purſe—
Thus do I ever make my fool my purſe;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge ſhould prophane,
If I ſhould time expend with ſuch a ſnipe,
But for my ſport and profit. I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my ſheets
He has done my office. I know not, if't be true——
But I, for mere ſuſpicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for ſurety. He holds me well——
The better ſhall my purpoſe work on him;
Caſſio's a proper man: let me ſee now;——
To get his place, and to plume up my will,
A double knavery——How? how?—let's ſee——
After ſome time, t'abuſe *Othello*'s ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife——
He hath a perſon, and a ſmooth diſpoſe,
To be ſuſpected: fram'd to make women falſe.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honeſt that but ſeem to be ſo;
And will as tenderly be led by th' noſe,
As aſſes are:
I have't—it is ingender'd—Hell and night
Muſt bring this monſtrous birth to the world's light.
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *The capital City of* Cyprus.

Enter Montano *Governor of* Cyprus, *and Gentlemen.*

MONTANO.

WHAT from the cape can you diſcern at ſea?
1 *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main
Deſcry a ſail.
Mont. Methinks the wind hath ſpoke aloud at land;
A fuller blaſt ne'er ſhook our battlements;
If it hath ruffian'd ſo upon the ſea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them, (13)
Can hold the mortiſe? what ſhall we hear of this?
2 *Gent.* A ſegregation of the *Turkiſh* fleet;
For do but ſtand upon the foaming ſhore,
The chiding billows ſeem to pelt the clouds;
The wind-ſhak'd ſurge, with high and monſtrous main,
Seems to caſt water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of th' ever-fired pole;

(13) *What ribs of Oak, when* the huge *Mountains melt,*
Can hold the mortiſe?] This is an arbitrary Change of Mr. *Pope*'s without any Authority or Reaſon but the ſmoothing the Verſification. But, I am afraid, this great Critic was dreaming of *Mountains at Land*; and theſe, he thought, could not well melt on *Ribs of Oak* (i. e.) Ships *at Sea*. But our Poet happens to mean Waves as big as Mountains; and theſe are often known to melt on *Ships: nor is any* Metaphor more common in Poetry.

I never

I never did like moleſtation view
On the enchafed flood.
Mont. If that the *Turkiſh* fleet
Be not inſhelter'd and embay'd, they're drown'd;
It is impoſſible to bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* News, Lords, our wars are done:
The deſperate tempeſt hath ſo bang'd the *Turks*,
That their deſignment halts. A noble ſhip of *Venice* (14)
Hath ſeen a grievous wreck and ſufferance
On moſt part of the fleet.
Mont. How! is this true?
3 *Gent.* The ſhip is here put in,
A *Veroneſſa*; *Michael Caſſio*,
Lieutenant of the warlike Moor *Othello*,
Is come on ſhore; the Moor himſelf's at ſea,
And is in full commiſſion here for *Cyprus*.
Mont. I'm glad on't; 'tis a worthy Governor.
3 *Gent.* But this ſame *Caſſio*, though he ſpeak of comfort,
Touching the *Turkiſh* loſs, yet he looks ſadly,
And prays the Moor be ſafe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempeſt.
Mont. Pray heav'ns, he be:
For I have ſerv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full ſoldier. Let's to the ſea-ſide,
As well to ſee the veſſel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave *Othello*,

(14) —— Another *Ship of* Venice
Hath ſeen a grievous wreck, &c.] But no Ship, before this, has arrived, or brought any Account of the *Turkiſh* Fleet's Diſtreſs: How then can this be called *another* Ship? Oh, but the eldeſt *Quarto* has called it ſo; and, if there be a various Reading, Mr. *Pope* is pretty good at taking the wrong one. The two elder *Folio*'s and the *Quarto* in 1630 read, as I have reſtored to the Text;

—*A* noble *Ship of* Venice.

Ev'n till we make the main and th' aerial blue
An indiſtinct regard.
Gent. Come, let's do ſo;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter Caſſio.

Caſ. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike iſle,
That ſo approve the Moor: oh, let the heav'ns
Give him defence againſt the elements,
For I have loſt him on a dangerous ſea.
Mont. Is he well-ſhipp'd?
Caſ. His bark is ſtoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approved allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not ſurfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.
Within.] A ſail, a ſail, a ſail!
Caſ. What noiſe?
Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o'th' ſea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry, a ſail.
Caſ. My hopes do ſhape him for the Governor.
Gent. They do diſcharge their ſhot of courteſy:
Our friends, at leaſt.
Caſ. I pray you, Sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.
Gent. I ſhall. [*Exit.*
Mont. But, good lieutenant, is your General wiv'd?
Caſ. Moſt fortunately, he hath atchiev'd a maid
That paragons deſcription and wild fame:
One that excels the quirks of blaz'ning pens,
And in th' eſſential veſture of creation
Does bear all excellency——

Enter Gentleman.

How now? who has put in?
Gent. 'Tis one *Iago*, Ancient to the General.
Caſ. H'as had moſt favourable and happy ſpeed;
Tempeſts themſelves, high ſeas, and howling winds;
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated ſands.
(*Traitors enſteep'd* to clog the guiltleſs keel,)
As having ſenſe of beauty, do omit

Their mortal natures, letting ſafe go by
The divine *Deſdemona*.
Mont. What is ſhe?
Caſ. She that I ſpake of, our great Captain's Captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*;
Whoſe footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A ſe'nnight's ſpeed. Great *Jove*, *Othello* guard!
And ſwell his ſail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bleſs this bay with his tall ſhip,
Make love's quick pants in *Deſdemona*'s arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extinguiſh'd ſpirits,
And bring all *Cyprus* comfort———

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, *and* Æmilia.

O behold!
The riches of the ſhip is come on ſhore:
You men of *Cyprus*, let her have your knees.
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heav'n,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand
Enwheel thee round.
Deſ. I thank you, valiant *Caſſio*,
What tidings can you tell me of my Lord?
Caſ. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be ſhortly here.
Deſ. O, but I fear—how loſt you company?
Caſ. The great contention of the ſea and ſkies
Parted our fellowſhip. But, hark, a ſail!
Within.] A ſail, a ſail!
Gent. They give this greeting to the citadel:
This likewiſe is a friend.
Caſ. See for the news:
Good ancient, you are welcome. Welcome, miſtreſs.
[*To* Æmilia.
Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*,
That I extend my manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That gives me this bold ſhew of courteſy.
Iago. Sir, would ſhe give you ſo much of her lips,
As of her tongue ſhe oft beſtows on me,
You'd have enough.
Deſ. Alas! ſhe has no ſpeech.

Iag

Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it ſtill, when I have liſt to ſleep;
Marry, before your ladyſhip, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Æmil. You have little cauſe to ſay ſo.

Iago. Come on, come on; you're pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your houſewifery, and houſewives in your beds!

Deſ. O, fy upon thee, ſlanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or elſe I am a *Turk*;
You riſe to play, and go to bed to work.

Æmil. You ſhall not write my praiſe.

Iago. No, let me not.

Deſ. What wouldſt thou write of me, if thou ſhou'dſt praiſe me?

Iago. Oh gentle lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Deſ. Come, one aſſay. There's one gone to the harbour——

Iago. Ay, Madam.

Deſ. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by ſeeming otherwiſe;——
Come, how wouldſt thou praiſe me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze, it plucks out brains and all. But my muſe labours, and thus ſhe is delivered.

If ſhe be fair and wiſe, fairneſs and wit,
The one's for uſe, the other uſeth it.

Deſ. Well prais'd; how if ſhe be black and witty?

Iago. *If ſhe be black, and thereto have a wit,*
She'll find a white that ſhall her blackneſs fit.

Deſ. Worſe and worſe.

Æmil. How, if fair and fooliſh?

Iago

Iago. *She never yet was fooliſh, that was fair;*
For ev'n her folly help't her to an heir.

Def. Theſe are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i'th' alehouſe. What miſerable praiſe haſt thou for her that's foul and fooliſh?

Iago. *There's none ſo foul and fooliſh thereunto,*
But does foul pranks, which fair and wiſe ones do.

Def. Oh heavy ignorance! thou praiſeſt the worſt beſt. But what praiſe couldſt thou beſtow on a deſerving woman indeed? (14) one, that in the authority of her merit, did juſtly put down the vouch of very malice itſelf?

Iago. *She that was ever fair, and never proud,*
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lackt gold, and yet never went gay,
Fled from her wiſh, and yet ſaid, now I may;
She that when anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong ſtay, and her diſpleaſure fly;
She that in wiſdom never was ſo frail
To change the cod's head for the ſalmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er diſcloſe her mind,
See ſuitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight, (if ever ſuch wight were)—

Def. To do what?
Iago. *To ſuckle fools, and chronicle ſmall beer.*
Def. Oh moſt lame and impotent concluſion! do not

(14) *One, that in the Authority of her Merit, did juſtly put on the Vouch of very Malice itſelf.*] Though all the printed Copies agree in this Reading, I cannot help ſuſpecting it. If the Text ſhould be genuine, I confeſs, it is above my Underſtanding. In what Senſe can Merit be ſaid to put on the Vouch of Malice? I ſhould rather think, Merit was ſo ſafe in itſelf, as to repel and put off all-that Malice and Envy could advance and affirm to its Prejudice. I have ventured to reform the Text to this Conſtruction, by a very ſlight Change that makes it intelligible.

lear

learn of him, *Æmilia*, tho' he be thy husband. (15) How say you, *Cassio* is he not a most profane and liberal censurer?

Cas. He speaks home, Madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm; ay, well said——whisper.——With as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as *Cassio*. Ay, smile upon her, do ——I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true, 'tis so, indeed.—If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenancy, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the Sir in. Very good—well kiss'd, and excellent courtesy——'tis so, indeed——Yet again——your fingers to your lips? 'would, they were clister-pipes for your sake. [*Trumpet.*

The Moor,——I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello *and Attendants.*

Oth. Oh my fair warrier!

Des. My dear *Othello!*

Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after ev'ry tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow 'till they have waken'd death:
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heav'n! If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,

(15) *How say you,* Cassio? *Is he not a most profane and liberal* Counsellor?] But in what Respect was *Iago* a *Counsellor?* He caps Sentences, indeed; but they are not by way of *Advice*, but *Description:* what he says, is, Reflexions on Character and Conduct in Life. *For this Reason*, I am very apt to think, our Author wrote *Censurer.*

That

That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Def. The heav'ns forbid,
But that our loves and comforts ſhould encreaſe,
Ev'n as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, ſweet Powers!
I cannot ſpeak enough of this content,
It ſtops me here: it is too much of joy.
And this, and this, the greateſt diſcords be [*Kiſſing her.*
That e'er our hearts ſhall make!

Iago. Oh, you are well-tun'd now; but I'll let down the pegs that make this muſic, as honeſt as I am.
[*Aſide.*

Oth. Come, let's to the caſtle.
Now, friends, our wars are done; the *Turks* are drown'd.
How do our old acquaintance of this iſle?
Honey, you ſhall be well deſir'd in *Cyprus*,
I've found great love amongſt them. Oh my ſweet,
I prattle out of faſhion, and I dote
In mine own comfort. Pr'ythee, good *Iago*,
Go to the bay, and diſembark my coffers:
Bring thou the maſter to the citadel,
He is a good one, and his worthineſs
Does challenge much reſpect. Come, *Deſdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*.
[*Exeunt* Othello *and* Deſdemona.

Manent Iago *and* Rodorigo.

Iago. Do you meet me preſently at the harbour. Come thither, if thou be'ſt valiant; (as, they ſay, baſe men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures, more than is native to them)——liſt me; the lieutenant to-night watches on the Court of Guard. Firſt, I muſt tell thee, this *Deſdemona* is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not poſſible?

Iago. Lay thy fingers thus; and let thy ſoul be inſtructed. Mark me with what violence ſhe firſt lov'd the *Moor*, but for bragging, and telling her fantaſtical lies. And will ſhe love him ſtill for praiſing? let not thy

y diſcreet heart think it. Her eye muſt be fed. nd what delight ſhall ſhe have to look on the Devil? 6) when the blood is made dull with the act of ſport, ere ſhould be again to inflame it, and to give ſatiety freſh appetite, lovelineſs in favour, ſympathy in years, anners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defeve in. Now, for want of theſe requir'd conveniences, er delicate tenderneſs will find itſelf abus'd, begin to ave the gorge, diſreliſh and abhor the Moor; very ature will inſtruct her in it, and compel her to ſome cond choice. Now, Sir, this granted, (as it is a moſt regnant and unforc'd poſition) who ſtands ſo eminent i the degree of this fortune, as *Caſſio* does? a knave ery voluble; no further conſcionable, than in putting i the mere form of civil and humane ſeeming, for the etter compaſſing of his ſalt and moſt hidden looſe ffection; a ſlippery and ſubtile knave, a finder of ccaſions, that has an eye can ſtamp and counterfeit dvantages, tho' true advantage never preſent itſelf. deviliſh knave! beſides, the knave is handſom, young, nd hath all thoſe requiſites in him, that folly and reen minds look after. A peſtilent compleat knave! nd the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that of her, ſhe's full of moſt leſs'd condition.

Iago. Bleſs'd [illegible]gs' end! the wine ſhe drinks is made f grapes. If ſhe had been bleſs'd, ſhe would never have

(16) *When the Blood is made dull with the Act of Sport, there ould be* a Game *to inflame it, and to give Satiety a freſh Appetite; ovelineſs in Favour, Sympathy in Years, Manners and Beauties.*] his, 'tis true, is the Reading of the Generality of the Copies: it, methinks, 'tis a very peculiar Experiment, when the Blood id Spirits are dull'd and exhauſted with Sport, to raiſe and recruit iem by Sport: for *Sport* and *Game* are but two Words for the me thing. I have retriev'd the Pointing and Reading of the der *Quarto*, which certainly gives us the Poet's Senſe; that when ie Blood is dull'd with the Exerciſe of Pleaſure, there ſhould : proper Incentives on each ſide to raiſe it *again*, as the Charms Beauty, *Equality of* Years, and Agreement of Manners and *ſpoſition: which* are wanting in *Othello* to rekindle Deſdemona's *ſion.*

lov'd the Moor: Bleſs'd pudding! didſt thou not ſee her paddle with the palm of his hand? didſt not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courteſy.

Iago. Letchery, by this hand; an index, and obſcure prologue to the hiſtory of luſt, and foul thoughts. They met ſo near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villainous thoughts, *Rodorigo!* when theſe mutualities ſo marſhal the way, hard at hand comes the maſter and main exerciſe, the incorporate concluſion: piſh—But, Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from *Venice*. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you. *Caſſio* knows you not: I'll not be far from you. Do you find ſome occaſion to anger *Caſſio*, either by ſpeaking too loud, or tainting his diſcipline, or from what other courſe you pleaſe, which the time ſhall more favourably miniſter.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's raſh, and very ſudden in choler: and, haply, may ſtrike at you. Provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cauſe thoſe of *Cyprus* to mutiny: whoſe qualification ſhall come into no true taſte again, but by tranſplanting of *Caſſio*. So ſhall you have a ſhorter journey to your deſires, by the means I ſhall then have to prefer them: And the impediments moſt profitably removed, without which there was no expectation of our proſperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I muſt fetch his neceſſaries aſhore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Manet Iago.

Iago. That *Caſſio* loves her, I do well believe:
That ſhe loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit.
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a conſtant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to Deſdemona

A moſt dear huſband. Now I love her too,
Not out of abſolute luſt, (though, peradventure,
I ſtand accountant for as great a ſin;)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do ſuſpect, the luſty Moor
Hath leapt into my ſeat. The thought whereof
Doth, like a poiſonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can, or ſhall, content my ſoul,
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife.
Or failing ſo, yet that I put the Moor
At laſt into a jealouſy ſo ſtrong,
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do, (17)
If this poor brach of *Venice*, whom I trace
For his quick hunting, ſtand the putting on,
I'll have our *Michael Caſſio* on the hip,
Abuſe him to the Moor in the right garb;
(For I fear *Caſſio* with my night-cap too,)
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiouſly an aſs;
And practiſing upon his peace and quite,
Even to madneſs. 'Tis here—but yet confus'd;
Knavery's plain face is never ſeen, till us'd. [*Exit.*

(17) ——— *Which thing to do,*
If this poor Traſh *of* Venice, *whom I trace.*
For his quick hunting, ſtand the putting on.] A trifling, inſignificant Fellow may, in ſome Reſpects, very well be call'd *Traſh:* but what Conſonance of Metaphor is there betwixt *Traſh*, and *quick hunting*, and *ſtanding the putting on?* The Alluſion to the *Chaſe* SHAKESPEARE ſeems to be fond of applying to *Rodorigo*, who ſays of himſelf towards the Concluſion of this *Act*;

I follow her in the Chaſe, *not like a* Hound *that* hunts, *but one that fills up the* Cry.

I have a great Suſpicion, therefore, that the Poet wrote;

If this poor Brach *of* Venice,

which, we know, is a degenerate Species of *Hound*, and a Term generally us'd in Contempt: and this compleats and perfects the metaphorical Alluſion, and makes it much more Satirical.

Mr. *Warburton.*

SCENE, *the* STREET.

Enter Herald with a Proclamation.

Her. IT is *Othello*'s pleaſure, our noble and valiant General, that upon certain tidings now arriv'd importing the mere perdition of the *Turkiſh* fleet, every man put himſelf into triumph: ſome to dance, ſome to make bonfires, each man to what ſport and revels his mind leads him. For, beſides this beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials. So much was his pleaſure, ſhould be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feaſting, from this preſent hour of five, 'till the bell have told eleven. Bleſs the iſle of *Cyprus*, and our noble General *Othello!*

SCENE, *the* CASTLE.

Enter Othello, Deſdemona, Caſſio, *and Attendants.*

Oth. GOod *Michael*, look you to the guard to-night,
Let's teach ourſelves that honourable ſtop,
Not to out-ſport diſcretion.
Caſ. Iago hath direction what to do:
But, notwithſtanding, with my perſonal eye
Will I look to't.
Oth. Iago is moſt honeſt:
Michael, good-night. To-morrow, with your earlieſt,
Let me have ſpeech with you. Come, my dear love,
The purchaſe made, the fruits are to enſue;
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good-night. [*Exeunt* Othello *and* Deſdemona.

Enter Iago.

Caſ. Welcome, *Iago*; we muſt to the Watch.
Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten o'th' clock. Our General caſt us thus early for the love of his

his *Deſdemona*: whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and ſhe is ſport for *Jove*.

Caſ. She's a moſt exquiſite lady.

Iago. And I'll warrant her, full of game.

Caſ. Indeed, ſhe's a moſt freſh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye ſhe has? methinks, it ſounds a parley to provocation.

Caſ. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right modeſt.

Iago. And when ſhe ſpeaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Caſ. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happineſs to their ſheets: come, lieutenant, I have a ſtoop of wine, and here without are a brace of *Cyprus* gallants, that would fain have a meaſure to the health of the black *Othello*.

Caſ. Not to-night, good *Iago*; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wiſh, courteſy would invent ſome other cuſtom of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our friends: but one cup; I'll drink for you.

Caſ. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too: and, behold, what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taſk my weakneſs with any more.

Iago. What, man? 'tis a night of revels, the gallants deſire it.

Caſ. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Caſ. I'll do't, but it diſlikes me. [*Exit* Caſſio.

Iago. If I can faſten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence,
As my young miſtreſs' dog.——
Now, my ſick fool, *Rodorigo*,
Whom love hath turn'd almoſt the wrong ſide out,
To *Deſdemona* hath to-night carouz'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch.
Three lads of Cyprus, noble ſwelling ſpirits,
That hold their honours in a wary diſtance,

The very elements of this warlike iſle,)
Have I to-night fluſter'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongſt this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our *Caſſio* in ſome action
That may offend the iſle. But here they come.
If conſequence do but approve my Deem, (18)
My boat ſails freely, both with wind and ſtream.

Enter Caſſio, Montano, *and gentlemen.*

Caſ. 'Fore heav'n, they have given me a rouſe already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one: not paſt a pint, as I am a ſoldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho! [Iago *ſings.*

And let me the canakin clink, clink,
And let me the canakin clink.
A ſoldier's a man; oh, man's life's but a ſpan;
Why, then let a ſoldier drink.

Some wine, boys.

Caſ. 'Fore heav'n, an excellent ſong.

Iago. I learn'd it in *England:* where, indeed, they are moſt potent in potting. Your *Dane*, your *German*, and your ſwag-belly'd *Hollander*, — Drink, ho! — are nothing to your *Engliſh.*

Caſ. Is your *Engliſhman* ſo exquiſite in his drinking?

(18) *If Conſequence do but approve my* Dream,] All the printed Copies concur in this Reading, but, I think, it does not come up to the Poet's Intention; I rather imagine that he wrote,

If conſequence do but approve my Deem.

i. e. my Opinion, the Judgment I have form'd of what muſt happen. So, in *Troil.* and *Creſſida*;

Creſ. I true? how now? what wicked Deem is this?

Iago.

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your *Dane* dead drunk. He ſweats not to overthrow your *Almain.* He gives your *Hollander* a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Caſ. To the health of our General.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant, and I'll do you juſtice.

Iago. Oh ſweet *England.*

King Stephen *was an a worthy peer,*
His breeches coſt him but a crown;
He held them ſix pence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Caſ. Why, this is a more exquiſite ſong than the other.

Iago. Will you hear't again?

Caſ. No, for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does thoſe things. Well—Heaven's above all; and there be ſouls that muſt be ſaved, and there be ſouls muſt not be ſaved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Caſ. For mine own part, (no offence to the general, nor any man of quality;) I hope to be ſaved.

Iago. And ſo I do too, lieutenant.

Caſ. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me. The Lieutenant is to be ſaved before the Ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs. Forgive our ſins——gentlemen, let's look to our buſineſs. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my Ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now; I can ſtand well enough, and I ſpeak well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Caſ. Why, very well then: you muſt not think then *that I am drunk.* [Exit.

Manent Iago *and* Montano.

Mont. To the platform, maſters; come, let's ſet the Watch.

Iago. You ſee this fellow, that is gone before;
He is a ſoldier, fit to ſtand by *Cæſar*,
And give direction. And do but ſee his vice;
'Tis to his virtues a juſt equinox,
The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pity of him;
I fear, the truſt *Othello* puts him in,
On ſome odd time of his infirmity,
Will ſhake this iſland.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his ſleep.
He'll watch the horologue a double ſet,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mont. It were well,
The General were put in mind of it:
Perhaps, he ſees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in *Caſſio*,
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now, *Rodorigo!*
I pray you, after the lieutenant, go. [*Exit* Rod.

Mont. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard ſuch a Place as his own Second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity;
It were an honeſt action to ſay ſo
Unto the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair iſland;
I do love *Caſſio* well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. Hark, what noiſe?
[*Within*, help! help!

Re-enter Caſſio, *purſuing* Rodorigo.

Caſ. You rogue! you raſcal!

Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Caſ. A knave teach me my duty, I'll beat the knave *into a twiggen* bottle.

Rod.

Rod. Beat me———

Caſ. Doſt thou prate, rogue?

Mont. Nay, good lieutenant; [*Staying him.*
I pray you, Sir, hold your hand.

Caſ. Let me go, Sir, or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.

Caſ. Drunk?——— [*They fight.*

Iago. Away, I ſay, go out and cry a mutiny.
[*Exit* Rodorigo.
Nay, good lieutenant——Alas, gentlemen——
Help, ho!——Lieutenant——Sir——*Montano*——
Help, maſters! here's a goodly watch, indeed——
Who's that, who rings the bell——diablo, ho!
[*Bell rings.*
The town will riſe. Fy, fy, lieutenant! hold:
You will be ſham'd for ever.

Enter Othello, *and Attendants.*

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mont. I bleed ſtill, I am hurt, but not to th' death.

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, ho! lieutenant——Sir——*Montano*——
Gentlemen———
Have you forgot all place of ſenſe and duty?
The General ſpeaks to you—hold, hold, for ſhame—

Oth. Why, how now, ho? from whence ariſeth this?
Are we turn'd *Turks?* and to ourſelves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid the *Ottomites?*
For chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous brawl;
He, that ſtirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his ſoul light: he dies upon his motion.
Silence that dreadful bell; it frights the iſle
From her propriety. What is the matter?
Honeſt *Iago*, that looks dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know; friends all, but now, ev'n now
In quarter and in terms like bride and groom
Diveſting them for bed; and then, but now——
(*As if ſome planet had* unwitted men,)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breaſts,

In oppoſition bloody. I can't ſpeak
Any beginning to this peeviſh odds,
And, 'would, in action glorious I had loſt
Thoſe legs that brought me to a part of it!
Oth. How comes it, *Michael*, you are thus forgot?
Caſ. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot ſpeak.
Oth. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont be civil:
The gravity and ſtillneſs of your youth
The world hath noted; And your name is great
In mouths of wiſeſt cenſure. What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And ſpend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me anſwer to it.
Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger;
Your offier, *Iago*, can inform you,
While I ſpare ſpeech, which ſomething now offends me,
Of all that I do know; nor know I aught
By me that's ſaid or done amiſs this night,
Unleſs ſelf-charity be ſometimes a vice,
And to defend ourſelves it be a ſin,
When violence aſſails us.
Oth. Now, by heav'n,
My blood begins my ſafer guides to rule;
And paſſion, having my beſt judgment choler'd,
Aſſays to lead the way. If I once ſtir,
Or do but liſt this arm, the beſt of you
Shall ſink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began; who ſet it on;
And he, that is approv'd in this offence,
Tho' he had twinn'd with me both at a birth,
Shall loſe me.——What, in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private and domeſtic quarrel?
In night, and on the Court of Guard and Safety; (19)

(19) *In night, and on the Court* and *Guard of Safety?*] This is ſpoken by *Othello*; but *Guard* of *Safety*, though coupled with a Word of Synonymous Conſtruction, was never Soldier's Language. I have ventured to make the Conjunction, and Sign of the *Genitive Caſe* change Places: and ſo the Phraſe in Uſe is reſtored, though againſt the Authority of the printed Copies.

'Tis monſtrous. Say, *Iago*, who began't?

Mon. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou doſt deliver more or leſs than truth
Thou art no ſoldier.

Iago. Touch me not ſo near:
I'd rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it ſhould do offence to *Michael Caſſio:*
Yet I perſuade myſelf, to ſpeak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus 'tis, General;
Montano and myſelf being in ſpeech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And *Caſſio* following with determin'd ſword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to *Caſſio*, and intreats his pauſe;
Myſelf the crying fellow did purſue,
Leſt by his clamour (as it ſo fell out)
The town might fall in fright. He, ſwift of foot,
Out-ran my purpoſe: I return'd, the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of ſwords,
And *Caſſio* high in oath; which 'till to-night
I ne'er might ſay before. When I came back,
(For this was brief) I found them cloſe together
At blow and thruſt; even as again they were,
When you yourſelf did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report.
But men are men; the beſt ſometimes forget;
Tho' *Caſſio* did ſome little wrong to him,
As men in rage ſtrike thoſe that wiſh them beſt,
Yet, ſurely, *Caſſio*, I believe, receiv'd
From him, that fled, ſome ſtrange indignity,
Which patience could not paſs.

Oth. I know, *Iago*,
Thy honeſty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Caſſio*. *Caſſio*, I love thee,
But never more be officer of mine.———

Enter Deſdemona *attended.*

Look, *if my gentle* love be not rais'd up:
I'll make thee an example.

Deſ

Def. What's the matter?

Oth. All is well, Sweeting, come to-bed.
Sir, for your hurts, myſelf will be your ſurgeon.
Lead him off:
Iago, look with care about the town,
And ſilence thoſe whom this vile brawl diſtracted.
Come, *Deſdemona*, 'tis the ſoldier's life,
To have their balmy ſlumbers wak'd with ſtrife.

[*Exeunt.*

Manent Iago *and* Caſſio.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Caſ. Paſt all Surgery.

Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!

Caſ. Reputation, reputation, reputation! oh I have loſt my reputation! I have loſt the immortal part of myſelf, and what remains is beſtial. My reputation! *Iago*, my reputation——

Iago. As I am an honeſt man, I had thought, you had receiv'd ſome bodily wound; there is more ſenſe in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle, and moſt falſe impoſition; oft got without merit, and loſt without deſerving. You have loſt no reputation at all, unleſs you repute yourſelf ſuch a loſer. What, man,—there are ways to recover the General again. You are but now caſt in his mood, a puniſhment more in policy than in malice; even ſo as one would beat his offenceleſs dog, to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Caſ. I will rather ſue to be deſpis'd, than to deceive ſo good a commander, with ſo ſlight, ſo drunken, and ſo indiſcreet an officer. Drunk, and ſpeak? Parrot, and ſquabble? ſwagger? ſwear? and diſcourſe fuſtian with one's own ſhadow? oh thou invincible ſpirit of wine; if thou haſt no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your ſword? *what* had he done to you?

Caſ. I know not.

Iago.

Iago. Is't poſſible?

Caſ. I remember a maſs of things, but nothing diſtinctly: a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men ſhould put an enemy in their mouths, to ſteal away their brains! that we ſhould with joy, pleaſance, revel, and applauſe, transform ourſelves into beaſts.

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Caſ. It has pleas'd the devil, drunkenneſs, to give place to the devil, wrath; one unperfectneſs ſhews me another, to make me frankly deſpiſe myſelf.

Iago. Come, you are too ſevere a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country ſtands, I could heartily wiſh this had not befallen: but ſince it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Caſ. I will aſk him for my place again; he ſhall tell me, I am a drunkard!——had I as many mouths as *Hydra*, ſuch an anſwer would ſtop them all. To be now a ſenſible man, by and by a fool, and preſently a beaſt!——Every inordinate cup is unbleſs'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd: exclaim no more againſt it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think, I love you.

Caſ. I have well approv'd it, Sir. I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at ſome time, man. I tell you what you ſhall do: our General's wife is now the General. I may ſay ſo, in this reſpect, for that he hath devoted and giv'n up himſelf to the contemplation, mark and denotement of her parts and graces, (20). Confeſs yourſelf freely to her: importune her

(20) *For that he hath devoted, and given up himſelf to the Contemplation, Mark, and* Devotement *of her Parts and Graces.*] I remember, it is ſaid of *Antony*, in the Beginning of *his* Tragedy, that He, who uſed to fix his Eyes altogether on the dreadful Ranges of War,

——*now bends, now turns,*
The Office and Devotion *of their View*
Upon a Strumpet's Front.

This is finely expreſs'd; but I cannot perſuade myſelf that our Po-

her help, to put you in your place again. She is of ſo free, ſo kind, ſo apt, ſo bleſſed a diſpoſition, ſhe holds it a vice in her goodneſs not to do more than ſhe is requeſted. This broken joint, between you and her huſband, intreat her to ſplinter. And, my fortunes againſt any lay worth naming, this crack of your love ſhall grow ſtronger than it was before.

Caſ. You adviſe me well.

Iago. I proteſt in the ſincerity of love, and honeſt kindneſs.

Caſ. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beſeech the virtuous *Deſdemona* to undertake for me: I am deſperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right: good-night, lieutenant, I muſt to the watch.

Caſ. Good-night, honeſt *Iago.* [*Exit* Caſſio.

Manet Iago.

Iago. And what's he then, that ſays, I play the villain?
When this advice is free I give, and honeſt,
Likely to thinking, and, indeed, the courſe
To win the Moor again. For 'tis moſt eaſy
Th' inclining *Deſdemona* to ſubdue
In any honeſt ſuit; ſhe's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor, were't to renounce his baptiſm,
All ſeals and ſymbols of redeemed ſin,
His ſoul is ſo enfetter'd to her love
That ſhe may make, unmake, do what ſhe liſt,
Even as her appetite ſhall play the god
With his weak function. Am I then a villain,
To counſel *Caſſio* to this paralel courſe,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!

would ever have ſaid, any one-*devoted* himſelf to the *Devotement of any thing.* All the Copies agree; but the miſtake certainly aroſe from *a ſingle Letter* being turned upſide down at Preſs.

When

When Devils will their blackeſt ſins put on,
They do ſuggeſt at firſt with heav'nly ſhews,
As I do now.——For while this honeſt fool
Plies *Deſdemona* to repair his fortune,
And ſhe for him pleads ſtrongly to the Moor;
I'll pour this peſtilence into his ear,
That ſhe repeals him for her body's luſt:
And by how much ſhe ſtrives to do him good,
She ſhall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodneſs make the net,
That ſhall unmeſh them all. How now, *Rodorigo!*

Enter Rodorigo.

Rod. I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almoſt ſpent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgell'd; and I think, the iſſue will be, I ſhall have ſo much experience for my pains; and ſo with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to *Venice.*

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'ſt, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time:
Does't not go well? *Caſſio* hath beaten thee,
And thou by that ſmall hurt haſt caſhier'd *Caſſio.*
Tho' other things grow fair againſt the ſun,
Yet fruits that bloſſom firſt, will firſt be ripe:
Content thyſelf a while. In troth, 'tis morning:
Pleaſure and action make the hours ſeem ſhort.
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I ſay; thou ſhalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* Rodorigo.
Two things are to be done; (21)

My

(21) *Two things are to be done;*
My Wife muſt move for Caſſio *to her Miſtreſs,*
I'll ſet her on to draw the Moor apart.] Mr. Pope has falſified *the Text, becauſe it* wanted a little help: ſo that, in the firſt place, *we do not ſee what* were the two things to be done: and, then, it was

My wife muſt move for *Caſſio* to her miſtreſs:
I'll ſet her on:———
Myſelf, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump, when he may *Caſſio* find
Soliciting his Wife,——ay, that's the way:
Dull not, device, by coldneſs and delay. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *before* Othello's *Palace.*

Enter Caſſio, *with Muſicians.*

CASSIO.

MASTERS, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief; and bid, good-morrow, General.

[*Muſick plays*; *and enter* Clown *from the Houſe.*

Clown. Why, maſters, have your inſtruments been in *Naples*, that they ſpeak i'th' noſe thus?

Muſ. How, Sir, how?

Clown. Are theſe, I pray you, wind-inſtruments?

Muſ. Ay, marry are they, Sir.

Clown. Oh, thereby hangs a tail.

Muſ. Whereby hangs a tale, Sir?

was *Iago*, not his Wife, that was to draw the *Moor* apart. The old Books read;

———*Two things are to be done*;
My Wife muſt move for Caſſio *to her Miſtreſs*,
I'll ſet her on myſelf, a while, *to draw the Moor apart.*

This unreaſonable long *Alexandrine* was certainly a Blunder of the *Editors*: A ſlight tranſpoſition and Change will regulate it, as the *Poet* intended.

Clown

Clown. Marry, Sir, by many a wind-inſtrument that I know. But, Maſters, here's money for you: and the General ſo likes your muſick, that he deſires you for love's ſake to make no more noiſe with it.

Muſ. Well, Sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any muſick that may not be heard, to't again: But, as they ſay, to hear muſick, the General does not greatly care.

Muſ. We have none ſuch, Sir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away. Go, vaniſh into air, away. [*Exeunt* Muſ.

Caſ. Doſt thou hear, mine honeſt friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honeſt friend; I hear you.

Caſ. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets, there's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman, that attends the General's wife, be ſtirring, tell her, there's one *Caſſio* entreats of her a little favour of ſpeech. Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is ſtirring, Sir; if ſhe will ſtir hither, I ſhall ſeem to notify unto her. [*Exit* Clown.

Caſ. Do, my good friend.

To him, enter Iago.

In happy time, *Iago.*

Iago. You have not been a bed then?

Caſ. Why, no; the day had broke, before we parted. I have made bold to ſend in to your wife;
My ſuit is, that ſhe will to *Deſdemona*
Procure me ſome acceſs.

Iago. I'll ſend her preſently;
And I'll deviſe a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converſe and buſineſs
May be more free. [*Exit.*

Caſ. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A *Florentine* more kind and honeſt.

To him, enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Good-morrow, good lieutenant, I am ſorry
For your diſpleaſure; but all will, ſure, be well.

The

The General and his wife are talking of it:
And ſhe ſpeaks for you ſtoutly. The Moor replies,
That he, you hurt, is of great fame in *Cyprus*,
And great affinity; and that in wiſdom
He might not but refuſe you. But he proteſts, he loves you;
And needs no other ſuitor, but his likings,
To bring you in again.

Caſ. Yet I beſeech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of ſome brief diſcourſe
With *Deſdemona* alone.

Æmil. Pray you, come in;
I will beſtow you where you ſhall have time
To ſpeak your boſom freely.

Caſ. I'm much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Iago, *and Gentlemen.*

Oth. Theſe letters give, *Iago*, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the Senate;
That done, I will be walking on the works;
Repair there to me.

Iago. My good Lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, ſhall we ſee't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your Lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Deſdemona, Caſſio, *and* Æmilia.

Deſ. BE thou aſſur'd, good *Caſſio*, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Æmil. Good Madam, do: I know, it grieves my huſband
As if the cauſe were his.

Deſ. Oh, that's an honeſt fellow; doubt not, *Caſſio*,
But I will have my Lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Caſ. Moſt bounteous Madam,
Whatever ſhall become of Michael Caſſio,

He's

He's never any thing but your true ſervant.
Deſ. I know't, I thank you; you do love my Lord,
You've known him long; and, be you well aſſur'd,
He ſhall in ſtrangeneſs ſtand no farther off
Than in a politick diſtance.
Caſ. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either laſt ſo long,
Or feed upon ſuch nice and wateriſh diet,
Or breed itſelf ſo out of circumſtances,
That I being abſent, and my place ſupply'd,
My General will forget my love and ſervice.
Deſ. Do not doubt that; before *Æmilia* here,
I give thee warrant of thy place. Aſſure thee,
If I do vow a friendſhip, I'll perform it
To the laſt article. My Lord ſhall never reſt;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed ſhall ſeem a ſchool, his board a ſhrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With *Caſſio*'s ſuit: therefore be merry, *Caſſio*;
For thy ſollicitor ſhall rather die,
Then give thy cauſe away.

Enter Othello, *and* Iago, *at diſtance.*

Æmil. Madam, here comes my Lord.
Caſ. Madam, I'll take my leave.
Deſ. Why, ſtay, and hear me ſpeak.
Caſ. Madam, not now; I am very ill at eaſe,
Unfit for mine own purpoſes.
Deſ. Well, do your diſcretion. [*Exit* Caſſio.
Iago. Hah! I like not that.———
Oth. What doſt thou ſay?
Iago. Nothing, my Lord; or if—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that *Caſſio*, parted from my wife?
Iago. *Caſſio*, my Lord? no, ſure, I cannot think it,
That he would ſteal away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
Oth. I believe, 'twas he.
Deſ. How now, my Lord?
I have been talking with a ſuitor here,
A man that languiſhes in your diſpleaſure.

Oth

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Def. Why, your lieutenant *Caſſio*. Good my Lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His preſent reconciliation take.
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honeſt face.
I pr'ythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Def. I, ſooth, ſo humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To ſuffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, ſweet *Deſdemona*; ſome other time.

Def. But ſhall't be ſhortly?

Oth. The ſooner, Sweet, for you.

Def. Shall't be to-night at ſupper?

Oth. Not to-night.

Def. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I ſhall not dine at home;
I meet the Captains at the citadel.

Def. Why then to-morrow night, or *Tueſday* morn,
Or *Tueſday* noon, or night, or *Wedneſday* morn,
I pr'ythee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days; in faith, he's penitent:
And yet his treſpaſs, in our common reaſon,
(Save that, they ſay, the wars muſt make examples
Out of their beſt,) is not almoſt a fault
T' incur a private check. When ſhall he come?
Tell me *Othello*. I wonder in my ſoul,
What you would aſk me, that I would deny,
Or ſtand ſo mutt'ring on? what? *Michael Caſſio!*——
That came a wooing with you, and many a time,
When I ſpoke of you diſpraiſingly,
Hath ta'en your part, to have ſo much to do
To bring him in? truſt me, I could do much——

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more; let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.

Def. Why, this is not a boon:
'Tis as I ſhould entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nouriſhing meats, or keep you warm;

Or ſue to you, to do peculiar profit
To your own perſon. Nay, when I have ſuit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It ſhall be full of poize and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon I do beſeech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myſelf.
Deſ. Shall I deny you? no: Farewel, my Lord.
Oth. Farewel, my *Deſdemona*, I'll come ſtrait.
Deſ. *Æmilia*, come; be, as your fancies teach you:
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Othello, *and* Iago.

Oth. Excellent Wench!—Perdition catch my ſoul, (22)
But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.
Iago. My noble Lord,———
Oth. What doſt thou ſay, *Iago?*
Iago. Did *Michael Caſſio*, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?
Oth. He did, from firſt to laſt; why doſt thou aſk?
Iago. But for a ſatisfaction of my thought,
No farther harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago?*
Iago. I did not think, he'd been acquainted with it.

(22) *Excellent* Wretch! *Perdition catch my Soul,*
But I do love thee; &c.] Tho' all the printed Copies concur in this Reading, I think it is very reaſonably to be ſuſpected. *Othello* is exclaiming here with Admiration and rapturous Fondneſs: but *Wretch* can ſcaree be admitted to be uſed, unleſs in Compaſſion or Contempt. I make no queſtion, but the Poet wrote;

Excellent Wench!—— *Perdition catch my Soul*, &c.

It is to be obſerv'd, that, in SHAKESPEARE's time, *Wench*, *Laſs*, and *Girl* were not uſed in that low and vulgar Acceptation as they are at this time of day; but very frequently with Dignity.

Oth

Oth. Oh, yes, and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed!
Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed. Diſcern'ſt thou aught in that? Is he not honeſt?
Iago. Honeſt, my Lord?
Oth. Honeſt? ay, honeſt.
Iago. My Lord, for aught I know.
Oth. What doſt thou think?
Iago. Think, my Lord!——
Oth. Think, my Lord! why, by heav'n, thou echo'ſt me;
As if there were ſome monſter in thy thought,
Too hideous to be ſhewn. Thou doſt mean ſomething:
I heard thee ſay but now, *thou lik'dſt not that*,——
When *Caſſio* left my wife. What did'ſt not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counſel,
In my whole courſe of wooing; thou cry'dſt, *indeed?*
And didſt contract and purſe thy brow together,
As if thou then hadſt ſhut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou doſt love me,
Shew me thy thought.
Iago. My Lord! you know, I love you.
Oth. I think, thou doſt:
And for I know, thou art full of love and honeſty,
And weigh'ſt thy words before thou giv'ſt them breath,
Therefore theſe ſtops of thine fright me the more:
For ſuch things, in a falſe diſloyal knave,
Are tricks of cuſtom; but, in a man that's juſt,
They're cold dilations working from the heart,
That paſſion cannot rule.
Iago. For *Michael Caſſio*,
I dare be ſworn, I think, that he is honeſt.
Oth. I think ſo too.
Iago. Men ſhould be what they ſeem.
Or thoſe that be not, 'would they might ſeem none!
Oth. Certain, men ſhould be what they ſeem.
Iago. Why, then, I think, *Caſſio*'s an honeſt man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this;
I pray thee, ſpeak to me as to thy thinkings,

As thou doſt ruminate; and give thy worſt of thoughts
The worſt of words.

Iago. Good my Lord, pardon me.
Tho' I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that, all ſlaves are free to;
Utter my thoughts!—Why, ſay, they're vile and falſe;
As where's that Palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breaſt ſo pure,
But ſome uncleanly apprehenſions
Keep leets and law-days, and in ſeſſions ſit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou doſt conſpire againſt thy friend, *Iago*,
If thou but think'ſt him wrong'd, and mak'ſt his ear
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beſeech you,
Though, I perchance, am vicious in my gueſs,——
(As, I confeſs, it is my nature's plague
To ſpy into abuſe; and oft my jealouſy
Shapes faults that are not;) I intreat you then,
From one that ſo imperfectly conceits,
Your wiſdom would not build yourſelf a trouble
Out of my ſcattering and unſure obſervance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honeſty, and wiſdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What doſt thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my Lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their ſouls.
Who ſteals my purſe, ſteals traſh; 'tis ſomething, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his; and has been ſlave to thouſands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. I'll know thy thoughts——

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor ſhall not, whilſt 'tis in my cuſtody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. Oh, beware, my Lord, of jealouſy;
It is a green-ey'd monſter, which doth mock

The

The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliſs,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts: ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loves!
Oth. Oh miſery!
Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches endleſs, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he ſhall be poor.
Good heav'n! the ſouls of all my tribe defend
From jealouſy!
Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'ſt thou, I'd make a life of jealouſy?
To follow ſtill the changes of the moon
With freſh ſuſpicions? No; to be once in doubt,
Is once to be reſolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,
When I ſhall turn the buſineſs of my ſoul
To ſuch exſufflicate and blown ſurmiſes,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To ſay, my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of ſpeech, ſings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, theſe are moſt virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The ſmalleſt fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For ſhe had eyes, and choſe me. No, *Iago*,
I'll ſee, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love, or jealouſy.
Iago. I'm glad of this; for now I ſhall have reaſon
To ſhew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker ſpirit. Therefore, as I'm bound,
Receive it from me. I ſpeak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife, obſerve her well with *Caſſio*;
Wear your eye, thus: not jealous, nor ſecure;
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of ſelf-bounty be abus'd; look to't.
I know our country diſpoſition well;
In *Venice* they do let heav'n ſee the pranks,
They dare not ſhew their huſbands; their beſt conſcience
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.
Oth. Doſt thou ſay ſo?

Iag

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them moſt.
Oth. And ſo ſhe did.
Iago. Go to then;
She, that, ſo young, could give out ſuch a ſeeming
To ſeal her father's eyes up, cloſe as oak——
He thought, 'twas witchcraft—but I'm much to blame:
I humbly do beſeech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.
Oth. I'm bound to you for ever.
Iago. I ſee, this hath a little daſh'd your ſpirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
Iago. Truſt me, I fear, it has:
I hope, you will conſider, what is ſpoke
Comes from my love. But, I do ſee, you're mov'd—
I am to pray you, not to ſtrain my ſpeech
To groſſer iſſues, nor to larger reach,
Than to ſuſpicion.
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do ſo, my Lord,
My ſpeech would fall into ſuch vile ſucceſs,
Which my thoughts aim not at. *Caſſio*'s my worthy friend.
My Lord, I ſee, you're mov'd——
Oth. No, not much mov'd——
I do not think, but *Deſdemona*'s honeſt.
Iago. Long live ſhe ſo! and long live you to think ſo!
Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itſelf——
Iago. Ay, there's the point;—as (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many propoſed matches
Of her own clime, complexion and degree,
Whereto we ſee in all things Nature tends:
Foh! one may ſmell, in ſuch, a will moſt rank,
Foul diſproportions, thoughts unnatural.
But, pardon me, I do not in poſition
Diſtinctly ſpeak of her; tho' I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And, haply, ſo repent.
Oth. Farewel, farewel;

If more thou doſt perceive, let me know more:
Set on thy wife t'obſerve. Leave me, *Iago.*

Iago. My Lord, I take my leave. [(

Oth. Why did I marry?———

This honeſt creature, doubtleſs,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfo

Iago. My Lord, I would, I might entreat your H

'To ſcan this thing no farther; leave it to time:
Altho' 'tis fit that *Caſſio* have his place,
For, ſure, he fills it up with great ability;
Yet if you pleaſe to hold him off awhile,
You ſhall by that perceive him, and his means;
Note, if your lady ſtrain his entertainment
With any ſtrong, or vehement importunity;
Much will be ſeen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too buſy in my fears,
(As worthy cauſe I have to fear, I am;)
And hold her free, I do beſeech your Honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

Manet Othello.

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honeſty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned ſpirit,
Of human dealings. If I prove her haggard,
Tho' that her jeſſes were my dear heart-ſtrings,
I'd whiſtle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I'm black,
And have not thoſe ſoft parts of converſation
That chamberers have; or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years, yet that's not much——
She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
Muſt be to loath her. Oh the curſe of marriage!
That we can call theſe delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uſe. Yet 'tis the plague of Great an
Prerogativ'd are they leſs than the baſe;
'Tis deſtiny unſhunnable, like death.

Ev'n then, this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken. *Deſdemona* comes!

Enter Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

If ſhe be falſe, oh, then heav'n mocks itſelf:
I'll not believe't.

Def. How now, my dear *Othello?*
Your dinner, and the generous iſlanders,
By you invited, do attend your preſence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Def. Why do you ſpeak ſo faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Def. Why, that's with watching, 'twill away again;
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little;

[*She drops her handkerchief.*

Let it alone: come, I'll go in with you.

Def. I am very ſorry, that you are not well. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Æmilia.

Æmil. I am glad, I have found this napkin;
This was her firſt remembrance from the Moor;
My wayward huſband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to ſteal it. But ſhe ſo loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her, ſhe ſhould ever keep it)
That ſhe reſerves it evermore about her,
To kiſs and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And giv't *Iago*; what he'll do with it,
Heav'n knows, not I:
I nothing, but to pleaſe his fantaſy.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now? what do you here alone?

Æmil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. You have a thing for me?
It is a common thing——

Æmil. Ha?

Iago. To have a fooliſh wife.

Æmil. Oh, is that all? what will you give me now
For that ſame handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Æmil. What handkerchief?——
Why, that the Moor firſt gave to *Deſdemona*;
That which ſo often you did bid me ſteal.

Iago. Haſt ſtollen it from her?

Æmil. No; but ſhe let it drop by negligence;
And, to th' advantage, I, being here, took't up:
Look, here 'tis.

Iago. A good wench, give it me.

Æmil. What will you do with't, you have been ſo earneſt
To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what is that to you? [*Snatching it.*

Æmil. If't be not for ſome purpoſe of import,
Give't me again. Poor lady! ſhe'll run mad,
When ſhe ſhall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known on't:
I have uſe for it. Go, leave me—— [*Exit Æmil.*
I will in *Caſſio*'s lodging loſe this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are, to the jealous, confirmations ſtrong
As proofs of holy Writ. This may do ſomething.
The Moor already changes with my poiſons:
Dang'rous conceits are in their nature poiſons,
Which at the firſt are ſcarce found to diſtaſte;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of ſulphur.——I did ſay ſo.

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowſy ſyrups of the world,
Shall ever med'cine thee to that ſweet ſleep,
Which thou hadſt yeſterday.

Oth. Ha! falſe to me!

Iago. Why, how now, General? no more of that.

Oth. Avant! be gone! thou'ſt ſet me on the rack:
I ſwear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know a little.

Iago. How, my Lord?

Oth.

Oth. What ſenſe had I of her ſtoll'n hours of luſt?
I ſaw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;
I ſlept the next night well; was free, and merry;
I found not *Caſſio*'s kiſſes on her lips:
He, that is robb'd, not wanting what is ſtoll'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am ſorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
(Pioneers and all,) had taſted her ſweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind! Farewel content!
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
That make ambition virtue! oh, farewel!
Farewel the neighing ſteed, and the ſhrill trump,
The ſpirit-ſtirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumſtance of glorious war!
And, oh, you mortal engines, whoſe rude throats
Th' immortal *Jove*'s dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! *Othello*'s Occupation's gone!

Iago. Is't poſſible, my Lord?

Oth. Villain, be ſure, thou prove my love a whore;
Be ſure of it: give me the ocular proof,
[*Catching hold on him.*
Or, by the worth of mine eternal ſoul,
Thou hadſt been better have been born a dog,
Than anſwer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to ſee't; or, at the leaſt, ſo prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble Lord———

Oth. If thou doſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorſe;
On horrors head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canſt thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. Oh grace! oh heav'n defend me!
Are you a man? have you a ſoul? or ſenſe?

God be w' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'ſt to make thine honeſty a vice!
Oh monſtrous world! take note, take note, oh world,
'To be direct and honeſt, is not ſafe.
I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I'll love no friend, ſith love breeds ſuch offence.
Oth. Nay, ſtay—thou ſhouldſt be honeſt——
Iago. I ſhould be wiſe, for honeſty's a fool,
And loſes what it works for.
Oth. By the world,
I think, my wife is honeſt; and think, ſhe is not;
I think, that thou art juſt; and think, thou art not;
I'll have ſome proof. Her name, that was as freſh
As *Dian*'s viſage, is now begrim'd and black
As my own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poiſon, or fire, or ſuffocating ſtreams,
I'll not endure't ——'Would, I were ſatisfied!
Iago. I ſee, Sir, you are eaten up with paſſion;
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be ſatisfied?
Oth. Would? nay, and will.
Iago. And may; but how? how ſatisfied, my Lord?
Would you be ſupervisor, groſly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd?
Oth. Death and damnation! oh!
Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that proſpect: damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do ſee them bolſter,
More than their own. What then? how then?
What ſhall I ſay? where's ſatisfaction?
It is impoſſible you ſhould ſee this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As ſalt as wolves in pride, and fools as groſs
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I ſay,
If imputation and ſtrong circumſtances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you ſatisfaction, you might hav't.
Oth. Give me a living reaſon ſhe's diſloyal.
Iago. I do not like the office;
But ſince I'm enter'd in this cauſe ſo far,

Prick'd

Prick'd to't by fooliſh honeſty and love,
I will go on. I lay with *Caſſio* lately,
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not ſleep.———
There are a kind of men, ſo looſe of ſoul,
That in their ſleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is *Caſſio*:
In ſleep I heard him ſay, "Sweet *Deſdemona*,
"Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!"
And then, Sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand;
Cry—"Oh ſweet creature!" and then kiſs me hard,
As if he pluckt up kiſſes by the roots,
That grew upon my lips; then lay his leg
Over my thigh, and ſigh and kiſs, and then
Cry, "Curſed fate! that gave thee to the Moor."

Oth. Oh monſtrous! monſtrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone concluſion;
'Tis a ſhrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonſtrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wiſe; yet we ſee nothing done;
She may be honeſt yet.——Tell me but this,
Have you not ſometimes ſeen a handkerchief,
Spotted with ſtrawberries in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her ſuch a one; 'twas my firſt gift.

Iago. I know not that; but ſuch a handkerchief,
(I'm ſure, it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See *Caſſio* wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that——

Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
It ſpeaks againſt her with the other proofs.

Oth. Oh, that the ſlave had forty thouſand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I ſee, 'tis true.——Look here, *Iago*,
All my fond love thus do I blow to heav'n:
'Tis gone;——
Ariſe, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!
Yield up, oh love, thy crown and hearted throne

To tyrannous hate! ſwell, boſom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aſpicks' tongues.

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. Oh, blood, blood, blood———.

Iago. Patience, I ſay; your mind, perhaps, may change.

Oth. Never, *Iago.* Like to the *Pontick* ſea,
Whoſe icy current and compulſive courſe,
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the *Propontick*, and the *Helleſpont:*
Even ſo my bloody thoughts with violent pace
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
'Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.——Now, by yond marble heav'n,
In the due rev'rence of a ſacred vow [*He kneels.*
I here engage my words——

Iago. Do not riſe yet: [Iago *kneels.*
Witneſs, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements, that clip us round about!
Witneſs, that here *Iago* doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello*'s ſervice. Let him command, (23)
Nor, to obey, ſhall be in me Remorſe,
What bloody buſineſs ever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the inſtant put thee to't:
Within theſe three days let me hear thee ſay,
That *Caſſio*'s not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead;
'Tis done at your requeſt. But, let her live.

(23)——*Let him command,*
And to obey ſhall be in me Remorſe,
What bloody Buſineſs ever.] Thus all the old Copies, to the manifeſt Depravation of the Poet's Senſe. Mr. *Pope* has attempted an Emendation, but with his old Luck and Dexterity.

Not *to obey ſhall be in me Remorſe*, &c.

I read, with the Change only of a ſingle Letter;

Nor, *to obey, ſhall be in me* Remorſe, &c.

i. e. Let your commands be ever ſo bloody, Remorſe and Compaſſion *ſhall* not reſtrain me from obeying them.

Oth

Oth. Damn her, lewd Minx! oh, damn her, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw
To furniſh me with ſome ſwift means of death
For the fair Devil. Now art thou my Lieutenant.——
Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *another Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Deſdemona, Æmilia, *and Clown.*

Deſ. DO you know, ſirrah, where Lieutenant *Caſſio* lies?
Clown. I dare not ſay, he lies any where.
Deſ. Why, man?
Clown. He's a ſoldier; and for me to ſay, a ſoldier lies, 'tis ſtabbing.
Deſ. Go to; where lodges he?
Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.
Deſ. Can any thing be made of this?
Clown. I know not where he lodges; and for me to deviſe a lodging, and ſay, he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.
Deſ. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report?
Clown. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make queſtions, and bid them anſwer. (24)
Deſ. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him, I have mov'd my Lord on his behalf, and hope, all will be well.
Clown. To do this is within the compaſs of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing of it.
[*Exit Clown.*

(24) Clown. *I will catechize the World for him;*
That is, make Queſtions, and by them anſwer.]
This *Clown* is a Fool to ſome purpoſe. He was to go ſeek for one; he ſays, he will aſk for him, and by his own Queſtions make Anſwer. Without doubt, we ſhould read;
——*and* bid *them anſwer.*
i. e. the World; thoſe, whom he queſtions. Mr. Warburton.

Def. Where ſhould I loſe that handkerchief, *Æmilia?*

Æmil. I know not, Madam.

Def. Believe me, I had rather have loſt my purſe
Full of Cruzadoes. And but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no ſuch baſeneſs
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Æmil. Is he not jealous?

Def. Who, he? I think, the Sun, where he was born,
Drew all ſuch humours from him.

Æmil. Look, where he comes.

Def. I will not leave him now, till *Caſſio* be
Call'd to him. How is it with you my Lord?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good lady. Oh, hardneſs to diſſemble!
How do you, *Deſdemona?*

Def. Well, my Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand; this hand is moiſt, my lady.

Def. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no ſorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulneſs, and liberal heart:
Hot, hot, and moiſt——this hand of yours requires
A ſequeſter from liberty; faſting and prayer,
Much caſtigation, exerciſe devout;
For here's a young and ſweating devil here,
That commonly rebels; 'tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Def. You may, indeed, ſay ſo;
For 'twas that hand, that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand. The hearts, of old, gave hands;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Def. I cannot ſpeak of this; come, now your promiſe.

Oth. What promiſe, chuck?

Def. I've ſent to bid *Caſſio* come ſpeak with you.

Oth. I have a ſalt and ſorry Rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Def. Here, my Lord.

Oth. That, which I gave you.

Def. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?——

Def.

Def. No, indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault. That handkerchief
Did an *Ægyptian* to my mother give;
She was a Charmer, and could almoſt read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while ſhe kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, ſubdue my father
Intirely to her love; but if ſhe loſt it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his ſpirits hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did ſo; and take heed on't;—
Make it a darling, like your precious eye;
To loſe't, or give't away, were ſuch perdition,
As nothing elſe could match.

Def. Is't poſſible?

Oth. 'Tis true; there's magick in the web of it;
A *Sybil*, that had numbred in the world
The Sun to courſe two hundred compaſſes,
In her prophetick fury ſew'd the Work:
The worms were hallowed, that did breed the ſilk;
And it was dy'd in Mummey, which the ſkilful
Conſerv'd of Maidens' hearts.

Def. Indeed! is't true?

Oth. Moſt veritable, therefore look to't well,

Def. Then would to heav'n, that I had never ſeen't!

Oth. Ha? wherefore?

Def. Why do you ſpeak ſo ſtartingly, and raſh?

Oth. Is't loſt? is't gone? ſpeak, is it out o'th' way?

Def. Bleſs us!——

Oth. Say you?

Def. It is not loſt; but what, an if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Def. I ſay, it is not loſt.

Oth. Fetch't, let me ſee't.

Def. Why, ſo I can, Sir; but I will not now:
This is a trick to put me from my ſuit,
Pray you, let *Caſſio* be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief—my mind miſgives—

Def. Come, you'll ne'er meet a more ſufficient man.

Oth.

Oth. The handkerchief.——

Def. A man, that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The handkerchief——

Def. Inſooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away!—— [*Exit* Othello.

Manent Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

Æmil. Is not this man jealous?

Def. I ne'er ſaw this before.
Sure, there's ſome wonder in this handkerchief:
I'm moſt unhappy in the loſs of it.

Æmil. 'Tis not a year, or two, ſhews us a man;
They are all but ſtomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and, when they're full,
They belch us. Look you! *Caſſio*, and my huſband.

Enter Iago *and* Caſſio.

Iago. There is no other way, 'tis ſhe muſt do't;
And lo, the happineſs! go and importune her.

Def. How now, good *Caſſio*, what's the news with you?

Caſ. Madam, my former ſuit. I do beſeech you,
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exiſt, and be a member of his love:
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Intirely honour. I would not be delay'd;
If my offence be of ſuch mortal kind,
That not my ſervice paſt, nor preſent ſorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ranſom me into his love again;
But to know ſo, muſt be my benefit.
So ſhall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And ſhut myſelf up in ſome other courſe,
To fortune's alms.

Def. Alas! thrice-gentle *Caſſio*,
My advocation is not now in tune;
My Lord is not my Lord; nor ſhould I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
So help me every ſpirit ſanctified,

As I have ſpoken for you all my beſt;
And ſtood within the blank of his diſpleaſure,
For my free ſpeech! You muſt a-while be patient;
What I can do, I will: and more I will
Than for myſelf I dare. Let that ſuffice you,

Iago. Is my Lord angry?

Æmil. He went hence but now;
And, certainly, in ſtrange unquietneſs.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have ſeen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the Devil, from his very arm
Puft his own brother; and can he be angry?
Something of moment then; I will go meet him:
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. [*Exit.*

Manent Deſdemona, Æmilia, *and* Caſſio.

Deſ. I pr'ythee, do ſo.—Something, ſure, of State,
Either from *Venice*, or ſome unhatch'd practice,
Made here demonſtrable in *Cyprus* to him,
Hath puddled his clear ſpirit; and, in ſuch caſes,
Mens' natures wrangle with inferior things,
Tho' great ones are their object. 'Tis ev'n ſo.
For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthful members with a ſenſe
Of pain. Nay, we muſt think, Men are not Gods;
Nor of them look for ſuch obſervance always,
As fits the bridal. Beſhrew me much, *Æmilia*,
I was (unhandſome warrior, as I am,)
Arraigning his unkindneſs with my ſoul;
But now I find, I had ſuborn'd the witneſs,
And he's indited falſely.

Æmil. Pray heav'n, it be
State-matter, as you think; and no conception,
Nor jealous toy concerning you.

Deſ. Alas-the-day, I never give him cauſe.

Æmil. But jealous ſouls will not be anſwer'd ſo;
They are not ever jealous for a cauſe;
But jealous, for they're jealous. It's a monſter
Begot upon *itſelf*, born on itſelf,

Deſ. Heav'n keep that monſter from Othello's mind!

Æmi

Æmil. Lady, amen.

Def. I will go ſeek him. *Caſſio*, walk hereabout;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your ſuit,
And ſeek t' effect it to my uttermoſt.

Caſ. I humbly thank your Ladyſhip.

[*Exeunt* Deſdem. *and* Æmil. *at one door*;
Caſſio, *at the other.*

SCENE *changes to the Street before the Palace.*

Re-enter Caſſio, *meeting* Bianca.

Bian. SAve you, friend *Caſſio.*

Caſ. What makes you from home?
How is it with you, my moſt fair *Bianca?*
Indeed, ſweet Love, I was coming to your houſe.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, *Caſſio.*
What? keep a week away? ſeven days and nights?
Eightſcore eight hours? and lovers' abſent hours,
More tedious than the dial, eightſcore times?
Oh weary reck'ning!

Caſ. Pardon me, *Bianca:*
I have this while with leaden thoughts been preſt;
But I ſhall in a more convenient time
Strike off this ſcore of abſence. Sweet *Bianca,*
[*Giving her* Deſdemona's *Handkerchief.*
Take me this work out.

Bian. Oh *Caſſio*, whence came this?
This is ſome token from a newer friend:
Of thy felt abſence now I feel a cauſe:
Is't come to this? well, well.

Caſ. Go to, woman:
Throw your vile gueſſes in the Devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
That this is from ſome miſtreſs, ſome remembrance?
No, in good troth, *Bianca.*

Bian. Why, whoſe is it?

Caſ. I know not neither; I found it in my chamber;
I like the work well: ere it be demanded,
As like enough it will, I'd have it copied:

Take

Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time.
Bian. Leave you? wherefore?
Caſ. I do attend here on the General,
And think it no addition, nor my wiſh,
To have him ſee me woman'd.
Bian. Why, I pray you?
Caſ. Not that I love you not.
Bian. But that you do not love me;
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And ſay, if I ſhall ſee you ſoon at night?
Caſ. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here. But I'll ſee you ſoon.
Bian. 'Tis very good; I muſt be circumſtanc'd. [*Exe.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *a Court before the Palace.*

Enter Othello, *and* Iago.

IAGO.

WILL you think ſo?
Oth. Think ſo, *Iago?*
Iago. What, to kiſs in private?
Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiſs?
Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed,
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?
Oth. Naked in bed, *Iago*, and not mean harm?
It is hypocriſy againſt the Devil:
They that mean virtuouſly, and yet do ſo,
The Devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heav'n.
Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial ſlip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief——
Oth. What then?
Iago. Why then, 'tis hers, my Lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, beſtow't on any man.

Oth

Oth. She is protectreſs of her honour too;
May ſhe give that?

Iago. Her honour is an eſſence that's not ſeen,
They have it very oft, that have it not:
But for the handkerchief——

Oth. By heav'n, I would moſt gladly have forgot it;
Thou ſaid'ſt——oh, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er th' infected houſe,
Boding to ill,——he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not ſo good now.

Iago. What if I ſaid, I'd ſeen him do you wrong?
Or heard him ſay, (as knaves be ſuch abroad, (25)
Who having by their own importunate ſuit,
Or voluntary dotage of ſome miſtreſs,
Convinc'd or ſuppled them, they cannot chuſe
But they muſt blab.)

Oth. Hath he ſaid any thing?

Iago. He hath, My Lord; but be you well aſſur'd,
No more than he'll unſwear.

Oth. What hath he ſaid?

Iago. Why, that he did—I know not what he did—

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie——

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her; on her ——what you will——

(25) ——*as Knaves be ſuch abroad,*
Who having by their own importunate Suit,
Or voluntary Dotage of ſome Miſtreſs,
Convinc'd *or* ſupplied *them, cannot chuſe*
But they muſt blab.] I cannot underſtand the vulgar Reading, which poſſeſſes the Copies. My Emendation makes the Senſe of the Paſſage eaſy and intelligible: that there are ſome ſuch long-tongu'd Knaves in the world, who, if they thro' the *Force of Importunity extort* a Favour from their Miſtreſs, or if thro' *her own Fondneſs* they make her *pliant* to their Deſires, cannot help boaſting of their Succeſs. To *convince*, here, is not, as in the common Acceptation, to make ſenſible of the Truth of any thing by Reaſons and Arguments; *but to overcome, get the better of*, &c.

Oth.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her! lie with her! that's fulſome: handkerchief—confeſſions—handkerchief—handkerchief—to confeſs, and be hang'd for his labour—Firſt, to be hang'd, and then—to confeſs!—I tremble at it—Nature would not inveſt herſelf in ſuch ſhadowing without ſome inſtruction. It is not words, that ſhake me thus—pith—noſes, ears, and lips—is't poſſible!—confeſs!—handkerchief!—oh devil— [*Falls in a trance.*

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaſte dames ev'n thus,
All guiltleſs, meet reproach. What ho! my Lord!
My Lord, I ſay, *Othello*,——

Enter Caſſio.

How now, *Caſſio?*

Caſ. What's the matter?

Iago. My Lord is fell into an Epilepſy,
This is the ſecond fit; he had one yeſterday.

Caſ. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear,
The lethargy muſt have his quiet courſe;
If not he foams at mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to ſavage madneſs: look, he ſtirs.
Do you withdraw yourſelf a little while,
He will recover ſtraight; when he is gone,
I would on great occaſion ſpeak with you. [*Exit* Caſſio.
How is it, General? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Doſt thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you not, by heav'n;
Would you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monſter, and a beaſt.

Iago. There's many a beaſt, then, in a populous city,
And many a civil monſter.

Oth. Did he confeſs it?

Iago. Good, Sir, be a man:
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you. Millions are now alive,
That nightly lie in thoſe unproper beds,

Which

Which they dare ſwear peculiar. Your caſe is better,
Oh, 'tis the ſpight of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a ſecure couch;
And to ſuppoſe her chaſte. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what ſhe ſhall be.

Oth. Oh, thou art wiſe; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart,
Confine yourſelf but in a patient liſt.
Whilſt you were here, o'er-whelmed with your grief,
(A paſſion moſt unſuiting ſuch a man.)
Caſſio came hither. I ſhifted him away,
And laid good 'ſcuſes on your ecſtacy;
Bade him anon return, and here ſpeak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourſelf,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable ſcorns,
That dwell in every region of his face.
For I will make him tell the tale anew;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when,
He hath, and is again to cope your wife.
I ſay, but mark his geſture. Marry, patience;
Or I ſhall ſay, you are all in all in ſpleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Doſt thou hear, *Iago?*
I will be found moſt cunning in my patience;
But, doſt thou hear, moſt bloody?

Iago. That's not amiſs;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[Othello *withdraws.*

Now will I queſtion *Caſſio* of *Bianca*,
A houſewife, that, by ſelling her deſires,
Buys herſelf bread and cloth. It is a creature,
That doats on *Caſſio*; as 'tis the ſtrumpet's plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the exceſs of laughter.——Here he comes——

Enter Caſſio.

As he ſhall ſmile, *Othello* ſhall go mad;
And his unbookiſh jealouſy muſt conſtrue
Poor Caſſio's ſmiles, geſtures, and light behaviour,

Quit

Quite in the wrong. How do you now, Lieutenant?

Caſ. The worſer, that you give me the addition, Whoſe want even kills me.

Iago. Ply *Deſdemona* well, and you are ſure on't: Now, if this ſute lay in *Bianca*'s power,

[*Speaking lower.*

How quickly ſhould you ſpeed?

Caſ. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already. [*Aſide.*

Iago. I never knew a woman love man ſo.

Caſ. Alas, poor rogue, I think, indeed, ſhe loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs out. [*Aſide.*

Iago. Do you hear, *Caſſio?*

Oth. Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er: go to, well ſaid, well ſaid. [*Aſide.*

Iago. She gives it out, that you ſhall marry her. Do you intend it?

Caſ. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, *Roman?* do you triumph? [*Aſide.*

Caſ. I marry her!——What? a cuſtomer? pry'thee, bear ſome charity to my wit, do not think it ſo unwholſome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, ſo: they laugh that win. [*Aſide.*

Iago. Why, the cry goes that you ſhall marry her.

Caſ. Pry'thee, ſay true.

Iago. I am a very villain elſe.

Oth. Have you ſcor'd me? well. [*Aſide.*

Caſ. This is the monkey's own giving out: ſhe is perſuaded, I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promiſe.

Oth. Iago beckons me: now he begins the ſtory. [*Aſide.*

Caſ. She was here even now: ſhe haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the ſea-bank with certain *Venetians*, and thither comes the baubſe, and falls me thus about my neck——

Oth. Crying, "Oh dear *Caſſio*, as it were:" his geſture imports it. [*Aſide.*

Caſ. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me, ſo ſhakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha!——

Oth

Oth. Now he tells, how ſhe pluckt him to my chamber: oh I ſee that noſe of yours, but not that dog I ſhall throw it to. [*Aſide.*

Caſ. Well, I muſt leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where ſhe comes.

Enter Bianca.

Caſ. 'Tis ſuch another fitchew! marry, a perfum'd one:—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! what did you mean by that ſame hankerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it: I muſt take out the work? A likely piece of work, that you ſhould find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there. This is ſome minxe's token, and I muſt take out the work? there—give it your hobby-horſe: whereſoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Caſ. How now, my ſweet *Bianca?* how now? how now?

Oth. By heaven, that ſhould be my handkerchief. [*Aſide.*

Bian. If you'll come to ſupper to-night, you may; if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.——

Caſ. I muſt, ſhe'll rail in the ſtreets elſe.

Iago. Will you ſup there?

Caſ. Yes, I intend ſo.

Iago. Well, I may chance to ſee you; for I would very fain ſpeak with you.

Caſ. Pr'ythee, come, will you?

Iago. Go to, ſay no more. [*Exit* Caſſio.

Manent Othello, *and* Iago.

Oth. How ſhall I murder him, *Iago?*

Iago. Did you perceive, how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, *Iago!*——

Iago. And did you ſee the handkerchief?

Oth.

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to ſee how he prizes the fooliſh woman your wife—She gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing:
A fine woman! a fair woman! a ſweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you muſt forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot and periſh, and be damn'd to-night; for ſhe ſhall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to ſtone: I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a ſweeter creature—She might lie by an Emperor's ſide and command him taſks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but ſay what ſhe is——ſo delicate with her needle.——An admirable muſician—Oh, ſhe will ſing the ſavageneſs out of a bear: of ſo high and plenteous wit and invention!

Iago. She's the worſe for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thouſand, a thouſand times:
And then of ſo gentle condition!——

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain.
But yet the pity of it, *Iago*—Oh, *Iago*, the pity of it, *Iago*——

Iago. If you are ſo fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for if it touch not you, it comes near no body.

Oth. I will chop her into meſſes: cuckold me!

Iago. Oh, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me ſome poiſon, *Iago*, this night; I'll not expoſtulate with her, leſt her body and her beauty unprovide my mind again; this night, *Iago*.

Iago. Do it not with poiſon, ſtrangle her in her bed, Ev'n in the bed ſhe hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good:
The juſtice of it pleaſes; very good.

Iago. And for *Caſſio*, let me be his undertaker:
You ſhall hear more by midnight. [*A Trumpet within.*

Oth

Oth. Excellent good:—What trumpet is that same?
Iago. Something from *Venice*, ſure. 'Tis *Lodovico*
Come from the Duke: and, ſee, your wife is with him.

Enter Lodovico, Deſdemona, *and Attendants, from the Palace.*

Lod. Save you, worthy General.
Oth. With all my heart, Sir.
Lod. The Duke and the Senators of *Venice* greet you
[*Gives him a letter*
Oth. I kiſs the inſtrument of their pleaſures.
Deſ. And what's the news, good couſin *Lodovico?*
Iago. I am very glad to ſee you, ſignior.
Welcome to *Cyprus.*
Lod. I thank you; how does lieutenant *Caſſio?*
Iago. Lives, Sir.
Deſ. Couſin, there's fall'n between him and my Lord
An unkind breach: but you ſhall make all well.
Oth. Are you ſure of that? [*Aſide*
Deſ. My Lord?——
Oth. *This fail you not to do, as you will*—— [Reads
Lod. He did not call; he's buſy in the paper.
Is there diviſion 'twixt my Lord and *Caſſio?*
Deſ. A moſt unhappy one; I would do much
T' attone them, for the love I bear to *Caſſio.*
Oth. Fire and brimſtone!
Deſ. My Lord!
Oth. Are you wiſe?
Deſ. What, is he angry?
Lod. 'May be, the letter mov'd him.
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing *Caſſio* in his government.
Deſ. Truſt me, I am glad on't.
Oth. Indeed! [*Aſide*
Deſ. My Lord!
Oth. I am glad to ſee you mad.
Deſ. Why, ſweet *Othello?*
Oth. Devil!—— [*Striking her*
Deſ. I have not deſerv'd this.
Lod. My Lord, this would not be believ'd in *Venice*
Tho

Though I ſhould ſwear, I ſaw't. 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, ſhe weeps.
Oth. Oh devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop, ſhe falls, would prove a crocodile:
Out of my ſight——
Deſ. I will not ſtay t'offend you. [*Going.*
Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:
I do beſeech your Lordſhip, call her back.
Oth. Miſtreſs,——
Deſ. My Lord.
Oth. What would you with her, Sir?
Lod. Who, I, my Lord?
Oth. Ay; you did wiſh, that I would make her turn:
Sir, ſhe can turn and turn, and yet go on;
And turn again. And ſhe can weep, Sir, weep;
And ſhe's obedient: as you ſay, obedient;
Very obedient—proceed you in your tears—
Concerning this, Sir,—oh well-painted paſſion!——
I am commanded home—get you away,
I'll ſend for you anon,—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to *Venice*.—Hence, avant!——
[*Exit* Deſd.
Caſſio ſhall have my place. And, Sir, to-night
I do entreat that we may ſup together.
You are welcome, Sir, to *Cyprus*——
Goats and monkies! [*Exit.*

Manent Lodovico, *and* Iago.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full Senate
Call all-in-all ſufficient? this the Nature,
Which paſſion could not ſhake? whoſe ſolid virtue (26)
The

(26)——————*whoſe ſolid Virtue*
The Shot of Accident *nor Dart of* Chance
Could neither graze *nor pierce.*] But it is no Commendation to the moſt ſolid Virtue to be free from the Attacks of Fortune: but that it is ſo impenetrable as to ſuffer no Impreſſion. Now, to *graze*, ſignifies, only *to touch the Superficies* of any thing. That is the Attack of Fortune: And by that Virtue is tryed, but not diſcredited. We ought certainly therefore to read,
Can neither raze *nor pierce.*
i. e. neild

The ſhot of accident, nor dart of change,
Could neither raze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits ſafe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He's what he is; I may not breathe my cenſure,
What he might be, if what he might he is not,
I would to heaven, he were!

Lod. What, ſtrike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not ſo well; yet 'would I knew,
That ſtroke would prove the worſt.

Lod. Is it his uſe?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honeſty in me to ſpeak
What I have ſeen and known. You ſhall obſerve him,
And his own courſes will denote him ſo,
That I may ſave my ſpeech. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I'm ſorry, that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*

i. e. neither lightly touch upon, nor pierce into. The ignorant Tranſcribers being acquainted with the Phraſe of *a Bullet grazing*, and *Shot* being mentioned in the Line before, they corrupted the true Word. Beſides, we do not ſay, *graze* a Thing; but *graze on* it.
Mr. *Warburton.*

I have ventured to attack another Part of this Sentence, which my ingenious Friend ſliped over, I cannot ſee, for my Heart, the Difference betwixt the Shot of *Accident* and Dart of *Chance*. The Words, and Things, they imply, are purely ſynonymous; but that the Poet intended two different Things, ſeems plain from the *diſcretive* Adverb. Chance may afflict a Man in ſome Circumſtances; but other Diſtreſſes are to be accounted for from a different Cauſe. I am perſuaded, our Author wrote;

The Shot of Accident, *nor Dart of* Change, &c.

And, in a number of other Places, our Poet induſtriouſly puts theſe two Words in oppoſition to each other.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Othello *and* Æmilia.

Oth. YOU have ſeen nothing then?
Æmil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did ſuſpect.
Oth. Yes, you have ſeen *Caſſio* and her together.
Æmil. But then I ſaw no harm; and then I heard
Each ſyllable, that breath made up between them.
Oth. What? did they never whiſper?
Æmil. Never, my Lord.
Oth. Nor ſend you out o' th' way?
Æmil. Never.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her maſk, nor nothing?
Æmil. Never, my Lord
Oth. That's ſtrange!
Æmil. I durſt, my Lord, to wager ſhe is honeſt,
Lay down my ſoul at ſtake: if you think other,
Remove your thought, it doth abuſe your boſom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heav'n requite it with the ſerpent's curſe!
For if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſte and true,
There's no man happy; the pureſt of their wives
Is foul as ſlander.
Oth. Bid her come hither, go. [*Exit* Æmilia.
She ſays enough; yet ſhe's a ſimple bawd,
That cannot ſay as much. This is a ſubtle whore,
A cloſet lock and key of villainous ſecrets;
And yet ſhe'll kneel, and pray: I've ſeen her do't.

Enter Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

Deſ. My Lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray you, chuck, come hither.
Deſ. What is your pleaſure?
Oth. Let me ſee your eyes; look in my face.
Deſ. What horrible fancy's this?
Oth. Some of your function, miſtreſs;
Leave procreants alone, and ſhut the door,
Cough, or cry, hem, if any body come.

Your myſtery, your myſtery;—nay, diſpatch. [*Exit Æm*
Def. Upon my knee, what doth your ſpeech import.
I underſtand a fury in your words,
But not your words.
Oth. Why? what art thou?
Def. Your wife, my Lord; your true and loyal wife
Oth. Come, ſwear it; damn thyſelf; leſt, being like o
Of heav'n, the devils themſelves ſhould fear to ſeize the
Therefore be double-damn'd; ſwear, thou art honeſt.
Def. Heav'n, doth truly know it.
Oth. Heav'n truly knows,
That thou art falſe as hell.
Def. To whom, my Lord?
With whom? how am I falſe?
Oth. Ah, *Deſdemona!* away, away, away———
Def. Alas, the heavy day! why do you weep?
Am I the motive of theſe tears, my Lord?
If, haply, you my father do ſuſpect
An inſtrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have loſt him,
Why, I have loſt him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd heav'n
To try me with affliction, had he rain'd
All kind of ſores and ſhames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Giv'n to captivity me and my hopes;
I ſhould have found in ſome place of my ſoul
A drop of patience. But alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the hand of ſcorn
To point his ſlow and moving finger at——
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I muſt live, or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or elſe dries up; to be diſcarded thence;
Or keep it as a ciſtern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in: Turn thy complexion there, (
Patie

(27) ———————*Turn thy Complexion there,*
Patience, thou young and roſe-lip'd Cherubin;
I here look grim as Hell] The Poet makes an Apoſtr

Patience, thou young and roſe-lip'd cherubin;
Ay, there, look grim as hell.
Def. I hope, my noble Lord eſteems me honeſt.
Oth. Oh, ay, as ſummer flies are in the ſhambles,
That quicken ev'n with blowing. Oh thou weed!
Who art ſo lovely fair, and ſmell'ſt ſo ſweet,
That the ſenſe akes at thee———
'Would, thou hadſt ne'er been born!
Def. Alas, what ignorant ſin have I committed?
Oth. Was this fair paper, this moſt goodly book
Made to write whore upon? what, what committed?
Committed?——ho, thou publick commoner!
I ſhould make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modeſty,
Did I but ſpeak thy deeds. What, what committed?
Heav'n ſtops the noſe at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kiſſes all it meets,
Is huſh'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear't. What committed?——Impudent Strumpet!
Def. By heav'n, you do me wrong.
Oth. Are not you a ſtrumpet?
Def. No, as I am a chriſtian.
If to preſerve this veſſel for my Lord
From any other, foul, unlawful, touch,
Be not to be a ſtrumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a whore?
Def. No, as I ſhall be ſaved.
Oth. Is't poſſible?
Def. Oh, heav'n forgive us!

Patience as a Goddeſs; and is ſuppos'd to make *Othello* bid her turn her Complexion and Cherubin's Looks, becauſe he looks as grim as Hell upon the occaſion. But I am perſuaded, the Text has been all along ſlightly corrupted, by miſtaking *I* in the laſt Verſe for the *Pronoun* of the *firſt* Perſon: whereas, in our Author's days, it likewiſe ſtood for the *Adverb* of *affirming*. As I have reform'd the Text, a proper Contraſt is reſtor'd; and Patience is urg'd not only to turn her Complexion, to drop the roſy Looks *of a Cherub, but to* put on the grim Aſpect of a Fiend.

Oth. I cry you mercy, then.
I took you for that cunning whore of *Venice*.
That married with *Othello*———

Enter Æmilia.

You, miſtreſs,
That have the office oppoſite to St. *Peter*,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!
We have done our courſe, there's money for your pains;
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counſel. [*Exit.*

Æmil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Def. 'Faith, half aſleep.

Æmil. Good madam, what's the matter with my Lord?

Def. With whom?

Æmil. Why, with my Lord, madam?

Def. Who is thy Lord?

Æmil. He that is yours, ſweet lady.

Def. I have none; do not talk to me, *Æmilia*.
I cannot weep; nor anſwer have I none,
But what ſhould go by water. Pray, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding ſheets, remember;
And call thy huſband hither.

Æmil. Here's a change indeed! [*Exit.*

Def. 'Tis meet I ſhould be uſed ſo, very meet:
How have I been behav'd, that he might ſtick
The ſmall'ſt opinion of my leaſt miſuſe?

Enter Iago, *and* Æmilia.

Iago. What is your pleaſure, Madam? how is't with you?

Def. I cannot tell; thoſe, that do teach your babes,
Do it with gentle means, and eaſy taſks;
He might have chid me ſo: for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Æmil. Alas, *Iago*, my Lord hath ſo bewhor'd her,
Thrown ſuch deſpight and heavy terms upon her,
That true hearts cannot bear it.

Def. Am I that name, *Iago*?

Iago.

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Def. Such, as, ſhe ſaid, my Lord did ſay I was.

Æmil. He call'd her whore; a beggar in his drink,
Could not have laid ſuch terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he ſo?

Def. I do not know; I'm ſure, I am none ſuch.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; alas, the day!

Æmil. Hath ſhe forſook ſo many noble matches?
Her father? and her country? and her friends?
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

Def. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beſhrew him for't! how comes this trick upon him?

Def. Nay, heav'n doth know.

Æmil. I will be hang'd, if ſome eternal villain,
Some buſy and inſinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening ſlave, to get ſome office,
Has not deviſ'd this ſlander: I'll be hang'd elſe.

Iago. Fie, there is no ſuch man; it is impoſſible.

Def. If any ſuch there be, heav'n pardon him!

Æmil. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones!
Why ſhould he call her whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abus'd by ſome moſt villainous knave,
Some baſe notorious knave, ſome ſcurvy fellow.
Oh heav'n, that ſuch companions thou'dſt unfold,
And put in every honeſt hand a whip,
To laſh the raſcal naked through the world,
Ev'n from the eaſt to th' weſt!

Iago. Speak within door.

Æmil. Oh, fie upon them! Some ſuch 'ſquire he was,
That turn'd your wit the ſeamy ſide without;
And made you to ſuſpect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Def. Alas, *Iago*,
What ſhall I do to win my Lord again?
Good friend, go to him; by this light of heav'n,
I know not how I loſt him. Here I kneel; [*Kneeling.*
If e'er my will did treſpaſs 'gainſt his love,
Or in diſcourſe, or thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any ſenſe,

Delighted them on any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, though he do ſhake me off
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort forſwear me! Unkindneſs may do much;
And his unkindneſs may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I can't ſay, *whore*;
It does abhor me, now I ſpeak the word;
To do the act, that might th' addition earn,
Not the world's maſs of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
The buſineſs of the State does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Def. If 'twere no other,———

Iago. It is but ſo, I warrant. [*Trumpets.*
Hark, how theſe inſtruments ſummon to ſupper!
The meſſenger of *Venice* ſtays the meat;
Go in, and weep not; all things ſhall be well.
[*Exeunt* Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

Enter Rodorigo, *to* Iago.

How now, *Rodorigo?*

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'ſt juſtly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou doſt'ſt me with ſome device, *Iago*; and rather, as it ſeems to me now, keep'ſt from me all conveniency, than ſupplieſt me with the leaſt advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it. Nor am I yet perſuaded to put up in peace what already I have fooliſhly ſuffer'd.

Iago. Will you hear me, *Rodorigo?*

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much; and your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me moſt unjuſtly.

Rod. With nought but truth: I have waſted myſelf out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to *Deſdemona*, would half have corrupted a Votariſt. You have told me, ſhe hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of ſudden reſpect and acquittance; but I find none.

Iago.

Iago. Well, go to; very well.

Rod. Very well, go to; I cannot go to, man, nor 'tis not very well; nay, I think, it is ſcurvy, and begin to find myſelf fob'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myſelf known to *Deſdemona:* If ſhe will return me my jewels, I will give over my ſuit, and repent my unlawful ſollicitation: if not, aſſure yourſelf, I will ſeek ſatisfaction of you.

Iago. You have ſaid now———

Rod. Ay, and ſaid nothing, but what, I proteſt intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now, I ſee, there's mettle in thee; and even from this inſtant do I build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, *Roderigo*, thou haſt taken againſt me a moſt juſt exception; but, I proteſt, I have dealt moſt directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and your ſuſpicion is not without wit and judgment. But *Roderigo*, if thou haſt that in thee indeed, which I have greater reaſon to believe now than ever, (I mean, purpoſe, courage, and valour) this night ſhew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not *Deſdemona*, take me from this world with treachery, and deviſe engines for my life.

Rod. Well; what is it? is it within reaſon and compaſs?

Iago. Sir, there is eſpecial commiſſion come from *Venice* to depute *Caſſio* in *Othello*'s Place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then *Othello* and *Deſdemona* return again to *Venice.*

Iago. Oh, no; he goes into *Mauritania*, and taketh away with him the fair *Deſdemona*, unleſs his abode be linger'd here by ſome accident: Wherein none can be ſo determinate, as the removing of *Caſſio.*

Rod. How do you mean removing him?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of *Othello*'s Place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourſelf a profit and a right.

He ſups to-night with a harlot; and thither will I go to him. He knows not yet of his honourable fortune; if you will watch his going thence, (which I will faſhion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleaſure. I will be near to ſecond your attempt, and he ſhall fall between us. Come, ſtand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will ſhew you ſuch a neceſſity in his death, that you ſhall think yourſelf bound to put it on him. It is now high ſupper-time; and the night grows to waſte. About it.

Rod. I will hear further reaſon for this.

Iago. And you ſhall be ſatisfied. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Deſdemona, Æmilia, *and Attendants.*

Lod. I do beſeech you, Sir, trouble yourſelf no further.

Oth. Oh, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good-night; I humbly thank your ladyſhip.

Deſ. Your honour is moſt welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, Sir? oh *Deſdemona!*——

Deſ. My Lord.

Oth. Get you to bed on th' inſtant, I will be return'd forthwith; diſmiſs your attendant there; look, it be done. [*Exit.*

Deſ. I will, my Lord.

Æmil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Deſ. He ſays, he will return incontinent;
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to diſmiſs you.

Æmil. Diſmiſs me?

Deſ. It was his bidding; therefore, good *Æmilia*,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
We muſt not now diſpleaſe him.

Æmil. I would, you had never ſeen him!

Deſ. So would not I; my love doth ſo approve him,
That ev'n his ſtubbornneſs, his checks, and frowns,
(Pr'ythee, unpin me) have grace and favour in them.

Æmil. I have laid thoſe ſheets, you bade me, on the bed.

Deſ. All's one: good father! how fooliſh are our minds!

Ye

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, ſhroud me
In one of theſe ſame ſheets.
Æmil. Come, come; you talk.
Deſ. My Mother had a maid call'd *Barbara*,
She was in love; and he, ſhe lov'd, prov'd mad,
And did forſake her. She had a ſong of *willow*,
An old thing, 'twas, but it expreſs'd her fortune,
And ſhe dy'd ſinging it. That ſong to-night,
Will not go from my mind; I've much ado,
But to go hang my head all at one ſide,
And ſing it like poor *Barbara*. Pr'ythee, diſpatch.
Æmil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?
Deſ. No, unpin me here;
This *Lodovico* is a proper man.
Æmil. A very handſom man.
Deſ. He ſpeaks well.
Æmil. I know a lady in *Venice* would have walk'd barefoot to *Paleſtine* for a touch of his nether lip.
Deſ. *The poor ſoul ſat ſinging by a ſycamore-tree,*
Sing all a green willow. [Singing.
Her hand on her boſom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The freſh ſtreams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, &c.
Her ſalt tears fell from her, and ſoftned the ſtones;
Sing willow, &c.
Willow, willow, &c.
(Pr'ythee, hye thee, he'll come anon,)
Sing all a green willow muſt be my garland.
Let no body blame him, his ſcorn I approve.
Nay that's not next——Hark, who is it that knocks?
Æmil. It's the wind.
Deſ. *I call'd my love falſe love; but what ſaid he then?*
Sing willow, &c.
If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.
So, get thee gone, good-night; mine eyes do itch,
Doth that bode weeping?
Æmil. 'Tis neither here nor there.
Deſ. I have heard it ſaid ſo; oh theſe men, theſe men!
Doſt thou in conſcience think, tell me, Æmilia,

That there be women do abuſe their huſbands
In ſuch groſs kind?

Æmil. There be ſome ſuch, no queſtion.

Def. Wouldſt thou do ſuch a deed for all the world?

Æmil. Why, would not you?

Def. No, by this heav'nly light.

Æmil. Nor I neither, by this heav'nly light:
I might do't as well i'th' dark.

Def. Wouldſt thou do ſuch a deed for all the world?

Æmil. The world is a huge thing,
It is a great price, for a ſmall vice.

Def. In troth, I think, thou wouldſt not.

Æmil. In troth, I think, I ſhould; and undo't, when I had done. Marry, I would not do ſuch a thing for a joint-ring, nor for meaſures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps; nor any petty exhibition. But for all the whole world; why, who would not make her huſband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I ſhould venture purgatory for't.

Def. Beſhrew me, if I would do ſuch a wrong
For the whole world.

Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th' world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Def. I do not think, there is any ſuch woman.

Æmil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to th' vantage, as
Would ſtore the world they play'd for.
But, I do think, it is their huſbands' faults,
If wives do fall: ſay, that they ſlack their duties,
And pour our treaſures into foreign laps;
Or elſe break out in peeviſh jealouſies,
Throwing reſtraint on us; or ſay, they ſtrike us,
Or ſcant our former having in deſpight;
Why, we have galls, and though we have ſome grace,
Yet have we ſome revenge. Let huſbands know,
Their wives have ſenſe like them; they ſee and ſmell,
And have their palates both for ſweet and ſour,
As huſbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? is it ſport?
I think, it is; and doth affection breed it?

I think

I think, it doth: is't frailty, that thus errs?
It is ſo too. And have not we affections?
Deſires for ſport? and frailty, as men have?
Then let them uſe us well; elſe let them know,
The ills we do, their ills inſtruct us to.
Deſ. Good-night, good-night; heav'n me ſuch uſe ſend,
Not to pick bad from bad; but by bad, mend! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *a Street before the Palace.*

Enter Iago *and* Rodorigo.

IAGO.

HERE, ſtand behind this bulk. Straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick, fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it marrs us: think on that,
And fix moſt firm thy reſolution.
Rod. Be near at hand, I may miſcarry in't.
Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold and take thy ſword.
Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed,
Yet he hath giv'n me ſatisfying reaſons;
'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my ſword; he dies.
[*Stands apart.*
Iago. I've rubb'd this young knot almoſt to the ſenſe,
(28) And

(28) *I've rubb'd this young* Gnat *almoſt to the Senſe,*
And he grows angry.] The *rubbing a* Gnat *to Senſe*, is, I believe, an Experiment that never was communicated even to the *Royal Society*. The leaſt Frication, on the contrary, would not only rub him out of all Senſe, but out of Life into the Bargain. The old *Quarto*'s have it, *Quat:* a Word, which, I confeſs, I am abſolutely a Stranger to. I have ventur'd to conjecture,
I've rubb'd this young Knot, &c.
The Knat, or *Knot*, is a ſmall Bird, plentiful with us, in *Lincolnſhire* and *Lancaſhire*: which took its name, as Camden ſays, from

And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill *Caſſio*,
Or *Caſſio* him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. Live *Rodorigo*,
He calls me to a reſtitution large
Of gold and jewels, that I bob'd from him,
As gifts to *Deſdemona*.
It muſt not be.——If *Caſſio* do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, beſides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there ſtand I in peril;
No, he muſt die. Be it ſo; I hear him coming.

Enter Caſſio.

Rod. I know his gait; 'tis he: villain, thou dieſt.
[*He runs at* Caſſio, *and wounds him.*
Caſ. That thruſt had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'ſt.
I will make proof of thine.
[*Fight.* Iago *cuts* Caſſio *behind in the Leg, and* exit.
[*Then* Rodorigo *and* Caſſio *fall.*
Rod. Oh, I am ſlain.
Caſ. I'm maim'd for ever; help, hoa! murder, murder!

Enter Othello *above at a Window.*

Oth. The voice of *Caſſio*,——*Iago* keeps his word.
Rod. Oh, villain that I am!
Oth. It is even ſo.
Caſ. Oh, help, ho! light! a ſurgeon!——
Oth. 'Tis he! oh brave *Iago*, honeſt and juſt,
That haſt ſuch noble ſenſe of thy friend's wrong;
Thou teacheſt me—Minion, your dear lies dead;
And your fate hyes apace.——Strumpet, I come:
From off my heart, thoſe charms, thine eyes, are blotted:
Thy bed, luſt ſtain'd ſhall with luſt's blood be ſpotted.
[*Exit* Othello.

its being a delicious Morſel with King *Canute*, who was likewiſe called *Knout*. This bird, being once taken, as *Geſner* tells us, is above all others tame and tractable. In this reſpect it ſorts with *Rodorigo's* Character, an eaſy, manageable, Cully.

Ent

Enter Lodovico *and* Gratiano, *at a diſtance.*

Caſ. What, ho! no watch? no paſſage? murder, murder!
Gra. 'Tis ſome miſchance; the voice is very direful.
Caſ. Oh help!
Lod. Hark!
Rod. O wretched villain!
Lod. Two or three groans. It is a heavy night;
Theſe may be counterfeits: let's think't unſafe
To come into the cry, without more help.
Rod. No body come? then ſhall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago, *in his ſhirt, with a Light and Sword.*

Lod. Hark——
Gr. Here's one comes in his ſhirt with light and weapons.
Iago. Who's there? whoſe noiſe is this, that cries out murder?
Lod. We do not know.
Iago. Do not you hear a cry?
Caſ. Here, here: for heav'n's ſake, help me.
Iago. What's the matter?
Gra. This is *Othello*'s Ancient, as I take it.
Lod. The ſame, indeed, a very valiant fellow.
Iago. What are you here, that cry ſo grievouſly?
Caſ. *Iago?* oh I'm ſpoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me ſome help.
Iago. Oh me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?
Caſ. I think, that one of them is hereabout;
And cannot make away.
Iago. O treacherous villains!
What are you there? come in, and give ſome help.
[*To* Lod. *and* Gra.
Rod. Oh, help me there.
Caſ. That's one of them.
Iago. O murd'rous ſlave! oh villain! [Iago *ſtabs him.*
Rod. Oh damn'd *Iago!* oh inhuman dog!
Iago. Kill men i'th'dark? where be theſe bloody thieves?
How ſilent is this town? ho, murder! murder!
What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you ſhall prove us, praiſe us.
Iago. Signior *Lodovico?*——
Lod. He, Sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy! Here's *Caſſio*, hurt by vil
Gra. Caſſio?
Iago. How is't, brother?
Caſ. My leg is cut in two.
Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!
Light, gentlemen, I'll bind it with my ſhirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, hoa, who is't that c
Iago. Who is't that cry'd?
Bian. Oh my dear *Caſſio*,
My ſweet *Caſſio*, oh *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*.
Iago. O notable ſtrumpet! *Caſſio*, may you ſuſ
Who they ſhould be, that have thus mangled you
Caſ. No.
Gra. I'm ſorry to find you thus:
I have been to ſeek you.
Iago. Lend me a garter. So——Oh for a chai
To bear him eaſily hence.
Bian. Alas, he faints. Oh *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*, *Caſſi*
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do ſuſpect this Traſh
To be a party in this Injury.
Patience awhile, good *Caſſio*; come, come:
Lend me a light: know we this face, or no?
Alas, my friend, and my dear countryman
Rodorigo? no: Yes, ſure: yea, 'tis *Rodorigo*.
Gra. What, of *Venice?*
Iago. Even he, Sir: did you know him?
Gra. Know him? ah!
Iago. Signior *Gratiano?* I cry your gentle parc
Theſe bloody accidents muſt excuſe my manners,
That ſo neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to ſee you.
Iago. How do you, *Caſſio?* oh, a chair, a cha
Gra. Rodorigo?
Iago. He, he, 'tis he: oh, that's well ſaid, the
Some good man bear him carefully from hence

I'll fetch the General's ſurgeon. For you, miſtreſs,
Save you your labour. He that lies ſlain here, *Caſſio*,
Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?
Caſ. None in the world; nor do I know the man.
Iago. What, look you pale?—oh, bear him out o'th' air.
Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, miſtreſs?
Do you perceive the gaſtneſs of her eye? [*To* Bianca.
Nay, if you ſtare, we ſhall hear more anon.
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;
Do you ſee, gentlemen? nay, guiltineſs
Will ſpeak, though tongues were out of uſe.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Alas, what is the matter?
What is the matter, huſband?
Iago. Caſſio hath there been ſet on in the dark
By *Rodorigo*, and fellows that are 'ſcap'd:
He's almoſt ſlain, and *Rodorigo* dead.
Æmil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good *Caſſio!*
Iago. This is the fruit of whoring——Pray, *Æmilia*,
Go know of *Caſſio* where he ſupt to-night.
What, do you ſhake at that?
Bian. He ſupt at my houſe, but I therefore ſhake not.
Iago. Oh, did he ſo? I charge you go with me.
Æmil. Oh fy upon thee, ſtrumpet!
Bian. I am no ſtrumpet, but of life as honeſt
As you that thus abuſe me.
Æmil. As I? fy upon thee!
Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's ſee poor *Caſſio* dreſt.
Come, miſtreſs, you muſt tell's another tale.
Æmilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my Lord and lady what hath happ'd:
Will you go on afore?—This is the night,
That either makes me, or foredoes me quite.
[*Exeunt*, Iago *following*.

SCENE

SCENE, *a Bed-chamber:* Deſdemona *is diſcovered aſleep in her bed.*

Enter Othello, *with a Light and a Sword.*

Oth. IT is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoul;—
Let me not name it to you, you chaſte ſtars!
It is the cauſe.—Yet I'll not ſhed her blood,
Nor ſcar that whiter ſkin of hers than ſnow,
And ſmooth as monumental alabaſter:
[*Lays down the ſword.*
Yet ſhe muſt die; elſe ſhe'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and, then, put out the light; (29)
If I quench thee, thou flaming miniſter,
I can again thy former light reſtore,
Should I repent: but once put out *thy* light,
Thou cunning'ſt pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that *Promethean* heat,
That can thy light re-lumine.—— [*Sets down the taper.*
When I have pluck'd thy roſe,

(29) *Put out the light, and then put out the light*] The *Players* have many times inconſiderately committed an Abſurdity here, in making *Othello* put out the Candle; which, 'tis evident, never was the Poet's Intention. *Deſdemona* is diſcover'd in her Bed, in the dark; and *Othello* enters the Chamber with a ſingle Taper. If there were any other Lights burning in the Room, where would be the Drift of putting out *his?* If there were no others, and that he puts *his* out, how abſurd is it for *Deſdemona* in the Dark to talk of his *Eyes rowling*, and his *gnawing his nether Lip?*——This, I conceive, to have been the Poet's Meaning. *Othello*, ſtruck in part with Remorſe at the Murder he's going to do, thinks it beſt to do it in the Dark; this compunction of Nature, in the hurry and perturbation of Thought, and thoſe Remains of Tenderneſs ſtill combating in his Boſom, ſtrikes him into an inſtant Reflexion, that if he puts out the Light, he can rekindle it; but if he once puts out the Light of *her Life*, that will be extinguiſh'd for ever. While he is buſied in this Contemplation, he throws his *Eyes* towards her; and then, ſooth'd with her beauteous Appearance, ſets down the Light, to go and kiſs her. Upon this, *Deſdemona* wakes; and they continue in Diſcourſe together till he *ſtifles* her.

I cannot

I cannot give it vital growth again;
It needs muſt wither.——I'll ſmell thee on the tree;
[*Kiſſing her.*
Oh balmy breath, that doſt almoſt perſuade
Juſtice to break her ſword!——One more; one more;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after.——One more, that's the laſt;
So ſweet, was ne'er ſo fatal! I muſt weep,
But they are cruel tears: this ſorrow's heav'nly;
It ſtrikes, where it doth love.——She wakes——

Def. Who's there? *Othello?*

Oth. Ay, *Deſdemona.*

Def. Will you come to bed, my Lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, *Deſdemona?*

Def. Ay, my Lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourſelf of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heav'n, and grace,
Sollicit for it ſtrait.

Def. Alack, my Lord,
What may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.
I would not kill thy unprepared ſpirit,
No, (heav'ns forefend!) I would not kill thy ſoul.

Def. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Def. Then heav'n have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Def. If you ſay ſo, I hope, you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum.

Def. And yet I fear you: for you're fatal then,
When your eyes rowl ſo. Why I ſhould fear, I know not,
Since guilt I know not: yet, I feel, I fear.

Oth. Think on thy ſins.

Def. They're loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'ſt.

Def. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you ſo your nether lip?
Some bloody paſſion ſhakes your very frame;
Theſe are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

Oth

Oth. Peace, and be ſtill.
Def. I will ſo: what's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief
Which I ſo lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'ſt *Caſſio.*
Def. No, by my life and ſoul: ſend for the man,
And aſk him.
Oth. Sweet ſoul, take heed, take heed of perjury;
Thou art on thy death-bed.
Def. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Preſently;
Therefore confeſs thee freely of thy ſin:
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choak, the ſtrong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
Def. Oh, heav'n have mercy on me!
Oth. I ſay, amen.
Def. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd *Caſſio,*
But with ſuch general warranty of heav'n,
As I might love. I never gave him token.
Oth. By heav'n, I ſaw my handkerchief in's hand.
Oh perjur'd woman! thou doſt ſtone my heart;
And mak'ſt me call, what I intend to do,
A murder, which I thought a ſacrifice.
I ſaw the handkerchief.
Def. He found it then;
I never gave it him; ſend for him hither,
Let him confeſs a truth.
Oth. He hath confeſt.
Def. What, my Lord?
Oth. That he hath—us'd thee——
Def. How? unlawfully?
Oth. Ay.
Def. He will not ſay ſo.
Oth. No, his mouth is ſtopp'd;
Honeſt *Iago* hath ta'en order for't.
Def. My fear interprets then—What, is he dead?
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had ſtomach for them all.
Def. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth.

Oth. Out, ſtrumpet! weep'ſt thou for him to my face?
Def. Oh, baniſh me, my Lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Down, ſtrumpet.
Def. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.
Oth. Nay, if you ſtrive———
Def. But half an hour.
Oth. Being done, there is no pauſe.
Def. But while I ſay one prayer.
Oth. It is too late. [*He ſmothers her.*

Æmilia, *at the door.*

Æm. My Lord, my Lord! what hoa! my Lord, my Lord!
Oth. What noiſe is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.
So, ſo.
Æmil. within.] What hoa! my Lord, my Lord!
Oth. Who's there?
Æm. Oh, my good Lord, I would ſpeak a word with you.
Oth. Yes; 'tis *Æmilia*—by and by—ſhe's dead.
'Tis like, ſhe comes to ſpeak of *Caſſio*'s death;
The noiſe was high.—Ha, no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall ſhe come in? were't good?
I think, ſhe ſtirs again—No—what's the beſt?
If ſhe come in, ſhe'll, ſure, ſpeak to my wife;
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
Oh inſupportable! oh heavy hour!
Methinks it ſhould be now a huge eclipſe
Of ſun, and moon, and that th' affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration———
Æmil. I beſeech you,
That I may ſpeak with you. Oh, good my Lord!
Oth. I had forgot thee; oh, come in, *Æmilia.*
Soft, by and by, let me the curtains draw.
Where art thou? what's the matter with thee now?
[*Unlocks the door.*

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, yonder's foul murder done.
Oth. What? now?

Æmil

Æmil. But now, my Lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than ſhe was wont,
And makes men mad.
Æmil. *Caſſio*, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young *Venetian*, call'd *Rodorigo*.
Oth. *Rodorigo* kill'd? and *Caſſio* kill'd?
Æmil. No, *Caſſio* is not kill'd.
Oth. Not *Caſſio* kill'd? then murder's out of tune,
And ſweet revenge grows harſh.
Deſ. Oh, falſly, falſly murder'd!—
Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That? what?
Æmil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.
Help! help, hoa! help! oh lady, ſpeak again;
Sweet *Deſdemona!* oh ſweet miſtreſs, ſpeak.
Deſ. A guiltleſs death I die.
Æmil. Oh, who hath done this deed?
Deſ. No body, I myſelf, farewel;
Commend me to my kind Lord; oh, farewel. [*Dies.*
Oth. Why, how ſhould ſhe be murder'd?
Æmil. Alas! who knows?
Oth. You heard her ſay, herſelf, it was not I.
Æmil. She ſaid ſo, I muſt needs report the truth.
Oth. She's like a lyar gone to burning hell;
'Twas I, that kill'd her.
Æm. Oh, the more angel ſhe, and you the blacker devil.
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and ſhe was a whore.
Æmil. Thou doſt bely her, and thou art a devil.
Oth. She was falſe as water.
Æmil. Thou art raſh as fire, to ſay
That ſhe was falſe. Oh, ſhe was heav'nly true.
Oth. *Caſſio* did tup her; aſk thy huſband elſe.
Oh, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon juſt grounds
To this extremity. Thy huſband knew it all.
Æmil. My huſband!
Oth. Thy huſband.
Æmil. That ſhe was falſe to wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with *Caſſio*: had ſhe been true,

If heav'n would make me ſuch another world,
Of one entire and perfect Chryſolite,
I'd not have ſold her for it.
Æmil. My huſband!
Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me firſt;
An honeſt man he is, and hates the ſlime
That ſticks on filthy deeds.
Æmil. My huſband!
Oth. What needs this iteration, woman?
I ſay, thy huſband.
Æmil. Oh miſtreſs! villainy has made mocks with love.
My huſband ſay, ſhe was falſe!
Oth. He, woman;
I ſay, thy huſband; do'ſt underſtand the word?
My friend, thy huſband, honeſt, honeſt *Iago*.
Æmil. If he ſays ſo, may his pernicious ſoul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to th' heart.
She was too fond of her moſt filthy bargain.
Oth. Hah!
Æmil. Do thy worſt:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heav'n,
Than thou waſt worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were beſt.
Æmil. Thou haſt not half that power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt: oh gull! oh dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou'ſt done a deed——
I care not for thy ſword, I'll make thee known,
Though I loſt twenty lives——Help! help, hoa! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my miſtreſs. Murder, murder!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, *and others.*

Mon. What is the matter? how now, General?
Æmil. Oh, are you come, *Iago?* you have done well,
That men muſt lay their murders on your neck.
Gra. What is the matter?
Æmil. Diſprove this villain, if thou be'ſt a man;
He ſays, thou told'ſt him that his wife was falſe:
I know, thou didſt not; thou'rt not ſuch a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no mo
Than what he found himſelf was apt and true.
Æmil. But did you ever tell him, ſhe was falſe?
Iago. I did.
Æmil. You told a lye; an odious, damned, lye
Upon my ſoul, a lye; a wicked lye.
She falſe with *Caſſio?* did you ſay, with *Caſſio?*
Iago. With *Caſſio*, miſtreſs; go to, charm your ton
Æmil. I will not charm my tongue; I'm bound to ſp
My miſtreſs lies here murder'd in her bed.
All. Oh heavens forefend!
Æmil. And your reports have ſet the murder on
Oth. Nay, ſtare not, maſters; it is true, indeed.
Gra. 'Tis a ſtrange truth.
Mon. Oh monſtrous act!
Æmil. Villainy! villainy! villainy!
I think upon't—I think—I ſmell't—Oh villainy!
I thought ſo then; I'll kill myſelf for grief;—
Oh villainy, villainy!
Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you h
Æmil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to ſp
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:
Perchance, *Iago*, I will ne'er go home.
Oth. Oh! oh! oh! [Othello *falls on the*
Æmil. Nay, lay thee down and roar:
For thou haſt kill'd the ſweeteſt innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.
Oth. Oh, ſhe was foul! [*Ri*
I ſcarce did know you, uncle; there lies your niec
Whoſe breath, indeed, theſe hands have newly ſtop
I know, this act ſhews horrible and grim.
Gra. Poor *Deſdemona?* I'm glad, thy father's dea
'Thy match was mortal to him; and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,
This ſight would make him do a deſp'rate turn;
Yea, curſe his better angel from his ſide,
And fall to reprobation.
Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows,
That ſhe with *Caſſio* had the act of ſhame
A thouſand times committed. Caſſio confeſt it

And ſhe did gratify his amorous works,
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I firſt gave her; I ſaw it in his hand;
It was an handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Æmil. Oh heav'n! oh heav'nly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Æmil. 'Twill out, 'twill out—I, peace!
No, I will ſpeak as liberal as the air;
Let heav'n, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all cry ſhame againſt me, yet I'll ſpeak.

Iago. Be wiſe, and get you home.

Æmil. I will not. [Iago *offers to ſtab his wife.*

Gra. Fy, your ſword upon a woman?

Æmil. Oh, thou dull Moor! that handkerchief, thou ſpeak'ſt of,
I found by fortune, and did give my huſband;
For often, with a ſolemn earneſtneſs,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to ſuch a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to ſteal it.

Iago. Villainous whore!

Æmil. She give it *Caſſio?* alas, I found it,
And I did giv't my huſband.

Iago. Filth, thou lieſt.

Æmil. By heav'n, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous coxcomb! what ſhould ſuch a fool
Do with ſo good a wife?

[Iago *breaks through and wounds his wife, then runs out.*

Oth. Are there no ſtones in heav'n,
But what ſerve for the thunder? precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls; ſure, he has kill'd his wife.

Æmil. Ay, ay; oh, lay me by my miſtreſs' ſide.

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain; take this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without, let him not paſs,
But kill him rather; I'll after that ſame villain,
For 'tis a damned ſlave. [Exeunt Mon. and Gra.

Oth. I am not valiant neither;
But every puny whipſter gets my ſword.
But why ſhould honour out-live honeſty?
Let it go all.

Æmil. What did thy ſong bode, lady?
Hark, can'ſt thou hear me? I will play the ſwan,
And die in muſick; *Willow, Willow, Willow*——
Moor, ſhe was chaſte; ſhe lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
So come my ſoul to bliſs, as I ſpeak true;
So ſpeaking as I think, alas, I die. [Æmilia *dies.*

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It was a ſword of *Spain*, the *Ebro*'s temper;
Oh, here it is: Uncle, I muſt come forth.

Gra. within.] If thou attempt it, it will coſt thee dear;
Thou haſt no weapon, and perforce muſt ſuffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and ſpeak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will aſſault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Lo! I have a weapon:
A better never did itſelf ſuſtain
Upon a ſoldier's thigh. I've ſeen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good ſword,
I've made my way thro' more impediments,
Than twenty times your ſtop. But, oh vain boaſt!
Who can controll his fate? 'tis not ſo now.
Be not afraid, tho' you do ſee me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
The very ſea-mark of my utmoſt ſail.
Do you go back diſmay'd? 'tis a loſt fear:
Man but a ruſh againſt *Othello*'s breaſt,
And he retires. Where ſhould *Othello* go?
Now——how doſt thou look now? oh ill-ſtarr'd wench!
Pale as thy ſmock! When we ſhall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my ſoul from heav'n,
And fiends will ſnatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl,
Ev'n like thy chaſtity. O curſed ſlave!
Whip me, ye devils,
From the poſſeſſion of this heav'nly ſight;

Blow

Blow me about in winds, roaſt me in ſulphur,
Waſh me in ſteep-down gulphs of liquid fire——
Oh *Deſdemona! Deſdemona!* dead, dead! oh, oh!

Enter Lodovico, Caſſio *led in wounded*, Montano, *and* Iago *priſoner, with Officers.*

Lod. Where is this raſh and moſt unfortunate man?
Oth. That's he, that was *Othello:* here I am.
Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down tow'rds his feet; but that's a fable.
If that thou be'ſt a devil, I cannot kill thee.
[Othello *wounds* Iago.
Lod. Wrench his ſword from him.
Iago. I bleed, Sir, but not kill'd.
Oth. I am not ſorry, neither: I'd have thee live;
For, in my ſenſe, 'tis happineſs to die.
Lod. Oh thou, *Othello*, that waſt once ſo good,
Fall'n in the practice of a curſed ſlave,——
What ſhall be ſaid to thee?
Oth. Why, any thing;
An honourable murd'rer, if you will:
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confeſt his villainy:
Did you and he conſent in *Caſſio*'s death?
Oth. Ay.
Caſ. Dear General, I never gave you cauſe.
Oth. I do believe it, and I aſk your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-devil,
Why he hath thus enſnar'd my ſoul and body?
Iago. Demand me nothing; what you know, you know;
From this time forth I never will ſpeak word.
Lod. What? not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou doſt beſt.
Lod. Sir, you ſhall underſtand what hath befall'n.
Which, as I think, you know not; here's a letter,
Found in the pocket of the ſlain *Rodorigo*,
And, here, another; one of them imports
The death of *Caſſio* to be undertook
By Rodorigo.

Oth. Oh villain!

Caſ. Moſt heatheniſh and moſt groſs!

Lod. Now, here's another diſcontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it ſeems,
Rodorigo meant t'have ſent this damned villain;
But that, belike, *Iago* in the interim
Came in and ſatisfy'd him.

Oth. Oh thou pernicious caitiff?
How came you, *Caſſio*, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Caſ. I found it in my chamber;
And he himſelf confeſt it but ev'n now,
That there he dropt it for a ſpecial purpoſe,
Which wrought to his deſire.

Oth. Oh fool, fool, fool!

Caſ. There is, beſides, in *Rodorigo*'s letter,
How he upbraids *Iago* that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was caſt; and even now he ſpake,
After long ſeeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago ſet him on.

Lod. You muſt forſake this room, and go with us;
Your pow'r and your command is taken off,
And *Caſſio* rules in *Cyprus*. For this ſlave,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It ſhall be his. You ſhall cloſe priſoner reſt,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the *Venetian* ſtate. Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I've done the ſtate ſome ſervice, and they know't;
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you ſhall theſe unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me, as I am: Nothing extenuate,
Nor ſet down aught in malice. Then muſt you ſpeak
Of one that lov'd, not wiſely, but too well;
Of one, not eaſily jealous; but being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extream; of one, whoſe hand, (30)
Like

(30) ——— of one, whoſe hand,
Like the baſe Indian, threw a Pearl away
Rich

Like the baſe *Judian*, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whoſe eyes,
Albeit unuſed to the melting mood,
Drop tears as faſt as the *Arabian* trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this:
And ſay beſides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd *Turk*
Beat a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the State,
I took by th' throat the circumciſed dog,
And ſmote him thus. [*Stabs himſelf.*

Lod. Oh bloody period!

Gra. All, that is ſpoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kiſt thee, ere I kill'd thee.—No way but this,
[*To* Deſdem.
Killing myſelf, to die upon a kiſs. [*Dies.*

Richer than all his Tribe.] I have reſtored, *Judian*, from the Elder *Quarto*, as the genuine and more eligible Reading. Mr. *Pope* thinks, *this was occaſioned probably by the Word* Tribe *juſt after:* I have many Reaſons to oppoſe to this Opinion. In the firſt Place, the moſt ignorant *Indian*, I believe, is ſo far the Reverſe of the *Dungbil Cock* in the *Fable*, as to know the Eſtimation of a Pearl, beyond that of a Barley-corn. So that, in that reſpect, the Thought itſelf would not be juſt. Then, if our Author had deſigned to reflect on the *Ignorance* of the *Indian* without any farther Reproach, he would have called him *rude*, and not, *baſe*. Again, I am perſuaded, as my Friend Mr. *Warburton* long ago obſerved, the Phraſe is not here *literal*, but *metaphorical:* and, by his *Pearl*, our Author very properly means a *fine Woman*. But Mr. *Pope* objects farther to reading *Judian*, becauſe, *to make Senſe of* this, *we muſt pre-ſuppoſe ſome particular Story of a* Jew *alluded to; which is much leſs obvious:* But has *Shakeſpeare* never done this, but in this ſingle Inſtance? I am ſatisfied, in his *Judian*, he is alluding to *Herod*; who, in a Fit of blind Jealouſy, threw away ſuch a Jewel of a Wife as *Mariamne* was to him. What can be more parallel in Circumſtance, than the Conduct of *Herod* and *Othello*? Nor was the Story ſo little obvious, as Mr. *Pope* ſeems to imagine: For, in the Year 1613, the Lady *Elizabeth Carew* publiſhed a *Tragedy*, called MARIAM, *the fair Queen of* JEWRY. I ſhall only add, that our Author might write *Judian*, or *Judean*, (if that ſhould be alledged as any Objection) inſtead of *Judæan*, with the ſame Licenſe and Change of Accent, as, in his *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, he ſhortens the ſecond Syllable of Euphrates in Pronunciation: which was a Liberty likewiſe taken by Spenſer, of whom our Author was a ſtudious Imitator.

Caſ. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapo
For he was great of heart.
Lod. Oh *Spartan* dog! [*To Iag*
More fell than anguiſh, hunger, or the ſea!
Look on the tragick loading of this bed;
This is thy work; the object poiſons ſight,——
Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keep the houſe,
And ſeize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they ſucceed to you. To you, Lord Governor,
Remains the cenſure of this helliſh villain:
The time, the place, the torture, oh! inforce it.
Myſelf will ſtraight aboard; and to the State
This heavy act, with heavy heart, relate. [*Exeu*

A

TABLE

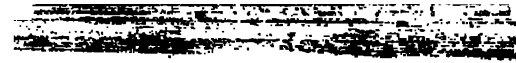
OF THE

SEVERAL EDITIONS

OF

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS,

Collated by the EDITOR.



A TABLE OF THE SEVERAL EDITIONS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS, Collated by the EDITOR.

EDITIONS *of Authority.*

MR. *William Shakeſpeare*'s Comedies, Hiſtories, and Tragedies. Publiſh'd according to the true Original Copies. *London*, Printed by *Iſaac Jaggard* and *Ed. Blount*, 1623. *(Folio.)*

Mr. *William Shakeſpeare*'s Comedies, Hiſtories, and Tragedies. Publiſh'd according to the true Original Copies. The *Second* Impreſſion. *London*. Printed by *Thomas Cotes*, for *Robert Allott*, and are to be ſold at the Sign of the Black-Bear in Paul's-Churchyard, 1632. *(Folio.)*

A Midſummer Night's *dreame*. As it hath been ſundry Times publikely acted, by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written by *William Shakeſpeare*. Imprinted at *London* for *Thomas Fiſher*, and

are to be ſould at hie Shoppe at the Signe of the White Hart in Fleetſtreete, 1600. *(Quarto.)*

The Same. Printed by *James Roberts*, 1600. *(Quarto.)*

A moſt pleaſant and excellent conceited Comedie of Syr *John Falſtaffe*, and the merry Wives of *Windſor*. Entermixed with ſundrie variable and pleaſing humours of Syr *Hugh* the Welch Knight, Juſtice *Shallow*, and his wiſe Couſin M. *Slender*. With the ſwaggering Vaine of Auncient *Piſtoll*, and Corporal *Nym*. By *William Shakeſpeare*. As it hath bene divers times acted by the Right Honourable my Lord Chamberlain's Servants: both before her Majeſtie, and elſewhere. *London:* Printed by *T. C.* for *Arthur Johnſon*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in Powles Churchyard at the Signe of the Flower de Leuſe and the Crowne, 1602. *(Quarto.)*

A moſt pleaſant and excellent conceited Comedy, of Sir *John Falſtaffe*, and the merry Wives of *Windſor*. With the ſwaggering Vaine of Auncient *Piſtoll*, and Corporal *Nym*. Written by *W. Shakeſpeare*. Printed for *Arthur Johnſtone*, 1619. *(Quarto.)*

Much adoe about Nothing. As it hath been ſundrie times publickly acted by the right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written by *William Shakeſpeare*. *London:* Printed by *V. S.* for *Andrew Wiſe* and *William Aſpley*, 1600. *(Quarto.)*

The moſt excellent Hiſtorie of the *Merchant of Venice*. With the extreame Crueltie of *Shylocke* the Jew towards the ſayd Merchant, in cutting a juſt pound of his fleſh: and the obtayning of *Portia*, by the choice of three Cheſts. As it hath beene divers times acted by the Lord Chamberlayne his Servants. Written by *William Shakeſpeare*. At *London* Printed by *J. R.* for *Thomas Heyes*, and are to be ſold in *Paules* Churchyard at the Signe of the Greene Dragon, 1600. *(Quarto.)*

The excellent Hiſtory of the *Merchant of Venice*. With the extreme Cruelty of *Shylocke* the Jew towards the ſaide Merchant, in cutting a juſt Pound of his Fleſh. And the obtaining of *Portia* by the choyſe of three Caſkets. Written by *W. Shakeſpeare*. Printed by *J. Roberts*, 1600. *(Quarto.)*

The firſt Part of the troubleſome Reign of *John* King of *England*, with the diſcovery of *Richard Cordelion*'s Baſe Son, vulgarly call'd the Baſtard *Fawconbridge*. Alſo the Death of King *John* at *Swinſtead*-Abbey; as it was ſundry times publiquely acted by the Queen's Majeſty's Players in the honourable Citty of *London*. Imprinted at *London* for *Sampſon Clarke*, ſold at his Shop the Back-ſide of the Royal Exchange, 1591. *(Quarto.)*

The ſecond Part of the troubleſome Reign of *John* King of *England*, conteyning the Death of *Arthur Plantagenet*, the landing of *Lewis*, and the poyſoning of King *John* at *Swinſtead*-Abbey. As it was *&c.* Imprinted *&c.* 1591. *(Quarto.)*

The firſt and ſecond Part of the troubleſome Raigne of *John* King of *England*. With the diſcoverie of King *Richard Cordelion*'s Baſe Sonne (vulgarly named, the Baſtard *Fawconbridge*:) alſo, the Death of King *John* at *Swinſtead*-Abbey. As they were (ſundry times) lately acted by the Queen's Majeſties Players. Written by *W. Sh.* Imprinted at *London* by *Valentine Simmes* for *John Helme*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in St. *Dunſtons* Churchyard in *Fleetſtreet*, 1611. *(Quarto.)*

The Same. As they were (ſundry times) lately acted: Written by *W. Shakeſpeare*. *London*, Printed by *Aug. Mathewes* for *Thomas Dewe*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in St. *Dunſtones* Churchyard in *Fleetſtreet*, 1622. *(Quarto.*

The Tragedie of King *Richard* the Second. As it hath been publickly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. By *William Shakeſpeare*. *London*, Printed by *Valentine Simmes* for *Andrew Wiſe*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in *Paules* Churchyard at the Signe of the Angel, 1598. *(Quarto.)*

The Hiſtory of *Henry* the Fourth; with the Battell at *Shrewſburie*, betweene the King and Lord *Henry Percy*, ſurnamed *Henry Hotſpur* of the *North*. With the humourous conceits of Sir *John Faiſtaffe*. Newly corrected by *W. Shakeſpeare*. At *London*, printed by S. S. for *Andrew Wiſe*, dwelling in *Paules* Churchyard at the Signe of the Angell, 1599. *(Quarto.)*

The Same. London, Printed by *T. P.* and are to be ſold by *Matheuve Lawe*, dwelling in *Pauls* Churchyard, at the Signe of the *Foxe* neere S. *Auſtine*'s Gate, 1622. *(Quarto.)*

The ſecond Part of *Henrie* the Fourth, continuing to his Death and Coronation of *Henrie* the Fift. With the Humours of Sir *John Falſtaffe*, and ſwaggering *Piſtoll*. As it hath been ſundrie times publikely acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written by *William Shakeſpeare. London*, Printed by *V. S.* for *Andrew Wiſe*, and *William Aſpley*, 1600. *(Quarto.)*

The Chronicle Hiſtory of *Henrie* the Fift, with his Battel fought at *Agin Court* in *France*. Together with Ancient *Piſtoll*. As it hath been ſundry times play'd by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Printed for *T. P.* 1608. *(Quarto.)*

The whole *Contention* betweene the two famous *Houſes*, LANCASTER and YORKE. With the Tragical Ends of the good Duke *Humfrey*, *Richard* Duke of *Yorke*, and King *Henrie* the Sixt. Divided into two Parts. And newly corrected and enlarged. Written by *William Shakeſpeare*, Gent. Printed at *London*, for *T. P.* *(Quarto.)*

The Same. With the true Tragedy of *Richard* Duke of *Yorke*, and the Death of good King *Henrie* the Sixt. Acted by the Earl of *Pembroke*'s Servants, at *London*. Printed by *W. W.* for *Tho. Millington*, 1600. *(Quarto.)*

The Tragedy of King *Richard* the Third. Containing his treacherous Plots againſt his Brother *Clarence*: the pittieful Murder of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannical Uſurpation: with the whole Courſe of his deteſted Life, and moſt deſerved Death. As it hath beene lately acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants, at *London*. Printed by *Valentine Sims*, for *Andrew Wiſe*, dwelling in *Paule's* Churchyard, at the Signe of the Angell, 1597. *(Quarto.)*

The Same. By *W. Shakeſpeare*. Printed by *Tho. Creed*, for *Andrew Wiſe*, 1598. (Quarto.)

The Same. Newly augmented, by *William Shakeſpeare. London*, Printed by *Thomas Creede*, &c. 1602. *(Quarto.)*

M. *William Shakeſpeare*, his true Chronicle Hiſtory of the Life and Death of King *Lear*, and his Three Daughters. With the unfortunate Life of *Edgar*, Sonne and Heire to the Earle of *Gloceſter*, and his ſullen and aſſumed humour of *Tom* of *Bedlam*. As it was plaid before the King's Majeſty at *Whitehall*, upon St. *Stephens* night in *Chriſtmas* Hollidaies. By his Majeſties Servants, playing uſually at the Globe on the Banckeſide. Printed for *Nathaniel Butter*, 1608. *(Quarto.)*

The moſt lamentable Tragedie of *Titus Andronicus*. As it hath ſundry times beene plaide by the King's Majeſties Servants. *London*, printed for *Eedward White*, and are to be ſolde, at his Shoppe, nere the little North dore of *Pauls*, at the Signe of the Gun, 1611. *(Quarto.)*

An excellent conceited Tragedie of *Romeo* and *Juliet*. As it hath been often with great Applauſe play'd publickly by the Right Honourable the Lord of *Hunſdon* his Servants, *London*, printed by *John Danter*, 1597. *(Quarto.)*

The moſt excellent and lamentable Tragedie of *Romeo* and *Juliet*; newly corrected, augmented, and amended. As it hath been ſundry times publickly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine's Servants. Printed by *Tho. Crede*, for *Cuthbert Burby*, 1599. *(Quarto.)*

The Tragical Hiſtorie of *Hamlet*, Prince of *Denmarke*. By *William Shakeſpeare*. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almoſt as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie. At *London:* Printed by *J. R.* for *N. L.* and are to be ſold at his Shoppe under St. *Dunſton*'s Church in *Fleetſtreet*. 1605. *(Quarto.)*

The Tragedie of *Hamlet* Prince of *Denmarke*. By *William Shakeſpeare*. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almoſt as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppy. At *London*; printed for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be ſold at his Shoppe in St. *Dunſtou's* Churchyeard in *Fleetſtreet*. Under the Diall, 1611. *(Quarto.)*

The Tragædie of *Othello*, the Moore of *Venice*. As it hath been diverſe times acted at the Globe, and at the *Black-Friers*, by his Majeſties Servants. Written by William

liam Shakeſpeare. London, Printed by *N. O.* for *Thomas Walkley*, and are to be ſold at his Shop, at the Eagle and Child in *Brittan's Burſſe*, 1622. (*Quarto.*)

EDITIONS *of middle Authority.*

THE Works of Mr. *William Shakeſpeare*, &c. The Third Impreſſion, 1664. (*Folio.*)

The Merry Wives of *Windſor*. With the Humours of Sir *John Falſtaffe*; as alſo the ſwaggering Vaine of Ancient *Piſtoll*, and Corporal *Nym*. Written by *William Shakeſpeare*, newly corrected. *London:* Printed by *T. H.* for *R. Meighen*, and are to be ſold at his Shop; next to the *Middle Temple* Gate, and in St. *Dunſtan's* Churchyard in *Fleetſtreet*, 1630. (*Quarto.*)

The excellent Hiſtory of the Merchant of *Venice*. With the extream Cruelty of *Shylock* the Jew; and the obtaining of *Portia* by the Choice of three Caſkets. As it hath been ſundry times publikely acted by the King's Majeſties Servants at the Globe. Written by *W. Shakeſpeare*. Newly corrected, augmented, and amended. *London*, printed by *R. Young* for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in St. *Dunſtans* Churchyard in *Fleet-ſtreet*, under the Dyall, 1637. (*Quarto.*)

Love's Labour's Loſt. A wittie and pleaſant Comedie; as it was acted by his Majeſties Servants at the *Black-Friers* and the *Globe*. Written by *William Shakeſpeare. London:* Printed by *W. S.* for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in Saint *Dunſtones* Churchyard under the Diall, 1631. (*Quarto.*)

A witty and pleaſant Comedie called, *The Taming of the Shrew*. As it was acted by his Majeſties Servants at the *Blacke-Friers* and the *Globe*. Written by *Will. Shakeſpeare. London:* Printed by *W. S.* for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in St. *Dunſtones* Churchyard under the Diall, 1631. (*Quarto.*)

The Life and Death of King *Richard* the Second. *With* new Additions of the Parliament Scene, and the *Depoſing* of King *Richard*. As it hath beene acted by the

the King's Majeſties Servants, at the *Globe*. By *William Shakeſpeare*. *London*, Printed by *John Norton*, 1634. (*Quarto.*)

The Hiſtorie of *Henry* the Fourth: With the Battel at *Shrewſbury*, betweene the King, and Lord *Henry Piercy*, ſurnamed *Henry Hotſpur* of the *North*. With the humorous Conceits of Sir *John Falſtaffe*. Newly corrected, by *William Shakeſpeare*. *London*, Printed by *John Norton*, and are to be ſold by *Hugh Perry*, at his Shop next to Ivie-bridge in the Strand, 1639. (*Quarto.*)

The Tragedie of King *Richard* the Third. Contayning his treacherous Plots againſt his Brother *Clarence*: The pitifull Murder of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannical Uſurpation: with the whole Courſe of his deteſted Life, and moſt deſerved Death. As it hath been lately acted by the King's Majeſties Servants. Newly augmented. By *William Shakeſpeare*. *London*, Printed by *Thomas Purfoot*, and are to be ſold by *Matthew Law*, dwelling in *Pauls* Churchyard at the Signe of the *Foxe*, neere St. *Auſtine*'s Gate, 1624. (*Quarto.*)

The Same. Printed by *John Norton*, and are to be ſold by *Mathew Law*, &c. 1629. (*Quarto.*)

The Same. Printed by *John Norton*, 1634. (*Quarto.*)

M. *William Shakeſpeare*, his true Chronicle Hiſtory of the Life and Death of King *Lear* and his *three Daughters*. With the Unfortunate Life of *Edgar*, Sonne and Heire to the Earle of *Gloceſter*, and his ſullen aſſumed humour of *Tom* of *Bedlam*. As it was plaid before the King's Majeſty at *Whit-hall* upon St. *Stephens* night, in *Chriſtmas* Hollidaies. By his Majeſties Servants, playing uſually at the *Globe* on the *Bank-ſide*. *London*, Printed by *Jane Bell*, and are to be ſold at the Eaſt-end of *Chriſt-church*, 1655. (*Quarto.*)

The moſt excellent and Lamentable Tragedie of *Romeo* and *Juliet*. As it hath been ſundry times publikely acted by the Kings Majeſties Servants at the *Globe*. Written by *W. Shakeſpeare*. Newly corrected, augmented, and amended. *London*, printed by *R. Young* for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in St. *Dunſtans* Churchyard in *Fleetſtreet*, under the Dyall, 1637. (*Quarto.*)

T

The Tragedy of *Hamlet*, Prince of *Denmark*. I
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(*Quarto.*)

The Tragædy of *Othello*, the Moore of *Venice*.
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Black-Friers, by his Majeſties Servants. Writt
William Shakeſpeare. *London*, printed by *A. M.* for *J*
Hawkins, and are to be ſold at his Shoppe in *Ch*
Lane, neere Serjeants-Inne, 1630. (*Quarto.*)

EDITIONS *of no Authority.*

THE Works of Mr. *William Shakeſpeare*, i
Volumes, adorned with Cuts. Reviſed an
rected, with an Account of the Life and Writings
Author, by N. ROWE Eſq; *London*, printed for
Tonſon within *Grays*-Inn Gate, next *Grays*-Inn
1709. (*Octavo.*)

The Same. (in 12*mo.*) 1714.

The Works of *Shakeſpeare*, in Six Volumes. C
and corrected by the former Editions, by Mr. P
London, printed for *Jacob Tonſon* in the Strand,
(*Quarto.*)

The Same. (in 12*mo.*) 1728.

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OF THE

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N.

NAture, State of.	*Tempest.*	1	27	*Gon.*
Nature and Art.	*Wint. Tale.*	3	295	*Pol.*

O.

OAK, large, old.	*As you like it.*	2	328	*Ol.*

P.

PArting of Lovers.	*Rom.* and *Jul.*	8	66	
Popularity.	*Richard* 2.	4	23	K. *R*
Pride.	ibid.		17	*id*
Peace.	ibid.			
——after Civil War.	1 *Hen.* 4.		91	K. *H*
Prodigies.	*Richard* 2.		42	*Cap.*
——item.	1 *Hen.* 4.		137	*Glen.*
——item.	2 *Hen.* 4.		256	*Cl. as*
——item.	*Jul. Cæsar.*	7	17	*Casc.*
Peace.	*Richard* 3.	5	193	*Rich.*
——betwixt *York* and *Lancaster.*	ibid.		301	*Rich*
Play, a bad one described.	*Mid. N. Dr.*	1	128	*Philo*
Picture of a beautiful Woman.	*Mer.* of *Ven.*	2	131	*Bas.*
Pictures of *Adonis, Venus, Io, Daphne,* and *Apollo.*	*Ta.* of the *Sh.*	6	354	
Poetry.	Timon.	7	112	Poet.

	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon.
ies.	*Jul. Cæſar.*	7	33	*Calph.*
em.	*Hamlet.*	8	107	*Horat.*
	ibid.		203	*Laer.*
R.				
our.	2 *Hen.* 4.	4	182	*War.*
—item.	ibid.		229	
Red and White,				
Badges of two				
es.	1 *Hen.* 6.		412	
S.				
g (*Welſh.*)	1 *Hen.* 4.		143	*Mor. & Ol.*
ep.	2 *Hen.* 4.		226	K. *Hen.*
of change in				
ernment.	*Richard* 3.	5	232	3 *Cit.*
	Midſ. N. Dr.	1	113	*Ob.*
im beautifully				
ibed.	2 *Gent. Ver.*		172	*Jul.*
found.	*Mea.* for *Mea.*		353	*Claud.*
n the Chaſe.	*As you like it.*	2	283	1 *Lord.*
	ibid.		328	*Oli.*
ſleep.	*Jul. Cæſar.*	7	29	*Brut.*
at Sea.	*Othello.*	8	257	
T.				
E, the ſeeming				
quality of its				
ion.	*As you like it.*	2	307	*Roſa.*
V.				
n, of good Spi-				
n.	*Hen.* 8.	5	381	
ty.	*All's well*, &c.	3	9	*Par.*
ory long diſ-				
l.	*Macbeth.*	6	270	

	Play.	Vol	Page	
A Victory and purſuit of the conquer'd.	*Cymbeline.*	7	288	P
W.				
WAR, the prognoſticks of it.	*Richard* 2.		42	C
—— preparations for.	*Henry* 5.	4	298	C
—— ill effects of.	ibid.		374	B
—— item.	2 *Hen.* 6.	5	95	Y
A Wreck.	*Tempeſt.*	1	5 12	M A
—— item.	*Com.* of *Er.*	3	181	A
—— deſcribed by a Clown.	*Wint. Tale.*		284	
White Hand.	ibid.		303	F
Wonder, proceeding from ſudden joy.	ibid.		326	3
White Hand.	*Tro.* and *Creſ.*	7	320	T
IV. Deſcriptions of Times and Seaſons.				
YEAR, unfruitful and ſickly.	*Midſ. N. Dr.*	1	86	Q
Spring.	*Love's L. loſt.*	2	260	S
Winter.	*As you like it.*		282	D
—— item.	*Love's L. loſt.*		260	S
Day break.	1 *Hen.* 4.	4	142	G
—— item.	1 *Hen.* 6.		408	B
—— item.	*Richard* 3.	5	291	S
—— item.	*Midſ. N. Dr.*	1	114	P
—— item.	*M. A. ab. Not.*	2	80	P
—— item.	*Tro.* and *Creſ.*	7	382	T
—— item.	*Rom.* and *Jul.*	8	66	
—— item.	*Hamlet.*		108	H
Morning.	*Richard* 2.	4	46	R
A low'ring Morning.	1 *Hen.* 4.		165	K
—— clear.	3 *Hen.* 6.	5	119	

	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon.
ıing.	*Tempeſt.*	1	61	*Pro.*
· item.	*Midſ. N. Dr.*		114	*Ob.*
ɛaſant Morning.	*Titus Andro.*	6	212	*Tam.*
item.	*Rom.* and *Jul.*	8	37	*Fri.*
ɪiſing.	*Titus Andro.*	6	206	*Aar.*
item.	*Rom.* and *Jul.*	8	11	*Ben. Moun.*
ing, a fair one.	*Richard* 3.	5	289	*Rich.*
ight.	K. *John.*	3	413	*Melan.*
item.	*Macbeth.*	6	306	1 *Mur.*
t, in a Camp.	*Henry* 5.	4	338	*Chorus.*
ſtormy.	K. *Lear.*	6	52	*Gent. Kent.*
ight.	K. *John.*	3	380	K. *John.*
item.	2 *Hen.* 6.	5	22	*Boling.*
item.	ibid.		65	*Capt.*
.t.	*Midſ. N. Dr.*	1	108	*Her.*
· item.	ibid.		137	*Puck.*
— a beautiful ſcription of a oonlight.	*Mer.* of *Ven.*	2	158, 161	*Lor. Por.*
· tempeſtuous.	*Jul. Cæſar.*	7	16	*Caſc.*
· item.	*Macbeth.*	6	293, 297	*Len.* *Old M. & R.*
· item.	ibid.		305	*Mac.*
item.	*Tro.* and *Creſ.*	7	418	*Achil.*
item.	*Rom.* and *Jul.*	8	55	*Jul.*
ight.	*Hamlet.*		172	*Ham.*

E C T. VII.

)EX of ſome milies and Allu- ns.

A.

thority, compar- d to a Farmer's g.	K. *Lear.*	6	87	*Lear.*

	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon
Anger, to a high mettled Horſe.	*Hen.* 8.	5	312	*Nor.*
—— to boiling Water.	ibid.			*idem.*
Ambition, to the Dream of a Shadow.	*Hamlet.*	8	145	*Guild.*
B.				
A Doubtful Battle, to a Swan ſwimming againſt a Stream.	3 *Hen.* 6.	5	114	*York.*
— to a cloudy Morning and a ſtormy Sea.	ibid.		132	K. *Hen.*
Beautiful Maid, to a *Siren.*	*Com.* of *Er.*	3	206	*S. Ant.*
C.				
COurage compar'd to a Faulcon.	*Richard* 2.	4	15	*Boling.*
—— to a Captive ſet free.	ibid.		16	*Mowbr.*
Contention, to a Horſe broke looſe.	2 *Hen.* 4.		186	*North.*
Conſideration, to an Angel.	*Henry* 5.		286	*Cant.*
Catharine, Queen, to a Lily.	*Hen.* 8.	5	356	*Queen.*
A Crowd diſpers'd, to wild Geeſe.	*Midſ. N. Dr.*	1	103	*Puck.*
Courtſhip, the degrees of it compar'd to Dances.	*M. A. ab. Not.*	2	19	*Beat.*
D.				
Diſſimulation, to a Snake.	2 Hen. 6.	5	47	Q. M. En

E.	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon.
ENgland, to an Eagle.				
Scotland, to a Weazel.	*Henry.* 5.	4	293	*Ely.*
Queen *Elizabeth*, to the Maiden *Phœnix.*	*Hen.* 8.	5	403	*Cran.*
F.				
FAther (good) of a bad Son, to the clear Spring of a muddy Stream.	*Richard* 2.	4	79	*Boling.*
Favourites, to a new-trimm'd Veſſel; and their Enviers to ravenous Fiſhes.	*Hen.* 8.	5	317	*Wol.*
——to Honey-ſuckles excluding the Sun.	*M.A.ab.Not.*	2	38	*Hero.*
G.				
GArden, compared to Government, in diſorder.	*Richard* 2.	4	59	
Government, to Bees.	*Hen.* 5.		294	*Cant.*
Glory, to a circle in the Water.	1 *Hen.* 6.		396	*Pucel.*
General, an Old, to a Winter Lion.	2 *Hen.* 6.	5	98	*York.*
H.				
HEnry, Prince, comparing himſelf to the Sun in Clouds.	1 *Hen.* 4.	4	102	*P. Hen.*
——*to rich Oar in a dark Soil.*				

	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon.
Henry, Prince, compares himſelf to *Mars*.	*Hen.* 5. *Prol.*	4	284	
—— to a Strawberry growing among Weeds.	*Hen.* 5.		287	*Ely.*
Heart, a penitent one, to a ripe Mulberry.	*Coriol.*	6	414	*Vol.*
I.				
INſurrection, to a Storm.	2 *Hen.* 4.	4	225	P. *Hen.*
——to Bees.	2 *Hen.* 6.	5	55	*Wor.*
King *James* I. to a Cedar.	*Hen.* 8.		403	*Cran.*
K.				
KIng *Richard*, compar'd to a falling Star and the ſetting Sun.	*Richard* 2.	4	42	*Saliſ.*
King's return to his Country, compar'd to a Mother's meeting her Child.	ibid.		45	K. *Rich.*
L.				
LOve, compared to a canker in a Bud.	2 *Gent. Ver.*	1	145	*Pro. Val.*
—— to *April* Weather.	ibid.		154	*Pro.*
——to a waxen image.	ibid.		168	*idem.*
Lover, to a *Camelion*.	ibid.		159	*Speed.*
Love, compared to a Figure on Ice.	ibid.		184	Duke.

	Play.	Vol.	Page	Perſon.
Lover ſucceſsful, to a Conqueror.	*Mer. of Ven.*	2	132	*Baſſ.*
—— his thoughts, to the inarticulate Joys of a Crowd.	ibid.		133	*idem.*
M.				
MInd, in doubt, compared to the Tide.	2 *Hen.* 4.	4	214	*North.*
Maids, to Flies.	*Henry* 5.		381	*Burg.*
O.				
OPportunity, to the Tide.	*Jul. Cæſar.*	7	67	*Brut.*
P.				
PRomiſes, to the Garden of *Adonis.*	1 *Hen.* 6.	4	404	*Dau.*
R.				
REbels, returning to Allegiance, compared to a Flood.	K. *John.*	3	413	*Sal.*
Reaſon returning, to the Morning.	*Tempeſt.*	1	61	*Pro.*
S.				
SUN riſing in a cloudy Sky, to K. *Richard* in diſcontent.	*Richard* 2.	4	53	*Boling.*
Sun riſing after a dark Night, to the Reſtoration of a lawful King.	ibid.		46	K. Rich.

	Play.	Vol	Page	Perſon.
Spies, to lim'd twigs.	2 *Hen.* 6.	5	18	*Suf.*
Soldiers, to Bees.	*Titus Andro.*	6	250	*Goth.*
T.				
TReaſon, compared to a Fox.	1 *Hen.* 4.	4	170	*Wor.*
Tears, to Dew on a Lily.	*Titus Andro.*	6	225	*Tit.*
W.				
Worceſter, E. of, in Rebellion, compared to a Meteor.	1 *Hen.* 4.	4	166	K. *Hen.*
Warwick's Death, to the fall of a Cedar.	3 *Hen.* 6.	5	177	*War.*
Wolſey, Cardinal, to a falling Angel.	*Henry* 8.		370	
Wanderer, to a drop of Water in the Ocean.	*Com.* of *Er.*	3	185	*Ant.*
World, compared to a Stage.	*As you like it.*	2	296	*Jaques.*
Widow, to a Turtle.	*Wint. Tale.*	3	335	*Pau.*
Y.				
D. of *York* fighting, to a Lion among a herd of Neat.	3 *Hen.* 6.	5	119	*Rich.*

FINIS.